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MEMOIRS

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MEMOIRS  
OF  
ELIZABETH DUDLEY;

CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF  
SELECTIONS FROM HER JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE.

*Interspersed with Extracts from the Diary and Letters of  
her sister, Charlotte Dudley.*

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EDITED BY CHARLES TYLOR.

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## PREFACE.

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ALTHOUGH nearly twelve years have elapsed since Elizabeth Dudley's decease, it is thought that a Selection from her papers will be welcomed, both for the sake of her bright example, and for the contribution thus afforded to the annals of the Church, those records of the Redeemer's kingdom, which, often unobtrusive, and disregarded by the world, are the marrow of ecclesiastical history.

It is possible these Memoirs may fall into the hands of some who have been accustomed to regard the distinguishing doctrines of Friends as delusive or eccentric. Such will meet here only the soberness of evangelical truth ; and, by a close and candid comparison of those doctrines with the New Testament, they may find harmony where they supposed the greatest discrepancy to exist. Such a comparison they are invited to make. "To prove all things and hold fast that which is good," is incumbent upon every man ; although, in reducing this injunction to practice, various difficulties have to be encountered. Some allow the example of those about them to act as an opiate to their consciences, forgetting that it is to God and not to man they will have to account. Some set expediency in the place of right, and so remain strangers to the knowledge of the truth, while they help to keep down religion at a low, worldly standard. Some err by subjecting faith to reason ; and many, alas ! forfeit the



privilege and the desire of "trying the things that differ," and "approving those which are excellent,"\* because they cannot resolve really to deny themselves in the pursuit of pleasure, gain or honours, and to follow Christ. With such powerful hindrances, can we wonder that pure, spiritual Christianity should make slow progress in the world. Its more rapid and more complete extension is an object worthy of our fervent desires and prayers.

The Editor's thanks are due to those friends who have so readily placed at his disposal the letters, &c., in their possession.

*Lewes, 29th of 6th Month, 1861.*

\* See Rom. ii. 18 ; Phil. i. 10 ; and the marginal readings.

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# MEMOIRS

## ELIZABETH DUDLEY.

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### CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE—EARLY LIFE—CALL TO THE MINISTRY—DEATH OF HER FATHER—AND OF HER SISTER HANNAH—RELIGIOUS MEMORANDUM OF CHARLOTTE D.—REMOVAL OF THE FAMILY TO LONDON—E. DUDLEY RECORDED A MINISTER.

ELIZABETH DUDLEY was the daughter of Robert and Mary Dudley, of Suirville Mills, near Clonmel, and was born there on the 1st of the Ninth Month, 1779.

Her father possessed an enlarged and cultivated understanding, and for many years occupied a prominent position in society, being qualified for civil and religious usefulness. Her mother, who was the daughter of Joseph Stokes, of Bristol, was for a time a follower of John Wesley ; but finding that the active religious life of the Methodists was not favourable to her spiritual progress, and that what she needed was greater devotion to the practice of silent retirement before the Lord, she left their

community, and attended the meetings of Friends. When John Wesley was informed of this, he wrote her a letter, remonstrating in strong terms with his promising disciple on the course she was taking. In her reply, in which veneration for his character was blended with a courage inspired by conviction, she showed him that the profession of the Society of Friends was for her the only path of peace. Continuing faithful to the Divine Hand which had thus guided her, she received a gift in the ministry ; and for forty years, in many parts of Ireland and England, she declared, with uncommon copiousness and power, the message of reconciliation to God, and the inestimable blessings of the gospel.\*

Robert and Mary Dudley had four sons and four daughters. Of the former, the eldest was Charles Stokes Dudley, who is known throughout the kingdom for his long and successful labours in the service of the Bible Society, and who is yet living, vigorous in mind, though infirm of body.

Very little record or even reminiscence exists of the childhood of Elizabeth Dudley. The example of religious parents, and their precepts, especially of her beloved mother, with the daily reading of the Holy Scriptures in the family, were early blessed to her and her sisters. Of her second sister, Mary, E. D. remarked : " It may be safely said, she feared the Lord from a child ;" and of Hannah, that from the same tender age, " she was seriously thoughtful, fond of reading the Holy Scriptures, and remarkable for the solidity of her demeanour in religious meetings, which she delighted to attend." Charlotte, the youngest daughter, once said, when allud-

\* Her letter to John Wesley, with an account of her youthful exercises of spirit and her abundant gospel services, is contained in a *Life*, published by her daughter Elizabeth in the year 1825.

ing to the early grace for which she was accountable : "I have wept in secret, even in early infancy, while reflecting on the transgressions of the day. The light of God's holy countenance has shone upon my soul, and I have enjoyed sweet communion with the Father of Spirits, while yet an infant." Elizabeth seems to have dated her own first awakening to the importance of the life to come, from the death of her eldest brother (a son of Robert Dudley by a former wife), to whom she was much attached. This happened when she was about six years old.

She was educated at Suir Island School, where she evinced great ardour and liveliness of disposition, so that the late Ann Alexander, one of her teachers, remarked, "she did not know what would become of that wild giddy girl." Underneath this vivacity of mind, however, there was observed, even then, to be concealed that soundness of judgment and power of serious reflection by which her character was afterwards so strongly marked. Her own recollections of her school-days were full of pleasure and gratitude. In a letter written in 1817 to Susanna Corder, who had not long before gone to reside at Suir Island as governess, she says : "I can now fancy where thou passest many of thy evenings. There are few places in that house unmarked by some recollections of early enjoyment or useful occupation ; and there are spots to which the remembrance of special favours is peculiarly attached. It was under that roof my heart was first powerfully attracted by the influence of divine love ; and the advantages there afforded, though not duly improved, greatly contributed to fix serious and profitable impressions, so that the time spent in that seminary must ever be considered an important part of



my life, and recurred to with feelings of deep interest and thankfulness."

On leaving school, she was called upon to take an important part in her father's family. As the eldest child, the charge of the household devolved upon her during her mother's frequent absences from home ; and she won the confidence as well as love of her brothers and sisters, by her judicious and affectionate conduct and her strict regard for truth. Endowed in an extraordinary degree with sensibility and the power of sympathy, she entered, when perhaps too young, into the troubles which at that time pressed heavily on the minds of her parents. This early familiarity with sorrow, however, prepared her for the office which seemed peculiarly to belong to her, of sharing in the crosses and burdens of others ; so that, although well able and often called upon, in the expansive love of Christ, to rejoice with those who rejoiced, her sympathies seemed to flow most naturally towards all such as were in affliction, whether temporal or spiritual.

By the time she was twenty-three years of age, Elizabeth Dudley had attained to a mature religious experience. Little is known of the peculiar difficulties which she had had to surmount, or the deviations from the path of safety which she had to deplore, beyond what is unfolded by a letter written many years afterwards, and which, it is apprehended, refers to this period.

"I remember," she says, "and desire never to forget, the distress and anguish brought upon my spirit, and the insensibility which succeeded, when, because 'my Lord delayed his coming,' and left me for a season to myself (a companion who, through disobedience, had become insupportable), I sought delight and consolation from polluted sources, and at

times rejoiced in a liberty which I soon found led to the most debasing bondage—thralldom with the Prince of the power of the air, who ruled with a rod of iron in my heart, even after it had measurably submitted to the yoke of Christ.” . . . .

In 1802, she attended her mother on one of her religious visits to England. They commenced their work at Bristol, and travelled through the country as far as Norfolk. Two occurrences, both very interesting, and one of them of the deepest importance to Elizabeth Dudley’s future course, marked this journey. At Needham she formed an acquaintance with Lucy Alexander, afterwards Lucy Maw, which quickly ripened into an intimate friendship, and lasted nearly fifty years, being terminated only by death. And at Norwich, in a memorable religious meeting in the family of Joseph and Jane Gurney, she first became sensible that a gift in the ministry of the gospel was to be committed to her. This occasion was sacredly preserved in her memory, and is referred to several times in after years in her journal and correspondence. She returned home with her mother in the beginning of the Twelfth Month.

#### TO LUCY ALEXANDER.

Suirville Mills, 12, 12 mo., 1802.

. . . . Thou, my beloved L. A., hast been more often than the day the companion of my thoughts, and very frequently the subject of mine and my mother’s conversation, attended with truly grateful feelings that such a friendship has been formed. . . .

We got to Haverfordwest greatly fatigued, and my dear mother much in want of rest, having found the Welsh roads almost too rough for her to bear. . . . We were comforted by my dear father’s meeting us at Waterford, in

remarkably good health, and were favoured to find all our dear family in the same state. . . . .

The loss of E. Pim is sensibly felt by my mother, who for many years was used to have her beside her at meeting. Indeed, she is much missed in this place, where her exemplary life has loudly preached. Eight Friends belonging to our Quarterly Meeting have been removed by death since we left home, and several of these in a manner awfully sudden. How full of instruction are these instances of mortality, and yet how sorrowful is it that the major part of mankind appear insensible to the necessity of being prepared for the solemn event; at least, their lives and conduct manifest an unconcern, which, to a happily awakened mind, seems dreadful. . . . .

#### TO LUCY ALEXANDER.

Suirville Mills, 8, 2 mo., 1803.

. . . . We learnt the affecting tidings of dear Joshua Wheeler's decease. To his prepared spirit it is, doubtless a happy release from a very enfeebled tabernacle. The intelligence brought to our recollection the last evening we spent under his roof, when, in a remarkably solemn opportunity, my dear mother had largely to speak on the Sabbath of eternal rest, and to say that she believed it was a final parting from some. . . . .

In the Third Month, 1803, Elizabeth Dudley was summoned to London to her brother Charles, whose beloved young wife (Hester, a daughter of Joseph and Anna Savory) was suddenly taken from him, after a union of less than eight months.

#### TO LUCY ALEXANDER.

Suirville Mills, 28, 2 mo., 1803.

. . . . The manner in which thou, my dear Lucy, comments upon the recent awful event in our family, carried with it something of a calming nature. From the first, my beloved brother has requested my going over to him; and in the last

letter it was so urged by Martha, that it seems now determined I should set out. My dear father has concluded to accompany me, and we are only waiting for the weather to permit our embarking. We do not think there is any packet in the harbour to take us, as the wind is against their coming in. It may change to-morrow, in which case I expect we shall go to Waterford, whither my beloved mother intends to accompany us. Thou wilt readily suppose what it must be to me to leave this endeared parent when the sea is to divide us; her health having materially suffered from this shock and the great anxiety which attends the painful suspense. . . .

2, 3 mo.—We are still detained by violently stormy weather, and kept in a state of the most anxious suspense, no packet being in to bring us intelligence for more than a week. I think I never remember such a continual tempest as we have had for the last ten days. . . .

Thy feeling lamentation, my endeared Lucy, over thy own state, seemed to furnish me with words to express the deserted situation of my poor mind. Often have I thought, since my return from England, that a state of insensibility to all that is good was entered into for a space to which I can see no end. I well remember the lines thou quotest; they often occur as applicable, as well as four other lines in the same little piece:

“ Thy saints are comforted, I know,  
And love thy house of prayer;  
I therefore go where others go,  
But find no comfort there.”

It is, indeed, hard in the midst of such poverty to keep up the struggle for life, and yet how dangerous to allow anything like indifference to overtake!

#### TO LUCY ALEXANDER.

London, 21, 9 mo., 1803.

Thy letters, my beloved friend, are always received with pleasure. Thy last peculiarly so, on account of its containing the intelligence that thou hadst been enabled to form a decision on the important subject so long engaging thy attention; the

*peaceful* consequences whereof to thy exercised mind must prove a consoling confirmation of its rectitude. . . .

. . I should be glad to know more of thy friend T. M., for thou rightly judgest that I feel an interest in all that concerns thee.

John and Sarah Grubb are, I expect, by this time either at or near their home. I did not attend the marriage, for the reason assigned in my last, but heard the meeting was large, and covered with a solemnity which is a very desirable sanction to such an event. Sally, like a notable woman, went into the gallery after the ceremony, and was largely engaged to the people, many not Friends being present; she then took her seat beside John again, and was afterwards engaged in supplication. In a sitting at the house she was again exercised, I think more than once. Is not this marrying as though she married not? . . . .

#### TO LUCY ALEXANDER.

London, 14, 10 mo., 1803.

. . . . Thy correspondence, my endeared Lucy, has been one of my chief solaces for many months back. Thy last is a precious token of that love and sympathy which is one of the sweetest fruits of friendship; and the valuable extracts thou hast so kindly given me were a very acceptable addition to the satisfaction I always find in perusing anything from thy hand. I esteem it a strong proof of thy affection and confidence, thus to let me partake in what so intimately concerns thyself, and allow me an opportunity of knowing a little respecting the person with whom thou art likely to be so closely connected. . . . These transcripts have proved consoling to my often depressed mind: it is encouraging in seasons of trial, when one is ready to fear good is wholly withdrawn, to find that no strange thing has happened to us, but that the same afflictions are accomplished in those who have made much greater advancement in the spiritual journey. It felt like a brook by the way to trace in these lines the same doubts and fears whereby I am often almost dismayed, when the very remembrance of what has heretofore

felt precious seems withheld. But how instructive is it at the same time to see a *contentment* under this proving dispensation, a patient surrender to the unerring will and wisdom of Him who "afflicteth for wise purposes," and a supporting belief in the efficacy of this change, or even deprivation of food. . . .

Elizabeth Dudley resided with her brother about a year, and then returned to her family in Ireland.

TO LUCY MAW.

Clonmel, 22, 11 mo., 1805.

. . . . I wish not to depress or cause thee any anxiety, being sensible through all of that love and tenderness towards thee, which I trust is some mark of discipleship; and whether any further evidence hereof be granted or not, this surely is one we ought to cherish, for the feeling of love is desirable for its own sake, as well as that it disposes the mind for the further extension of its holy influence, when the Father of mercies is pleased so to shed abroad his love in the heart, as to fill it with universal charity and goodwill. . . .

Thou wilt observe by the date that I am in town; and as I wish thee to know why, may briefly tell thee that my sisters and I are about entering into some business, and have opened a wareroom in the mercery and haberdashery line, purposing to import goods from England. As we had not in view a separation from our dear parents, but merely employment, and an effort towards independence, we manage so as to change about, and there are always two in the country. My dear mother often stays a few days here, and is generally better for it, our house being situated in rather a damp valley. Sister Hannah is constantly in town, having been again very ill since our removal, and unfit to change her residence.

In the Sixth Month, 1806, her brother Robert, who resided at Shaftesbury, and was the last surviving son of the former family, was removed by death. He and his brothers had shared the maternal care of Mary

Dudley equally with her own children ; indeed, it was not until after the death of several of them, that the younger part were acquainted with any difference in their maternity. And it is pleasing to observe that their mother enjoyed the fruit of her wise and loving course of action ; for she used to say with grateful emotion, that she never desired more affectionate or dutiful conduct from her own children than that which she received from some of her adopted sons.\*

TO LUCY MAW.

Clonmel, 20, 9 mo., 1806.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

Thy early reply to my last letter was truly cordial to the feelings of thy E. D., who was very sensible that she did not merit such prompt attention. . . . Gratitude is a sensation I am often alive to when contemplating our attachment and intimacy—a subject whereon I frequently ruminate with heartfelt satisfaction, as well as the circumstances under which our friendship was formed. This recurrence produces a train of reflections which sometimes cause my tears to flow ; and I would willingly recall scenes of gracious invitation and favour which attended that journey, though it was not exempt from sore conflict and deep inward proving, such as have marked as with an indelible impression particular persons and places in the tablet of my memory. Here perhaps *Norwich* may rise to thy view—a place where I was introduced into feelings such as I had never before known to the same degree. I *then* conceived it a baptism into suffering with the oppressed seed ; but should *now* be almost afraid to admit the thought that I ever experienced such a feeling, so ignorant do I seem of a similar capacity. Well, I believe *we* have met in these spots, and known something of a being united in the fellowship of suffering. How exceedingly precious is an intercourse of this nature. . . . I think we are not without rational ground for believing that the communion of

\* See Life of Mary Dudley, pp. 233-4.

kindred minds is not limited to the period of their imperfect state, but renewed in a purity of which we can probably form but a very inadequate idea, when happily centred in the world of spirits and in the fruition of those enjoyments, the foretaste whereof has proved so rich a consolation through the trials of time. . . .

I am glad, both for his own and the Church's sake, that thy dear father has got so much about of late, I observed with pleasure his prospect of going into Wales, where are scattered those worth visiting, though not often gladdened by the presence of such as are calculated to help them. . . . Thy account of William Forster is very interesting. His preservation in the humble childlike state thou mentionest, must be an object of great desire to those who are bound to the cause he so nobly espouses. . . .

Towards the end of 1807 the family of Robert Dudley suffered a very severe affliction and bereavement. Fever broke out in the house, and attacked, almost at the same instant, the father, his son Thomas (the only one then at home,) and a daughter of the first family. The daughter recovered, but the son died in the Eleventh Month, and Robert Dudley himself, after lingering three weeks longer, expired on the 14th of the Twelfth Month.

#### TO LUCY MAW.

Clonmel, 21, 12 mo., 1807.

I hope my beloved friend has by this time received a long letter from me, penned under considerable difficulty three or four weeks ago, whereby she would learn some of the sorrows her E. D. has passed through, and be prepared for hearing of her heart being still more deeply wounded by a stroke which did not at last seem to fall with less force from the circumstance of being long anticipated. The sensations of an orphan, which are, my beloved Lucy, new and exquisitely painful, are now known by thy bereaved friend. . . .



When I last addressed thee, my beloved father was in so weak a state that we were obliged to relinquish all hope of his restoration to health. For five days we watched with sensations not to be described for the closing scene. Throughout this awful period, his strength and vigour of mind were in full exertion and energy. I never beheld so striking an instance of unshaken faith in the prospect of a glorious eternity, where, he said, he "was going to enjoy the society of the spirits of just men made perfect." He indeed possessed a hope "full of immortality," though he forcibly told us he had no other foundation for confidence than "the mercy of God through Christ Jesus;" but that on this he firmly relied, and found that the King of Terrors was not such to him. In this manner he made the subject of his removal familiar to us; frequently asked the doctors if he was near going, and told them they need not fear to tell him, for he was not afraid to hear, but desired he might not have any opiate given him, as he wished to be left in the full possession of his faculties. On my telling him he might be assured none had or should be administered, he sweetly replied, "So best, my dear; whatever pain I suffer, I would not have it so eased." He counselled and blessed his children in a way which I hope none of us will ever forget. My beloved mother and her four daughters were enabled to witness all, and though the bodily conflicts of our endeared departing relative were for many hours extreme, we remained with him, and experienced the answer of prayer by all pain and uneasiness giving way to an easy slumber, in which he lay for three hours, and in which his spirit was happily freed from the shackles of mortality. We beheld the extinction of our dearest earthly possession with calmness, and so precious solemn was the feeling which pervaded, that it was painful to be interrupted or drawn from a spot where it would have been pleasant to spend the night, had our bodies been equal to the task. So just is that observation of a favourite author :

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate  
Is privileged beyond the common walk  
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of Heaven."

Five minutes before ten o'clock on Second-day night, on the 14th instant, was the time my revered father breathed his soul into the arms of his Creator ; the day my youngest sister attained her twenty-first year, and wanting fifteen days of his being seventy-five.

On the 17th his remains were committed to the ground, which had but about four weeks before closed on his son. We all attended and were strengthened and consoled. A dear friend, Margaret Grubb, was largely qualified for service, and my beloved mother was enabled to bear an instructive testimony to the Divine support she was favoured with, acknowledging that the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken, blessed for ever be his great and excellent name. Surely nothing but "everlasting arms" could sustain her under the sore conflict of losing a partner endeared for thirty years to every feeling of her heart, which she says was never sensible of such close and precious unity with his spirit as when it was ascending to its mansion of uninterrupted rest, whereas her soul was so clothed with solemn rejoicing as in great measure to swallow up selfish sorrow. . . . My dear father had recently completed a most agreeable arrangement of his affairs, and has left his family well-provided for : this is indeed to be numbered amongst our blessings. . . . .

#### TO LUCY MAW.

Clonmel, 7, 8 mo., 1808.

. . . . I sometimes indulge the pleasing idea that an opportunity for intercourse unshackled by pen, ink and paper, may one day be afforded us ; and suffer my imagination to lead me to thy peaceful abode, where, in the added society of thy already valued T. M., and the innocent charms of your sweet babes, I anticipate an expansion rather than any decrease of that friendship which has so long bound me to thee. . . . .

It is at all times grateful to receive information relative to our much-loved friends, Deborah Darby and Rebecca Byrd, and the account of their recent movements, interwoven with thy own and those of some nearly allied to thee, was no small

indulgence to me. . . . I almost wonder that R. B. and her loved companion do not see a propriety in allowing themselves some intervals of rest, whilst engaged in the service, for which they are so admirably gifted that one regrets their bodies being so worn. It appeared very evident last summer that Rebecca was suffering from incessant travelling and constant exercise [of mind,] and yet they seemed equally unwilling to devote one day to repose. . . .

I am much pleased with a little work, which, though published some years, and going through seven editions, I had not before seen,—“The Guide to Domestic Happiness,” by William Wilberforce. Though not verse, there is some pleasing imagery; and the good sense it betokens, and the spirit of piety breathed throughout, make it a valuable composition. . . .

In the Spring of 1810, Hannah, the third daughter, was taken from the family circle, at the age of twenty-five. She possessed a refined sensibility of character, to which grace added a heavenly-mindedness, that shewed itself in the grateful acknowledgment of mercies received and a beautiful acquiescence with the Divine Will.

Frequently during the very suffering illness which preceded her decease, she said to her mother and sisters, “I am not worth half the trouble you have with me.” Sometimes, in the midst of violent pain, which it was hard for those who were about her to witness, she would exclaim in an animated and heavenly tone of voice, “What are these sufferings when compared to what the Saviour bore for us?” Once, during a day of extreme suffering, she said: “I dreamt last night that I saw my precious father, and remembering that he was gone, I asked him if he was happy. He answered me in the sweetest manner, by repeating that passage of Scripture which he used to speak of on his

death-bed, relative to the 'general assembly and Church of the first-born,' adding : 'Thou shalt be with me in a short time ; only make thy peace with God, and he will admit thee into his holy presence.'"

Some time before her release her strength revived, and she called all the family around her. When she had prayed for them and given thanks, and all had remained a while silent, she asked, "Who are here?" Her mother answered, "None but thy poor mother, thy sisters, and brother, and the *Shepherd of Israel*." "*He is here*," she replied ; "he is near me." She then sent a message to a relation at a distance, and mentioning the attendance of places of amusement, said in a lamenting tone, "O it is a pity, a great pity, a sin and waste of time." After lying still a few minutes she broke forth thus : "What is life ! a bubble : five-and-twenty years and a little more, and all is over." A few days before she died, she said, in the midst of great distress of body : "How pleasant it will be to get home after all these conflicts into the arms of Jesus ! how trifling will they then appear, though so hard to poor mortality ! But the Lord is near ; O what an unspeakable mercy that he is so near : from the very first he has seemed to overshadow me ; all my impatience he passes by and forgives ; he remembers that I am but dust ; he smiles, he comforts, he cherishes me."\*

It was at the funeral of this beloved sister that Elizabeth Dudley first ventured to lift up her voice in public in the name of Christ ; pouring out her heart in prayer and adoration at the Divine footstool. This act of faith was a great comfort to her mother, who said her daughter Elizabeth's dedication much alleviated

\* See life of Mary Dudley : Appendix.

the poignancy of her loss. Referring at a later period to this occasion, E. D. said: "My soul at the present moment reverently blesseth that power, which in unbounded mercy penetrated a gloom through which I could see no light, and opened a door of liberty to a heart comparable to the nether millstone." . . . .

While Hannah was thus translated from the Saviour's fold on earth to his glorious presence above, and Elizabeth was brought, through much conflict and suffering, to follow her mother's steps in the work of the Christian ministry, the good seed which had been sown, almost in the cradle, in the hearts of Mary and Charlotte, had not perished, although, as the latter said regarding herself, "the tender buds of grace had been nipt by the cold north wind." Of Mary's experience we have very little record; but Charlotte has left an interesting memento of her religious feelings when in her twenty-first year

*Clonmel, 10 mo., 18, 1807.*—The blessing of health again shines upon our dwelling; and this morning all the individuals of our family assembled with those who profess to follow Jesus, and worship him in spirit and in truth. *Profession*, empty sound!—the shadow without the substance! Born and educated amongst those who profess the name of Christ, the child of believing parents, and as such surrounded by most valuable privileges, I have yet lived without God in the world for twenty years. Miserably infatuated by the transitory enjoyments of time and sense, and too tenderly attached to the objects of my affection, my heart has hitherto excluded the Heavenly Visitor, to whose service it should be humbly dedicated, and by whom alone it should be engaged.

Alone in my chamber, secure from human observation, I may perhaps without the implication of a hypocrite prostrate myself before the Throne of Grace, and as an humble penitent,

renouncing all hope but in a mercy free, unmerited, and infinite, acknowledging the sinfulness of my past life, and, trusting solely in my Redeemer's righteousness, implore the divine blessing upon the fervent and sincere desires of a heart but newly awaked to a sense of sinful misery.

Author and guardian of my life, hear, in mercy hear, the language of supplication breathed from lips too long a stranger to prayer. Thou knowest my heart, and its most secret thoughts ; thou knowest my most easily-besetting sin : enable me, then, gracious Father, to subdue nature, to conquer self, and to lead a life conformable to thy holy will. . .

I have been at second meeting, and for the first time, in sincerity and truth, prayed with the heart and understanding. Father of mercies, thou hast called me from the world to commune with my own heart in retirement. . . No human being knows the wickedness and corruption of my heart ; and all think too favourably of me. Thou only seest my iniquity. Be pleased then to renew a right spirit within me, and to give me a clean heart washed in the atoning blood of thy Son Jesus Christ my Saviour.

In the autumn of 1810, Mary Dudley removed with her family to London, and settled within the district of Southwark Monthly Meeting. The near prospect of this step is alluded to by Elizabeth Dudley, amongst other topics, in a letter to Lucy Maw. Their separation from Ireland was final. Mary Dudley did not again set foot there ; and her daughter never revisited the land of her birth, except once to spend a short time with her brother William's family.

#### TO LUCY MAW.

Clonmel, 19, 8 mo., 1810.

Gratitude, my beloved friend, for the comfort derived through the valuable packet received from the hand of dear Martha Brewster, would bind me to an early acknowledgment of thy kindness, even if I had not the additional inducement

of wishing to give thee some little account of this valuable messenger, whose visit here with that of thy dear uncle [Dykes Alexander] was truly acceptable. They were at both our meetings on First-day, and in the forenoon were each engaged in speaking of the great uncertainty of time, and impressing on some the urgent necessity of "using all diligence in making the calling and election sure." . . . The sight of such dear friends was quite a cordial to my mother. . . At our Monthly Meeting both were engaged to warn Friends against an over-anxiety respecting the things of this life, and a too eager pursuit of lawful objects. Martha also addressed the exercised travellers amongst us, handing a word of encouragement to such as were desirous of standing faithful to the line of manifested duty. They came to dinner with us, where many others also had their company, and in a season of retirement afterwards, both were replenished with gospel oil, I trust to the comfort of some. We greatly enjoyed this portion of their society, and the opportunity it afforded of inquiring after many dear friends. It was no small treat to me to get a bit of dear Martha alone, when I gladly availed myself of her disposition, to converse about my tenderly-beloved L. M. It seemed almost like having thee near me thus to commune with one who had so lately seen thee, and was so thoroughly disposed to join in my affectionate and favourable (I will not say partial) opinion respecting my beloved absent friend. . . M. B. is a diffident, humble-minded woman, but fervent in spirit, and one who seems favoured to dwell very near the spring of good. . . .

We now look towards leaving Clonmel in three or four weeks. London is likely to be the place of our abode, for a while at least, and, I suppose, Southwark the meeting we shall attend. It is an important step, and has long felt so in our view, but it is not a hasty conclusion. My dear mother has long felt liberated from Clonmel, and is now comfortable and easy under the prospect of belonging for a time to the Quarterly Meeting of London and Middlesex. She does not speak of it as an entire removal, and only laid it before Friends as believing it best to reside for some time in England, so that

it is not like a final separation from this country, which it would be trying to look towards. . . .

We have some account of the illness and death of my precious departed sister [Hannah]; and we have allowed it to be pretty generally perused by Friends of our acquaintance. . . . With my sisters we can seldom converse on the afflictive subject, especially Mary, whose feelings of sorrow are acute and lively, and she seems unable to contemplate this privation without yielding to overwhelming grief. Charlotte's emotions are of a different kind, and she can at times derive a melancholy satisfaction in retracing the scenes wherein our precious sister was a sharer. Her own ill health, dear girl, is calculated to produce pensive recollections of what she has seen borne with unmurmuring patience. She has, I am convinced, been sweetly attracted, during this bodily affliction, to seek an establishment upon that foundation which can alone stand the storms of this fluctuating world. . . .

They arrived in London in the Eleventh Month, and made their temporary residence in Great Surrey Street, Blackfriars, whence in 1811 they removed to Addington Place, Camberwell. The late Samuel Sturge, writing after the lapse of fifty years, thus relates his recollections of their first appearance at Meeting.

"The writer has an instructive recollection of the first attendance at Southwark Meeting on a First-day morning of Mary Dudley, her three daughters, and one son, unexpectedly, as he believes, to Friends in general. It was about the last First-day in the Tenth Month, 1810. Some expectation of their intention to settle in the compass of that Meeting had been raised, and the result nowise disappointed Friends. Evidence was soon obvious that they were led in the right way; and although for a short time they seemed as if amongst strangers, that love which prompted their movement soon made way for them. Their coming had a uniting



effect amongst the members of the Meeting, then numerous,\* somewhat disjointed, and needing rather softening influences.

“In the removal certificate from Clonmel (which was a collective one for all four) there was this expression added to the notice of Mary Dudley as a minister; ‘and Elizabeth Dudley has appeared a few times in the ministry.’ At a week-day meeting, about one month after coming amongst us, she was concerned to quote from the prophet Jeremiah: ‘The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved;’ gently connecting a few words of warning. Whether this was quite the first occasion I am slightly uncertain; I believe only an appearance in supplication preceded it. As remembered at this distance of time, her gift was exercised in most meetings that she attended afterwards. With her dear mother, even prior to the receipt from Ireland of their certificate of removal, she was concerned to attend some other of the London meetings; and thus simply attending to the pointings of duty, they soon became known to Friends, and way opened for them.

“In the Fifth Month, 1811, the consideration was presented to the Monthly Meeting, of recognising the gift of the ministry which our dear friend had received. She was now become as one long known; and a very ready, not forward, concurrence was expressed on this occasion. Her dear mother had been enabled to visit the families, with our friend, Jane Harris, an old member of the meeting, and very satisfactory to Friends was their procedure. Concerning both mother

\* The Meeting-house at that time was usually well filled on First-days, including the galleries.

and daughter it might be truly observed, they 'were determined not to know anything amongst us, save Jesus Christ and him crucified,' which was very much the theme of their ministry, whilst the office of the Holy Spirit was magnified in due proportion."

## CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY WITH HER MOTHER THROUGH DORSET AND HAMPSHIRE — CORRESPONDENCE — VISIT TO BERKSHIRE, ETC. — JOURNAL—REMOVAL TO CROYDON.

IN the Eighth Month, 1812, Mary Dudley, accompanied by her daughter, commenced a religious visit to the Quarterly Meeting of Dorset and Hants.

FROM LUCY MAW TO ELIZABETH DUDLEY.

Needham Market, 9, 7 mo., 1812.

. . Finding that instead of our soon enjoying a personal interview, thou art about to enter upon a more important engagement, I feel inclined to address thee previously thereto. I am glad, for the cause's sake, that thy precious mother is again preparing to enter on gospel service, and in a quarter which I believe stands in need of help. . . I doubt not, my dear friend, thou wilt experience satisfaction in giving up to accompany her; and though the *cross* must often be borne whilst thus engaged, yet is there not also a heavenly joy to be derived from this source which far transcends all other joys? Therefore, let me say, as a proof of the sincerest friendship; resign thyself fully and faithfully to the service, and thus become of the number of those, "who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil." . . .

Elizabeth Dudley kept a daily record of the religious services in which they were engaged: many passages of this journal are fraught with interest and instruction.

8mo. 21st, Alton.—Held an appointed meeting with Friends; fully attended, and owned by the covering of solemnity, under which some were saluted as fellow-travellers to the heavenly city, and others encouraged to increasing diligence and watchfulness. Lodged at E. and H. Marshall's, two ancient Friends, who, after spending the early part of their lives in laudable industry, retired from the hurry of a shop in the metropolis, and now enjoy the fruits of their labour at this peaceful abode, where contentment and hospitality are conspicuous. . .

First-day, 23rd, Southampton.—The meeting though small as to number seemed to comprise a great variety of states, and some close exercise was passed through ere there could be any attempt to visit them. The truth was, however, I trust, told them; the necessity of consistent walking pretty closely represented, and encouragement held out on the terms of obedience and returning to the power which had been more fully acknowledged by some in days that were past. At six o'clock an appointed meeting for the inhabitants. A large number came, and though all could not be accommodated with seats, their deportment was not only orderly but solid, being chiefly of the most respectable class. My mother was largely engaged in testimony, relievingly to her own mind, and apparently to the satisfaction of the audience, many of whom came up afterwards, and spoke in a friendly manner.

24th.—Travelled to Fordingbridge over a very bad lonely road; but were cheered at the end by the very cordial reception of James and Hannah Neave. After tea John Kirkham and J. Grace arrived from Ringwood on their way to Salisbury. After supper a season of solemn retirement tended to sweeten our separation, and we retired to bed under a thankful sense of preserving and supporting goodness.

25th.—Left this peaceful resting-place and rode to Ringwood, where a meeting had been appointed. On arriving at our kind friends', J. and D. Merryweather, we were cheered by the sight of our beloved J. and M. Waring, their four daughters, and George and H. Fisher, who had all come from Muddiford to give us the meeting. Their group formed

the chief part of the little number collected in the meeting-house, for only a few of the members resident here were present. It proved a sweetly uniting, solemn season. At the close my mother requested that the inhabitants might be invited to come together, which was done; a large number assembled, and it proved a relieving opportunity.

*Fourth-day.*—Slept at J. Waring's lodgings, and the next morning after a portion of the Sacred Writings had been read, agreeably to their commendable practice, a season of retirement ensued which was well worth coming more than that distance to enjoy.

*29th.*—Had a very dreary ride up and down hill to Weymouth. Were hospitably received by Edward Henning, dear Anna Buxton's step-father. On First-day sat down in their drawing-room with Anna and a few Friends now in the town for sea-bathing. We were favoured together with the overshadowing of Divine Goodness, and again graciously remembered in the evening, when we all assembled at Sarah Lury's lodgings, who is here with seven of her children.

*31st.*—Left this hospitable mansion, accompanied by dear Anna. Rode to Dorchester, eight miles of very hilly rough road. On getting there we set about inquiring for a place to hold a meeting, and soon succeeded in procuring the County Hall. A very large number were collected; they were invited for six o'clock, but few came till near seven. Many of the genteel inhabitants attended, and behaved with becoming solidity. Strength was mercifully renewed to explain some of our peculiar opinions, especially the liberty given to women as ministers, and our mode of silent waiting. Dear A. B. spoke a few words in confirmation of this doctrine with great sweetness and life. The meeting was I think the most precious and thoroughly relieving we have yet had.

*9th mo. 1.*—My birth-day. To have spent thirty-three years in this world feels an awful consideration. The knowledge of having fallen very short of duty humbles me under a sense of that Goodness which has been mercifully near during many stages of the wilderness journey, preserving in infancy, guarding in childhood, upholding through the slippery

path of youth, and offering in maturity the sustaining consolations of a love which has in measure operated as a power capable of subduing all things to itself. May it still work, until, through its transforming efficacy, no language contrary to that of "Thy will, O Lord, be done," is uttered in the soul.

Left Dorchester this morning, and reached Bridport to dinner. Had a meeting appointed for Friends and others at six o'clock, which was largely attended. Much liberty was felt in declaring the doctrines of the gospel; and we found afterwards that a famous Unitarian, who glories in his argumentative powers, was present.

Next morning, a time of religious retirement succeeded to reading a portion of the Scriptures, a practice which it is pleasant to see increasing among Friends, and of the advantage whereof we have had repeated confirmation on this journey. (*Letter.*)

To Compton to tea. Here we met with a most cordial reception from Thomas Thompson and his family, and found it a sweet resting-place. Sat next morning in their usual meeting held every Fifth-day in his house. About thirteen scholars now here: it was a comfortable refreshing season.

*Sixth-day, 4th.*—Went to Wincanton, and returned to Compton, which feeling a sweet resting-place we gladly availed ourselves of it, and spent Seventh-day in comparative, but I hope not unwarrantable, idleness; a day's rest being much wanted by my dear mother.

*7th, Marnhull.*—Got to William and Rebecca Byrd's in time for tea. The society of these long-known and justly-endearred friends compensated for the fatigue of getting over some of the worst road we have yet travelled.

*8th.*—Set off for Shaftesbury, only six miles, but so bad a road that we were above two hours going. Entering this town brought afresh to remembrance my dear departed brother, who spent the last four years of his life here, and now lies in the ground adjoining the meeting-house.

*9th.*—The Monthly Select Meeting, held in our friend Jane Shipley's parlour; a valuable minister, who at the advanced age of eighty retains the full possession of her

faculties, and what is better seems to have her spiritual perception in full vigour. At eleven o'clock the Monthly Meeting commenced, and lasted till four. The first sitting was closely exercising, though no liberty for expression was obtained, save a little in the line of prayer. The Quarterly Select Meeting was to me a secretly tried and exercising season. Perhaps the humiliating view of my own nothingness and total insufficiency for any good word or work, was never less attended with that consoling trust in Divine Power, which can preciously uphold under the closest baptisms. Instead of being thus sustained, I was ready to fear that for want of clear discernment I had ventured to step forward in a service to which I was not called, and had thereby brought darkness over myself. I was however preserved measurably quiet, and in pouring out my tears before Him to whom I could appeal in the sincerity of my intention, felt somewhat relieved, but retired from the sitting depressed in mind and exhausted in body. After supper William Byrd sweetly addressed the young people, and I apprehended myself called upon to invite them to a full surrender of their wills, affections and faculties, to Almighty regulation and guidance, and though under the feeling of much weakness, I ventured to do so.

10th.—Went to Meeting, where for some time things seemed very low. A few small but very acceptable offerings from members of the meeting tended to help. At length dear Anna Buxton appeared in supplication, which evidently opened the way more fully, and my dear mother had a closely exercising time in the line of reprehension, counsel, and encouragement, wherein I rejoiced, and believe many were comforted. . . . We spent the evening in social intercourse with a large number of dear and valued friends, and retired to bed with the thankful acknowledgment that “truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart.”

#### TO HER SISTER MARY.

Shaftesbury, 11, 9 mo., 1812.

. . . On Fourth-day was the meeting for worship, at eleven, succeeded by that for discipline. Here Rebecca

Byrd returned account of her late visit to the Islands, and requested a certificate for performing some religious service in Devon and Cornwall, her husband uniting in the prospect. These dedicated friends spend but little time in their sweet retirement, evincing that it is indeed their meat and drink to do the manifested will of their Heavenly Father. . . We had about nine hours sitting that day, and very trying it was to body and mind. Dear Jane Shipley encountered the whole, walking up the hill after meeting by the light of a lantern, with an agility which surprised me. She is a fine upright person, and perfectly the gentlewoman in appearance and behaviour, with all her faculties and best perceptions in exercise. Our dear mother and she had not met for above twenty-six years. . .

We came home to dine with a very large company, and after this meal, the company being increased by many coming in from other houses, the prevalence of holy quiet seemed such as to command silence among us, and a truly precious opportunity succeeded, wherein the flowings of gospel love and solicitude were manifested through different instruments. I think I have seldom seen a more beautiful or interesting assemblage of young people, many of them not being ashamed to evince that they have yielded to the softening, attractive influence of divine love. How often, my beloved sisters, when thus comforted in beholding symptoms of religious thoughtfulness in a rising generation, do I long that the impressions with which you have been favoured, may be so fully yielded to as to effect every purpose of a Wisdom which has so wonderfully yet mercifully dealt with us. . .

*First-day, 13th.*—Meeting with Friends in the forenoon, where much labour was the portion. A spirit of scepticism and even infidelity being felt, my mother was strengthened to go forth against it in renewed authority, and to hold up the Scriptures as those lively oracles wherein there must be an unequivocal belief. In many places as we pass along this reasoning propensity has been combated, both in the meetings of Friends and others, which gives rise to the



painful apprehension that unsoundness of principle still calls for vigilance and care.

14th.—Came with our dear friends, William and Rebecca Byrd, to Marnhull.

Fourth-day, 16th.—Sat with the few Friends of this place in their week-day meeting; here, though the number was small, the exercise was painful; the want of diligence and liveliness in some making the work heavy on a few. At the close, dear Rebecca Byrd appeared sweetly in supplication, not only for a blessing on the labour then bestowed, but for those who are commissioned thus to sound the alarm and go to and fro in the earth. We drank tea at a Friend's house, where was a young person who lives in London, and was once an acknowledged minister; but through unwatchfulness of some kind the cruel Adversary has laid waste what was no doubt rightly begun and happily advancing. In a religious sitting, after tea, she was powerfully reached, and, under the ministry of reconciliation and earnest entreaty to believe in the sufficiency of that Power which would yet "open before her the two-leaved gates, and cut in sunder the bars of iron," she was affected so as to weep almost aloud.\* I think my mind was never more involved in feeling for any one, nor was more awfully sensible of the great duty of watchfulness and prayer, so that under the consideration of human frailty and my own liability to err and fall, I was earnest in secret travail that I might not be left to myself, or permitted for a single moment to conclude that there was safety in any state but one of watching. How often do I fear that through some snare or other, after having preached unto others, I myself may become a castaway. May Omnipotence defend, and rather cut the thread of my life than suffer me to bring dishonour upon a cause which at the present moment I prefer to riches, length of days, or any worldly consideration.

First-day, 20th.—Went to meeting with the few Friends

\* Samuel Sturge, who perused these extracts from E. D.'s journal, makes the following note on this place:—"I think it is in my power to trace the individual who is spoken of. If the same, which I cannot doubt, she resumed a *Friendly* appearance, and died about four years afterwards; there is no doubt peacefully."

residing here, and a painful exercising time it proved. My dear mother was wholly silent, and but little liberty for expression found by any; the prevalence of a disposition which not only craved words, but was ready to accept every instructive opening on the mind as a sufficient impulse to impart it, involving in unspeakable conflict. At six o'clock a large number of the more serious inhabitants assembled with Friends, and we were favoured with a solemn relieving opportunity. My dear mother was rather singularly led in describing a true gospel ministry, such as flows through vessels who have submitted to the preparatory baptisms of being completely emptied, and so ceased from their own works as to know a resting-place in the will and power of Him who can alone qualify for every attempt to speak in his name; and in calling attention to that inward principle of light and grace which must effect in the secret of the soul the work of sanctification, by which only there can be a well-grounded hope of gaining an admittance to the rest prepared for the people of God. They were solid and attentive, and I should hope some good may result, whether we ever know it or not.

20th.—Went to Fordingbridge, and had a meeting there in the evening, largely attended and divinely favoured; the gospel message flowing freely to a people apparently but little acquainted with its sacred influence. Spent our time pleasantly at James Neave's, a valuable Friend in the station of elder, who surprised me by telling me he once called my father master, having served part of his apprenticeship to the firm of Dudley and Maw, at Woodbridge, where my father was for a while concerned in the business.

*Salisbury, Fourth-day, 23rd.*—The usual meeting here. A small number, but a closely exercising time; the message to some who had forsaken their first love, and were thereby involved in darkness, being impressively sounded, "Repent, and do the first works." Tenderness prevailed, and some I trust were powerfully reached. At six o'clock went to meeting in a large assembly-room, well seated and lighted. It was supposed more than a thousand persons were within

audience, and that several hundreds went away for want of room. Some of the higher class were there, and among them many clergymen, which accounted for the manner in which my mother was led to apologise for women's preaching, bringing forward many cogent arguments, even from Paul's words, to prove that it was allowed in the primitive church. Gospel truths were declared under the influence of gospel love, and the gay and thoughtless were earnestly invited to give themselves time for serious reflection in order to ascertain what is the only ground whereon true happiness can be built. My dear mother was much exhausted, but calling in at a Friend's pretty near, got some refreshment. Then a season of fresh exercise occurred, in imparting counsel and encouragement to a family in danger of leaving the profession wherein most of them were educated, under the specious idea of uniting with those in whom the life and essence of religion is deemed more apparent, because the activity of creaturely zeal occasions a greater readiness for entering upon the solemn duties of devotion and worship. Great tenderness prevailed, and we felt peaceful at having submitted to the secret pointings of the Divine Finger in this little labour of love.

*24th.*—A solemn season of religious retirement after breakfast at our lodging, with several who came to take leave of us, and were going to their respective abodes after having been with us a day or two. The calming influence of divine love unexpectedly spread over us, I believe to the refreshment of every mind, even before a word was uttered; and we separated under the precious feeling of that unity wherein there is indeed an experience of renewed strength.

Set out about twelve o'clock, and reached Andover to dinner. In the evening the few under our name, about ten in number, assembled in Thomas Heath's parlour, and we had a relieving opportunity, though the doctrine was of a searching nature: "Love not the world," &c., leading to an unequivocal declaration of what we ought to be as professors of a faith requiring holiness of life.

*First-day, 27th.*—A large meeting in the morning with the more respectable part of the inhabitants, to whom

much openness was felt, and ability for copious communication vouchsafed. In the afternoon the house was more than full of a different description, a simple inquiring company to whom the glad tidings of the gospel flowed freely. After supper the covering of solemnity was unexpectedly spread over us, and we were favoured with the renewings of holy help, wherein the language of advice and encouragement was afresh extended to the little company in that place, whose station as waymarks appeared increasingly awful, under the belief that there are in this neighbourhood such as are indeed inquiring the way to Zion with their faces thitherward.

28th.—Went to Whitchurch, where a meeting had been appointed in a Methodist meeting-house. Although the number was not large, those collected were of a kind to whom the description seemed applicable; “A people prepared of the Lord.”

30th.—Came in the evening to Godalming, where we took up our abode at dear Sarah Waring’s, who in the eighty-sixth year of her age, possesses nearly unimpaired health of body and mind, deafness being her only apparent disease.

Spent Fifth-day, the First of the Tenth Month, in the enjoyment of social intercourse with our dear ancient friend, whose liveliness of manner and sweet susceptibility of feeling were truly animating. How precious is such verdure in old age, and how calculated to stimulate the young traveller to secure an establishment upon that foundation which remains thus firm to the end of time.

4th.—Rode to Uxbridge in time for the afternoon meeting, which was a sweet strengthening time, wherein ability was witnessed thankfully to retrace and acknowledge the merciful dealings of the Almighty throughout a journey wherein many close exercises and proving baptisms have been experienced.

Soon after their return home, Mary Dudley was engaged in holding meetings for the inhabitants of several places within Longford Monthly Meeting. One of these

was at Windsor, and was a very remarkable occasion, as is shown by the following letter.

FROM MARGARET BRAGG, OF NEWCASTLE, TO A FRIEND IN  
LINCOLNSHIRE.

3 mo., 1813.

. . . Mary Dudley's concern extended to Windsor. Many of the most distinguished persons of that place and the vicinity were present; several from the Castle; and by all accounts a most memorable season it was. After a powerfully convincing testimony, she was favoured in an extraordinary manner in supplication, and was led to petition for the King\* in a way that tendered almost all present. The solemnity was said to be marvellous; and she has at times since acknowledged she had never experienced the like descendings of divinely-empowering influence. A person present, after the supplication, penned it down from memory, and presented it to the Queen, who was greatly affected in its perusal, to the shedding of many tears. She despatched a lord-in-waiting with messages of kindness to M. D., directing that every comfort and accommodation should be rendered her.

A clergyman who was there spoke to her at the close of the meeting, offering his church, I think, saying he was convinced beyond all doubt that she was commissioned to preach the everlasting gospel, and if she came to his place, he would give every information and take the needful care. On her inquiring where he lived, and his naming the place, she said she had not been without thoughts of being there; and soon afterwards she went, and a season of favour was there witnessed.

She went next to Staines, and there was largely engaged and with great power. Being much exhausted, she fainted as soon as the meeting closed. On recovering and looking up, she saw this clergyman standing over her, and exclaimed, "Ah, art thou here?" He replied, "Yes, and what is far better, the Lord is here also."

\* The King had become insane for the last time two years before; he continued so to the end of his reign.

Another account of the meeting at Windsor has been preserved, written by one of the audience, not a member of our Society. It makes no allusion to Mary Dudley's praying for the King, but contains a summary of the Christian doctrines which were expounded in her testimony.

23rd December, 1812, was held a meeting of Friends in the Town Hall of Windsor, where a Mrs. Dudley, from Ireland, (not a native) delivered a very excellent discourse. The subjects of it were various and important; her language elegant; her delivery easy and graceful; her countenance extremely interesting; and the deep concern she felt for the welfare of those around her frequently drew tears from her eyes.

After a short silence, Dr. Pope rose, and stated some of the leading articles of their belief, as a Society. A short time afterwards, a female Friend who sat next the speaker\* offered up a short but fervent prayer for the promised aid of the Holy Spirit, and that a blessing might attend their meeting together.

A silence of some minutes ensued, when the speaker arose and addressed the audience for above an hour and a half.

After recounting the various points of Scripture history and doctrinal truth which M. D. enlarged upon, the reporter continues :

But the theme on which she delighted most to dwell was the eternal, unceasing, unchangeable love of God. Can there, said she, while the tear stole down her venerable cheek, be a heart so hard, so insensible as not to love such a Saviour? Him who left the realms of glory, who submitted to voluntary poverty for our sakes that we might be rich, who endured with patience the insults of his persecutors, and suffered an ignominious death to redeem us from eternal misery? No tongue can half express the wonders of such love,

\* Perhaps Elizabeth Dudley.

nor can the mind of man or angel form an adequate idea of such unbounded beneficence. If at any time we are capable of meditating upon it with advantage, it is when our minds are abstracted from the things of time and sense, when we enter our closet, shut to the door, and pray to our Father who is in secret. It is when we are most humble at his footstool, that we have the most exalted views of his unmerited mercy.

She then addressed the audience with much affection, calling them her dear brethren and sisters, and entreated them not to slight the glorious realities of an eternal world for the sake of a few fleeting gratifications. . . . Once more earnestly exhorting her dear brethren and sisters to love the Lord Jesus Christ, she entreated that those who were still strangers to his grace would no longer reject such a Saviour; assured them that if they sought his mercy in his own appointed way, they would be accepted of him; and earnestly prayed that he would be pleased to rend the vail from their understanding, and impart the light of life.

She then sat down, and after a short pause, offered up a very comprehensive prayer, which concluded the service.

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ELIZABETH DUDLEY TO SARAH HARRIS.

31, 12 mo., [1813.]

. . . I am ready to think the proposal which my beloved mother has ventured to make respecting the establishment of a Youth's Meeting, would meet with cordial assent in thy heart, as I believe it has done in that of many among the interesting class for whom the public and secret prayer often ascends. . . .

The late convention was very large, and, I trust to many, favoured and instructive. Dear S. Grellet was well furnished with counsel and reproof suited to the various states of the people. His lot seemed to be to search out the sources of declension, and to encourage by the mercy and forbearance of a gracious Creator, to forsake evil, cast away the multitude of idols, and turn to Him from whom there had been grievous revolt. He is evidently much oppressed in this city, and told us that mourning and weeping had been his portion in con-

templating the ravages of a cruel, subtle enemy. To the children of the family, or those who are humbly desiring to be made such, he does not seem to be yet sent; although in the Youth's Meeting, last evening, he turned for a short time to the discouraged, fearing remnant, to whom he offered consolation in the revival of the Father's compassionate language to the elder brother of the prodigal: "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." . . .

### TO LUCY MAW.

Camberwell, 23, 10 mo., 1814.

. . Thou judged right, my much-loved friend, in supposing that I was ideally the companion of thy journey home. . . The remembrance of this little visit always brings something precious to my feelings, and I am glad the retrospect was so grateful to thyself. I cannot but hope that the circumstances attending this act of dedication, and a recurrence to the help so obviously afforded whilst here, will prove strengthening to thy mind, and quicken the disposition for standing open to future discoveries of the divine will, separate from any pre-conceived apprehension respecting the *degree* or *sphere* of usefulness allotted. We know so little as to the dealings of Infinite Wisdom, in promoting his own gracious purposes, that it is not for us to form conclusions upon what must remain unfathomable to us. . . .

Our justly valued friend, S. Grellet, has been again amongst us. He looked as though his health was impaired by what he had suffered during a month's absence from England. . . On First-day evening he had a meeting for the young people of London in the great room at Devonshire House. It was as full as I ever remember to have seen it, old and middle-aged thinking themselves at liberty to attend, and many not Friends coming also. Dear Stephen was largely engaged, being much led to such as had measurably yielded to divine love, sweetly saying, that if enabled to hand even a small share of refreshment to such weary pilgrims, he should not grudge any of the pain which had been experienced by him during this short separation,



nor regret that he was again brought back to behold the faces of his dear friends. He was also close in his expostulations with some who had departed from what was once known, powerfully applying the pathetic inquiry of everlasting loving-kindness: "What iniquity have [ye] found in me, that [ye] are gone far from me?" His feelings appeared deeply interested, and he spoke till his voice nearly failed. The meeting lasted till past nine o'clock. Dear S. G. seemed exhausted and very low, being then quite in uncertainty about getting away. I sincerely wish that before a great while we may have the cheering intelligence of his reaching New York in safety, where the best desires of a numerous train of friends and admirers will doubtless attend him, as one worthy to be highly esteemed for his work's sake. . . .

Charlotte commissions me with dear love and grateful acknowledgments for the expressions of solicitude, and hopes such kind interest may not be wholly unavailing. She knows well what would be the path of peace and safety to her, and the belief that she is not yet *at rest* gives me hope that a more circumscribed line will yet be entered on, though I sometimes fear that this may be brought about through suffering which might be escaped. . . .

The next letter was written during a gospel journey with her mother, through Kent, Surrey, and Sussex:—

#### TO HER SISTER MARY.

Horsham, 16, 8 mo., 1815.

. . . After meeting we went to see a poor Friend who lives on the premises, and is in the most suffering state I ever saw any body in, a swelling in the throat occasioning a constant sensation of choking, and preventing the possibility of her taking food, whilst, her health being good, she only wants the ability to swallow. The doctor thinks she cannot hold long. She exhibits no murmuring, and manifests patient acquiescence. She expressed comfort at our visit; and I am sure the scene was humbling to me. . . .

This morning we went to Ifield. The number belonging is

comparatively small. I reckoned twelve men in carter's frocks, which was to us a novel sight among Friends; some of them had solid countenances, and it was a more comfortable meeting than is sometimes known with those of a very different appearance. . . .

### TO LUCY MAW.

Camberwell, 14, 1 mo., 1816.

. . The loss of our much valued friend, George Stacey, will be deeply felt beyond the circle of his own family. The sinking was at last rapid, but he was said to be aware of it, and his friends were consequently prepared for the afflictive issue. How are our standard-bearers being removed! . .

We have been lately called to mourning for one whom we felt to be a pillar in our little building. I mean dear Ruth Corder, who was taken off after about three weeks' illness. The change to her was doubtless unspeakably happy, and seemed an object of earnest desire through the whole of her illness, during which she appeared much weaned from the things of time. She believed her death was approaching, and looked towards it as a release from all sorrow, though under very humbling views as to her own state of preparation, and thankfully relying on the mercy which sustained in confidence of redeeming love. . .

I was glad to have a little of dear John Kirkham's company while at Chelmsford, though concerned to observe his declining state of health. He is a precious character, and we cannot but wish his continuance in the church militant. . .

In the autumn of 1816 Mary Dudley and her daughter travelled with certificate for religious service in Berks, Oxford, and Buckinghamshire.

JOURNAL, 1816. 11 mo. 17, [*Reading?*—My dear mother and I seemed quite shut up as to vocal labour, and with respect to myself the capacity for such exercise as precedes gospel

ministry appears taken away. Some ability to mourn before the Lord was renewed to me this day, and I felt thankful for even a little tenderness of spirit, and for liberty to shed a few tears, which, while in degree relieving, I was ready to fear might proceed from mere natural softness and not indicate anything of acceptable contrition. Lord, preserve me from hardness of heart and from mistaking my real condition, either by admitting false security, or undervaluing the grace mercifully dispensed.

19th.—The Monthly Meeting at Henley was pretty largely attended. My mind became unexpectedly affected with gospel solicitude on behalf of many for whom interest has been heretofore known; liberty of expression was wonderfully afforded in a manner which, reasoning upon my late and present condition of mind, would have led me to deem impossible; but truly nothing is impossible to Him who hath the key of David, and openeth when and as he pleaseth those springs which it is equally his prerogative to shut and seal. My dear mother followed me in solemn supplication, and it was a season of refreshment and gospel unity, although the want of *general* exercise was sensibly felt.

20th.—The anniversary of a sorrowful and awful period to our family, viz., the death of my dear brother Thomas, which, although nine years have passed over, fails not to recur as the season of unspeakable trouble and complicated anxiety, yet not unaccompanied by the recollection of divine support, so signally vouchsafed during that day of anguish. In the little meeting this day, my mind was led back to the contemplation of past scenes; but I did not experience that feeling of good which I esteem precious.

30th.—My dear mother confined to bed, suffering extreme pain and greatly reduced. This is a fresh trial of faith, as we had intended sitting in the families of Friends here and at Maidenhead this week, so as to attend the marriage of our dear friends, Edward Carroll and Anna Lowe, the eleventh of next month. If every trial and disappointment be but sanctified, how beneficial may the various cross occurrences of life prove.

12 mo. 31, *Camberwell*.—My dear mother became so far restored as to admit of our sitting in the families of Friends at Henley, in which we were accompanied by Maria Lamb, and had cause thankfully to acknowledge that help was afforded in the needful time.

18171 *First-day*.—The meeting [at Southwark] in the morning was very large indeed. My mind was, from our first collecting, under the weight of supplication, which I believe was not only breathed into the soul but prepared for offering ; yet, through unprofitable hesitation and want of faith, I delayed too long, and until something had been said in testimony by John Dymond of Exeter. After which the feeling being continued, I ventured to move, and was sensible of gracious help, though not as I apprehended in the same degree it would have been afforded had the offering been more seasonable ; the impression being to petition for the extension of holy influence *at that season*, which was drawing near a close before my lips uttered the prayer that had been *early* raised. I desire to remember and be instructed by the sense of poverty which followed, while I was mercifully excused the oppressive feeling of condemnation.

1 mo. 8.—My dear mother and I attended Gracechurch Street Monthly Meeting, and afterwards spent an hour or two at Plough Court, not having been to see William Allen before, since the death of his valuable wife. The feeling of tender sympathy with our bereaved friends was precious ; they manifest exemplary resignation under this trial, and it is instructive to see that the active duties of life are not neglected, while their hearts are no doubt deeply wounded by this afflictive stroke.

13th, *Morning Meeting*.—Elizabeth Robson, not expecting to attend next Yearly Meeting, returned her certificate to this, and gave an account of her continental journey in an interesting and humble manner. E. Fry also gave up the certificate she had obtained to accompany her, and united with E. R. in the acknowledgment of holy help having been afforded them in the prosecution of this arduous engagement.

16th.—This day and yesterday have been peculiarly dreary; snow and sleet with extreme cold giving rise to feelings of tender sympathy for those who are but scantily supplied with fire and clothing. My dear mother much pinched, notwithstanding the accommodations with which we are favoured.

*First-day, 19th.*—At meeting this morning the covering of solemnity soon spread; under which my heart and knees were once more bowed in reverent supplication for the quickening influence of heavenly power. Jane Harris followed in a short testimony from the words of Solomon: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth," &c. My mother then rose, and was largely opened on the subject of the company assembled at the Pool of Bethesda. She enlarged upon the necessity of coming with our spiritual maladies to the unfailing Saviour, and submitting to the sanctifying influence of his blessed Spirit. She spoke much on the uncertainty of time, the awful assurance of future judgment, and the responsible condition in which many of the present company were placed as possessors of innumerable favours, and entrusted with talents which should be occupied to the Lord's praise. She described the Church in its glorified and triumphant state, like one whose eye was anointed to behold the transcendent excellency thereof, and held out the animating prospect as calculated to quicken the desire for securing an inheritance with the saints in light. I thought her peculiarly favoured in this fresh exhortation to a meeting for which she has been long deeply interested, and where much honest labour has been bestowed. Whether fruit may be ultimately produced or not is only known to Him with whom the past and the future are alike present. There does not appear much of an encouraging nature just now, but the business of a servant is to obey not to enquire.

24th.—My dear mother and I went in the stage to Croydon for the purpose of looking at a house, and were much pleased with the appearance and plan of it.

2 mo. 6.—This evening my dear mother and I went to attend a public meeting at Devonshire House. To know that there is a distinct call to this service, and a qualification clearly

to set forth the great truths of Christianity, seems essential to the engagement; and there are many valuable ministers amongst us who, I believe, are hardly aware, how incomprehensible many of our terms on the subject of redemption are to the generality of people, or how little good is likely to be done by the kind of preaching to which we are accustomed, and therefore understand.

*First-day.*—Martha Savory broke the silence this morning. I thought her helped; and on her sitting down felt myself engaged to express what had been the subject of my reflections, which was much in accordance with her exercise. Jane Harris followed in supplication, quite in harmony.

*Second-day, 10th.*—Morning Meeting; at which William Allen brought forward a valuable manuscript designed for publication, and entitled, “Brief remarks on the two conditions of man; the nature of spiritual worship and gospel ministry.”\* It is a clear and well-written statement of what man is by nature, and is capable of being made by grace, and seemed to meet the full acceptance of Friends, but, chiefly for the sake of precedent, was referred to next meeting.

*11th.*—This day my dear mother spread before our Monthly Meeting a prospect of holding public meetings in the City and neighbourhood. In her feeble state of health this seems an act of faith, but she is an instructive example of devotedness to the service of her great Master.

*First-day, 16th.*—At meeting this morning my dear mother rose with the language, “Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?” on which she spoke in a clear, cogent manner, proving that unless there was a believing in Christ as the Son of the living God, and accepting the salvation purchased by his death, there could be no solid ground for hope of a blessed immortality.

*17th.*—My mother, self and Charlotte went in a coach to Croydon, where we met my brother Charles, and united in setting the tradespeople to work in our new house. I staid until Fifth-day, when I accompanied several Friends from

\* Afterwards entitled, *Brief Remarks on the Carnal and Spiritual State of Man.*

Croydon to Wandsworth, where the Monthly Meeting was held. I sat the first meeting, and apprehending myself called to it, expressed what had been the feelings of my mind during our silent waiting; in which I was favoured with unexpected help, imparting much more than I had a prospect of when I rose.

*First-day, 3 mo. 2.*—Our meeting this forenoon was as trying as I think it could be, from a sense of unsettlement and indifferency with regard to the great business for which we were assembled. It was wholly silent, and such was the influence of the death and darkness which prevailed, that there was little ability to enter into exercise, or get at anything of individual feeling.

*Second-day, 10th.*—Morning Meeting; where William Allen's production was again read and underwent considerable criticism. The subject of the Fall being touched on, several of our foremost Friends objected to its being introduced, and I was grieved at discovering either a difference of opinion on this important point, or an unwarrantable fear of making that prominent upon which the great doctrine of Redemption hangs; for if man is not a fallen creature, he does not need a Saviour, and unless we believe that "in Adam all die," there is no room for the blessed assurance that "in Christ all [may] be made alive." The consequences are acknowledged, but the cause is kept out of view, under the well-meant idea that the attention may be too much drawn to speculative considerations, instead of being properly fixed upon the work which is to be experienced within. This production of W. Allen's is very valuable, and at last passed without much alteration.

*13th.*—Went to Croydon and spent some hours in our intended habitation. The prospect of leaving this meeting feels trying as the time approaches. My dear mother quite poorly, yet looking towards a public meeting at Gracechurch Street on First-day evening.

*First-day, 16th.*—At six o'clock the public meeting commenced, and we were favoured, even in the early gathering of the people, to feel that calming influence which sanctioned

our collecting together. Prayer was offered ; and my dear mother soon rose with an acknowledgment of the sense she had that divine power and love were afresh extended for our help. She stood, I believe, nearly an hour and a half, and was strengthened to proclaim the great truths of the gospel in its own authority, being clear in her description of the fall of man and the means mercifully appointed for his restoration. There was great stillness, and indeed solemnity throughout. I ventured to express a little of what had impressed me, on the importance of securing an interest in Him who can alone give victory over death, hell, and the grave ; after which my dear mother appeared in supplication.

31<sup>st</sup>.—Third-day was our Quarterly Meeting. It was large, but I thought a low time. Several testimonies were borne, yet life did not get into dominion, and indeed this is but seldom the case in these mixed assemblies.

4 *mo*. 6.—Attended Southwark meeting, probably the last First-day morning for some time. J. H. was engaged in supplication, which seemed to open the way, and I ventured to move in the degree of strength mercifully imparted, believing my dear mother was likely to follow, which caused me to be as brief as I could, and indeed to sit down rather abruptly. After which I felt a good deal tried as nothing more was said, and I began to fear something I had uttered might have closed up the way. However, I found this was not the case, and that my mother's exercise was in unison with mine, though she did not believe herself called to vocal labour, and was uneasy at my cutting short. This ought to be a lesson of instruction, simply to eye the putting forth and guiding power which will not fail safely to direct, as the attention is wholly withdrawn from visible or secondary objects.

9<sup>th</sup>.—This day we quitted Camberwell, my sisters going to our dear Martha Savory's for a day or two. We were cordially welcomed by H. F. and S. Smith, at whose house my mother and I lodged.



### CHAPTER III.

JOURNAL—RELIGIOUS SERVICE WITH HER MOTHER IN AND ABOUT  
LONDON—DIARY AND LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE DUDLEY.

JOURNAL, 1817.—*First-day, 4 mo. 13, Croydon.*—My dear mother, sisters, and self attended both meetings. They were silent, and to my apprehension low heavy seasons. Many not professing with us came in the morning, possibly with an expectation of hearing words, but there did not seem any ability to preach the gospel, and as it regarded myself scarcely a perception of the exercise which is at times known. The size of the meeting is very different from that we have been used to, and the mixture consequently less; but my interest for Southwark is so strong, that I should prefer *suffering there* to making any change. But as we are likely to remain at Croydon, I hope to become more attached to the place; and there are many here to whom my heart is nearly united. Among these are Sarah and Ann Bevans.

On First-day Martha Savory and I went to breakfast at Mildred's Court, in order to accompany Elizabeth Fry to Newgate, where we are desirous of using all the interest we can on behalf of a poor young woman who once lived with us and also with M. Savory, but is now under sentence of transportation for robbing her master. M. S. and I have been to see her; we thought her in an humble and feeling state. She dreads being put on shipboard, and expressed a strong wish to be sent to the New Penitentiary at Milbank, which we hope may be effected.

17th.—Our visit to Newgate this morning was truly interesting. The alteration which has taken place there within a short time is wonderful. E. Fry and a few other friends

have established a school for the children of the convicts, and, also for the women who are under sentence of transportation ; and the good effects of order, discipline, and constant occupation are already apparent. Between fifty and sixty of these females, many of them like the offscouring of the earth, were collected in the matron's room, where they sat, not only with becoming quietness, but under feelings of seriousness, while Mary Sanderson read a chapter in the Testament, and William Forster preached the gospel. It was a memorable time to us all, and our hearts were bowed in thankfulness for the manifestation of divine love and power thus vouchsafed within these prison walls, which M. Sanderson acknowledged on her knees, and the sense of solemnity was such as is not always known in the assemblies of more privileged and higher professors. . . The women all withdrew under the care of their monitors, and settled to their regular work, which is supplied by slop shops.

We spent several hours in the prison, and were some time with poor Margaret, who is very grateful for our attention, and cheered by the hope of having her sentence changed. We saw two poor females under sentence of death, and one who is to be tried to-morrow on a charge of murdering her infant. Our visit to the latter was attended by indescribable uneasiness from a fear that she was in a state of dangerous confidence. She talked of her trust in the Almighty, and the promises made to his children, like one who entertained high Calvinistic notions, without seeming to be under that contrition and sense of guilt one would expect even if she did not destroy the child. We conversed a little, but left her with feelings of distress.

*Fourth-day, 23rd.*—This day the Monthly Meeting was held here, and we had the opportunity of seeing many of those Friends with whom we shall soon be united in membership ; but the lifeless and dull state of both the meetings felt very discouraging. Truly the people want to be aroused, but until the sense of this want becomes more prevalent through an individual attention to the monitions of divine grace, how little can be expected from the labour of those

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who are called to minister in the Lord's name. An awful calling I desire increasingly to view it; and O that, when silent exercise is the allotted duty, and this may be of a trying and gloomy nature, I may be preserved from flinching.

*First-day, 5 mo. 4.*—My mother very ill. Her spirits greatly distressed, and mine in consequence quite sunk. I attended both meetings under feelings of sorrow and oppression, and was not sensible of obtaining any refreshment by thus waiting upon the Lord; yet in the evening meeting a degree of quiet spread over my mind, through the recollection of its being said, "Though the Lord give you the bread of adversity and the water of affliction." I thought if it were really *food*, it must be sustaining, and, however unlikely or imperceptible, contribute to the spiritual growth. These reflections proved consoling to my mind in its tried condition, and for a time I thought they tended towards the duty of sharing my morsel with others; but as I abode under exercise, this apprehension lessened, and I felt easy at remaining silent, renewedly instructed that it is safe to wait for the *certain impulse* when matter may closely open and seem pointing to expression.

*7th.*—At our little week-day meeting, my mind was brought under much exercise from the sense of oppression which results from supineness at seasons thus set apart for the most solemn purpose; and I ventured to express what presented in the line of duty, though in weakness and fear, feeling in myself that though the spirit may be willing the flesh is indeed weak, subject to innumerable infirmities and ever in danger of being overcome.

*First-day, 11th.*—This has been a day of more feeling with me than I had anticipated. It was an awful thing to have to speak in the close manner which I did in the morning meeting, but there seemed no other way to peace than by endeavouring to proclaim the unmixed gospel, and enforce the necessity of submitting to its power.

*Seventh-day, 5 mo. 17.*—Left home for the purpose of attending the Yearly Meeting. I dined at John Sanderson's

in company with Hannah Field and Elizabeth Barker, two American missionaries. They have been in Europe about nine months, and have already visited Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, beside some part of this nation. They are prepossessing in their manners, being open and affectionate. Each has left a husband and family, and E. B. a daughter whom she is never likely to see again, being far gone in a consumption. I enjoyed a little conversation with these dear women, and felt tenderly united to them in sympathy and love.

*Second-day, 19th.*—This morning the Yearly Select Meeting opened. There was a large number present, and the feeling of love prevailed. My dear Lucy Maw was soon engaged in supplication, and I thought gave proof of being divinely influenced. She offered appropriate petitions in a comprehensive manner, and to my feeling was favoured with access to the Fountain of all good. There were two other Friends similarly exercised, and several testimonies borne, besides the usual business. A proposition was made to invite Samuel Emlen, who is now in this city, to attend the future sittings of this Yearly Select Meeting. He is in the station of elder, and has brought a certificate of removal to this country, which has not yet been regularly introduced, so that he cannot be re-chosen to the office here. This subject occasioned a good deal of discussion, but it was at length agreed to give the Friend an invitation.

This day E. Barker has heard of her daughter's decease, and has received consoling information with respect to the state of her mind, which appears to have been preciously prepared for the solemn event. The dear bereaved mother bears this shock to her natural feelings like a true Christian, and was at both meetings to-day.

*Fourth-day, 21st.*—At the close of the first sitting a committee met to propose a clerk and assistant. My name was almost immediately mentioned, and so much unanimity of sentiment evinced that I seemed restrained from objecting. Anna Braithwaite submitting to the proposal of her being assistant, the matter was quickly settled, and the committee closed under a feeling of sweetness and solemnity.

6 mo. 4.—On a retrospect of the late solemnity, there is certainly much cause for thankfulness. There was in general a covering of solemnity over our meetings, and a precious feeling of love; but it did not seem either in meetings for worship or discipline, as if Truth was so in dominion as really to have the ascendancy; nor was there that gospel power accompanying the ministry, which on some occasions has obviously stamped the movements of our friends in this line, so that it seems warrantable to conclude things are low amongst us. Riches and ease seem to have been the snares most effectually laid for our Society, and many among the various classes which compose it are thereby brought into supineness, induced to stop short of the glorious privileges held up to our view in the Scriptures of Truth, where we are told that believing in the Light and walking in the Light would produce such an increase as to insure a becoming children of the Light and of the day. Had this been the case there can be no doubt that the pure spiritual religion promulgated by our early Friends would have become more diffusive ere this day; but the want of liveliness of spirit, and the appearance of worldly views whilst professing to bear the cross and deny self, have no doubt stumbled many serious inquirers, as well as proved grievously detrimental to a growth in religion.

*Second-day.*—Morning Meeting. Some memoirs of Jane Pearson, late of Whitehaven, written by herself, were brought forward with a view to publication, and about fifty pages read. They contain much interesting matter, and many deeply instructive observations in the line of Christian experience and of the conflicts of mind which precede a commission and ability to preach the gospel. A precious feeling of solemnity attended the perusal of this document, which was left to be finished at next meeting.

*First-day, 16th.*—The meeting at Westminster was small and exercising. I ventured to express a little, and my mother appeared in solemn supplication near the close. A few Friends were afterwards convened, and she mentioned her wish that another effort might be made for collecting some of

the upper rank who live in James's-square, Piccadilly, and Pall Mall; two meetings having been appointed in our meeting-house without producing the relief she sought; and it was believed the invitations had never reached the persons whose company was most desired. Friends kindly undertook to make inquiry and confer again on the subject; and it was agreed for them to inform us at our Quarterly Meeting what may be done.

*Fourth-day, 18th.*—Monthly Meeting held at Croydon. Previously to the meeting hour a solemn and affecting scene took place in the interment of Robert Were, who was followed to the grave by his afflicted parents and a long train of mourning relatives. The pause was awfully impressive. His aunt, Esther Reynolds, first kneeled beside the coffin, and I believed it right to follow in the same line, my soul being drawn forth in desire that this bereaving providence may be sanctified to those most nearly interested. We withdrew to the Meeting-house, where my dear mother was excellently engaged in enforcing the necessity of experiencing that work of transformation whereby alone any can be prepared for the awful and certain message of death. She dwelt on the apostolic assertion, of the validity whereof there had just been so striking a proof: "The time is short. It remaineth that they that buy be as though they possessed not—for the fashion of this world passeth away." She also addressed the mourning relatives in a strain of sympathy. It was an unusually favoured season, the covering of solemnity never seeming to be interrupted throughout, and it was increased by my mother's offering prayer at the conclusion.

*Second-day, 23rd.*—Quarterly Select Meeting. At the conclusion some Westminster Friends and a few others got together, and it was stated that considerable inquiry had been made respecting the most eligible time and place for holding the meeting. It seemed generally thought that persons of this description would not come to our Meeting-house, and that what we call morning or evening would not suit their convenience. Several large rooms have been looked at, and the Argyle Rooms are made choice of, the proprietor very

unexpectedly offering to forward the notices, addressed in his own way to those who subscribe to his rooms and are in the habit of having concerts there once or oftener in the week. Without assistance of this kind there would be hardly a chance of the information reaching the objects of the concern; handbills being generally retained by servants, if not destroyed. And as the plan was to catch them when about to enter on their morning engagements, two o'clock was mentioned as the hour they turn out for a ride or ramble. With a view to attract by novelty, this mode of invitation was adopted, and though my dear mother greatly objected to the word *female* being inserted, Friends urged such reasons as induced her to assent; and as it is hoped many sisters will feel bound to give evidence of their sympathy on the occasion, she will not, as Richard Phillips remarked, be more conspicuous at the outset than any other who sits beside her. It feels awful in prospect, and yet I cannot fear for her, but rather be thankful that way seems opening for that relief her burdened spirit has long desired. It was left for Westminster Friends to appoint a meeting for Second-day next, the 30th instant.—(*Journal, and Letter to Lucy Maw, 27, 6 mo.*)

24th.—The Quarterly Meeting was very large, and seemed generally thought a very favoured time. To my feeling it was not so; and although the strain of ministry was encouraging, it did not, as I apprehended, reach over the meeting and produce baptizing influence.

28th.—My dear mother is poorly, and the prospect of the meeting on Second-day is heavy on her spirits, as it also feels on mine; though I am sensible it is wrong thus to anticipate, and that all should be left to Him who hath in great condescension so many times manifested his strength in the weakness of his poor depending children.

First-day, 29th.—We both went this morning to Southwark Meeting. It was a dull trying time. A few words from dear Martha Savory, and supplication offered through my poor self, were the only vocal communication. My dear mother went with our kind friends J. and M. Fell, and rested the remainder of the day, whilst I staid to attend the evening

meeting, going in the evening to see Martha Routh, who was supposed to be near her close. It was pleasant to sit beside her and observe the sweetly-centred state of her mind under much bodily suffering. She could not easily articulate, but all which could be gathered denoted peaceful resignation as to the issue of her disease, and affectionate solicitude on behalf of her friends.

*Second-day, 30th.*—About two o'clock we assembled with a considerable number of our Friends at the Argyle Rooms, and were joined by between two and three hundred, and those chiefly of the description wished for, mostly titled, and some very high personages. Whilst spoken to, becoming attention was given, except that some whispering continued, and in time of silence this was accompanied by occasional smiling. We had not sat a great while before my dear mother appeared in prayer, which had a tendency to settle, and the succeeding silence was solemn. Priscilla Hannah Gurney next spoke, and seemed to claim attention, as did my dear mother during a copious gospel communication, in which many points of doctrine were touched on, the vanity of worldly enjoyment described, and the comforts of religion, and its awful importance under the prospect of death, clearly and powerfully set forth. She stood an hour, and was much helped, both in voice and matter. E. J. Fry next spoke for a short time from the text, "Let your light so shine before men that they seeing your good works," &c., describing the importance of those in exalted stations setting a good example, and rightly using the influence they possess. Her voice and manner attracted much attention; and though the meeting had been long, and many had withdrawn on my mother's sitting down, the feeling of solemnity was evidently renewed, and continued even in an increasing degree, whilst prayer and thanksgiving flowed from a heart deeply humbled under this fresh instance of divine and all-sufficient help. The company did not seem in haste when told meeting was over, and numbers staid to speak and shake hands, which they did in the kindest manner, their countenances bespeaking seriousness and astonishment. Whether any obvious good be effected or not, I am truly glad the



opportunity was obtained, and the means of relief thus afford to my dear mother, who is much comforted, and sensible of losing a heavy burden.—(*Journal, and Letter to L. Maw, 19, 7 mo.*)

*First-day, 7 mo. 5.*—Were taken in a coach with our friends, Jasper and Ann Capper, to Tottenham, so as to attend meeting at eleven o'clock. It was an exercising time. In the afternoon we went to Enfield, where a meeting was appointed in an assembly-room at an inn. It soon became excessively crowded, the doorway and every avenue thereto being occupied; yet great quietness prevailed. My dear mother was largely exercised both in testimony and supplication, and many of the hearers were such as could readily receive the gospel message. A serious man, named Esdale, who occasionally preaches to a congregation of Independents, but I apprehend does not take any payment, came up after the meeting and signified his unity with what had been offered; adding, "It has long been a settled belief in my mind that the word is never preached in vain; it goes somewhere; *the labour which is in the Lord is never in vain.*" Between four and five hundred were thought to be within audience, and it was said some hundreds went away.

We went this night to Stamford Hill, and lodged at William Fry's, spending the forepart of Second-day with dear Eliza, who is in very delicate health, but her company is truly precious. She took us in the afternoon to Tottenham, where a meeting was appointed. It was not large, but peculiarly favoured with a covering of solemnity, which was so striking in the time of silence, that if nothing had been given for communication, the feeling which prevailed seemed fully to sanction our assembling together. My mother was, however, well-furnished for the occasion, and I thought as sensibly clothed for the office of a gospel minister as I have ever known her, being qualified to embrace the great truths of Christian Redemption and the results mercifully designed, in a clear, cogent, and comprehensive manner. My heart and knees bowed in acknowledgment of the continued and renewed goodness of our Almighty Helper.

8th.—Soon after breakfast Mary Stacey accompanied us in a walk to see Alice Chorley, who has lately lost her husband, after a tedious and suffering illness. She keenly feels her privation, but manifests exemplary acquiescence, saying, while the overflowings of natural sorrow bespoke the wound her affections had received, “I neither murmur nor repine, feeling perfectly satisfied that with respect to him all is well.” A season of religious retirement with this dear friend was refreshing, I believe, to all the little company, and it felt like a brook by the way to us.

TO LUCY MAW.

Stamford Hill, 19, 7 mo., 1817.

. . . As love was the impelling cause of that salutation, [a previous letter] so is it under the same precious influence that I again seek to get into thy company, feeling that nearness of affection which prompts to spend an hour in this employment before entering upon the scenes of the day, and while my dear mother is sleeping beside me in order to make up the deficiency occasioned by a restless night. It is wonderful how she holds out, and that the poor enfeebled frame is able to sustain what she goes through; yet her strength is so recruited from time to time, that I think she never was more obviously gifted, or clearer in her efforts for the promotion of that worthy cause which has been dearer to her than her natural life or outward comfort. . . .

Our dear friend, Martha Routh, whose illness has been wonderfully protracted and fluctuating, was released about five o'clock yesterday morning. . . . She never expressed a great deal during her illness. I saw her repeatedly; she once sweetly testified that her soul was anchored on the Beloved of souls; and in a message to my dear mother she said, “Whether in life or death my spirit is united to hers.” . . .

I am glad to tell thee that the memoirs of Jane Pearson, which I mentioned as having been half gone through at the Morning Meeting last month, were not only finished on Second-day, but seem so to impress the minds of Friends, as

to induce a general desire for their being published with very little abridgment. . . . The latter part is truly precious, containing the fruit of matured experience, and describing some instances of divine condescension and goodness almost beyond what has been disclosed by any one in these latter days. The nearness of access granted to this favoured, yet self-abased servant, in times of secret supplication on behalf of herself and her children, brings to remembrance the heavenly intercourse vouchsafed to Moses and Abraham, and it seems as if she was permitted to behold things scarcely lawful to be uttered. . . .

19th.—Dined at William Forster's, and in the evening had a large and very satisfactory meeting in a barn at Walthamstow. The sensible feeling of good was so early spread over us, that my mother moved in prayer when we had been but a very short time together, and the flowing of gospel love and power was such that there was very little silence during the two hours which the meeting lasted. Dear E. Fry closed the meeting in solemn supplication and praise; and my mother's mind was greatly relieved by this opportunity with a people about whom she had long been feeling.

25th.—This day there was a meeting at Devonshire House, and the remains of our dear friend Martha Routh were brought in. A large number of Friends attended, and many testimonies were borne, both to the worth of the deceased, and the excellency of that Power which she had been so long engaged to magnify and exalt. Perhaps on such occasions one is apt to expect too much, and in consequence disappointment follows. I confess the feeling of good was not so strong or general as I was ready to look for, under the circumstance of performing the last office for one who was justly styled "a mother in Israel;" but it is possible some found more refreshment than was seen meet for me.

After dining in the City, my dear mother and I returned home, and were accompanied by Martha Savory. It was grateful to reach our own habitation and have the prospect of a little rest after a season of close and exercising occupation.

*First-day, 8 mo. 17.*—In the evening we went to Plaistow meeting. It was large, and the Friends who chiefly composed it were of an interesting description, but the general sense of lukewarmness proved oppressive. But after a while the language of our dear Lord to the woman at Jacob's Well so forcibly presented, as to make me believe the instruction it contained was designed for others beside myself: "If thou knewest the gift of God," &c. The want of earnestness in asking for spiritual refreshment seemed to me the cause of our sitting in deadness, whilst our Holy Head, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, stands graciously disposed to give unto those who apply, that which would be found to nourish up unto everlasting life. I then had to encourage a class who knew what it was to hunger and thirst after righteousness; and my dear mother followed in a short testimony to the same effect, saying that though she should have wished to feel excused, through her feelings having been expressed, yet she believed it right that out of the mouth of two or more witnesses words should sometimes be established.

*20th.*—Monthly Meeting held here. I went to it in a depressed state of mind, and was surprised soon after sitting down to feel something of an exercise respecting waiting for the renewed aid of that quickening Power which alone gives life to the letter of discipline, established amongst us, as I believe, in the wisdom and authority of Truth. This continued to impress me, and led to something further, which I thought would be given me to express; but looking at the subject, considering the first part as somewhat singular, and thinking it possible that the sight of some individuals not Friends who came into meeting might have excited to what would seem rather explanatory, I reasoned and hesitated till it became late; and as strength lessened, though the impression remained, I concluded that in my state of mind it would be wrong to take the Lord's name into my mouth, and so settled to omit speaking. I thus put my fallible and erring judgment against the simple discoveries of that Light which ought to be followed, without suffering the *creaturely powers* to scrutinize the things which are beyond their province. When

*these* take the lead, mistakes are sure to follow ; the light thus rejected becomes obscured, and right impressions gradually lose their weight. Being dealt with as free agents in this, as well as in the more ordinary manifestations of divine grace, we are not forced into obedience, nor does the impulse to minister in the Lord's name continue strong and clear whilst we are occupied in reasoning upon and examining those openings and evidences which cannot be safely brought to the test of our frail opinions. Thus was it with me this day, and the poverty and uneasiness which have succeeded ought to be the means of future instruction.

24th.—I am more and more convinced that for public meetings there is a peculiar and superadded gift. Neither does there seem care enough on the part of Monthly Meetings respecting who is set at liberty for such work. A little friendly exhortation in the spirit of tenderness might save some from entering into that which is not their proper business, though undertaken with the purest motive, and pursued in real dedication of heart. I fear elders are not sufficiently willing to undergo that secret exercise of mind which would qualify for discerning spiritual gifts, and helping to the rightly occupying therewith.

*First-day, 31st.*—This day my dear mother and I attended meeting at Reigate, going over the night before, and lodging at our kind friend, Sarah Charman's. A public meeting at five o'clock was very large.

9 mo. 1.—This day I complete my thirty-eighth year. A large proportion of my life is now passed over ; and if the blessing pronounced by my dear mother, as she affectionately embraced me this morning, be but bestowed, it will be a favour indeed. Faith, love and obedience certainly *ought* to grow in a soil where so much cultivation has been bestowed ; but I never remember a period when I felt so little capable of ascertaining my spiritual condition, or understanding whether I am advancing in the divine life, or losing ground. I wonder how it is that I should be so frequently engaged to minister to and pray for others, even at times enforcing the necessity of that self-examination which, on my own part,

seems so unavailing. This morning I was grieved at the lifeless state of mind I seemed in on first rising, and yet in an opportunity after breakfast, when there were some young friends from Essex on the way to Brighton, who came to S. Charman's to see us, I felt exercised in spirit on their account, and after my dear mother and some others had spoken, my knee was bowed in earnest supplication for them and us all.

In the afternoon we had religious opportunities with two Friends who are invalids. We came home in the evening, and are both well satisfied in recurring to this little visit.

11th.—Our dear Charles left us for Reading, where some Bible meetings ~~impend~~. He took with him — and —, who have been our agreeable guests for a week past. It is interesting to see real heartfelt religion flourish amidst the shades of difference which outwardly distinguish professing Christians; and I believe more frequent intercourse among the *spiritually-minded* of all denominations would increase our toleration for each other, by bringing under the influence of that charity which “seeketh not her own,” but “rejoiceth in the truth,” wherever found. Yet it requires caution on the part of those who may not be fully established in our principles, in mingling with such as may lead to a greater dependence upon the “outward and visible signs,” than is seen to be needful where the “inward and spiritual grace” is allowed to operate. With such there is a danger of being taken by what is specious, though superficial, and thereby losing the relish for that humble watchfulness and waiting of soul which we properly consider to be the essence of true religion, and to be enjoyed independently of those *means* which, whilst in many, very many instances, beneficially used, are in others mistaken for the *end*.

*First-day, 14th.*—Our meeting this forenoon was deeply instructive. A covering of solemnity was early spread, under which my heart and knees were bowed at the footstool of divine grace, and my dear mother soon rose with the language of the apostle Paul to the Ephesians: “For this cause I bow my knees unto the God and Father of our Lord Jesus

Christ." She went through the whole text, and was led to amplify and illustrate the different branches of the Christian experience there held up to view, in a very clear and beautiful manner. The afternoon meeting was silent, but I thought some savour of the feeling of the morning was to be found.

*Fourth-day, 17th.*—Though a very small company (at meeting) I thought there was something lively to be felt; and though very unexpectedly to myself, I was engaged to minister under a feeling of more enlargement than is frequently my experience; and I had renewedly to feel that it is through this medium spiritual nourishment is most sensibly vouchsafed, that in doing the revealed will of a blessed and ever-worthy Master, *meat and drink* are mercifully dispensed.

*25th, Tottenham.*—About six o'clock Abigail Pim and I went to Mary Stacey's, and staid until past nine, enjoying social intercourse with a party whose conversation and demeanour seemed under that holy boundary which preserves in readiness for superior claims to attention. An interval of silence was sweetly broken by dear M. S. reviving and enlarging upon the language of David, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." I felt enough to warrant my following her, but some of the company being apparently in haste to depart, I suffered the sitting to close. However, M. S. was so aware of my situation as kindly to recall the company, and I was enabled to relieve my mind towards —, for whom I had long felt a debt of love. But I believe it would have been in more strength, if simply offered under the first impression without regarding the appearance of haste in one or two. I wish the remembrance may excite to increasing simplicity, and that cheerfully and seasonably *to do the present best* may be more and more my concern.

*28th.*—I consider it a special favour when, in our silent waiting before the Most High, his presence is known to sanctify and animate; when, without the possibility of creaturely efforts having excited to feeling, there is a sensible perception of that love which will subsist and be the crown

of rejoicing when tongues cease, prophecies fail, and all human knowledge vanishes away.

11 mo. 2.—A note from my dear friend Jane Harris has brought the affecting intelligence of our beloved friend Sarah Hustler having finished her earthly pilgrimage at Maryport, whither she went some weeks since as one of the deputation of last Yearly Meeting to visit Cumberland and Westmoreland. Her end has been preciousy peaceful. She apprehended she should not recover from the first, and there seems reason to believe she had an impression of her approaching dismissal from time, before her illness commenced. Her remains were to be interred this day at Bradford, and the circumstance was brought very near to my mind whilst at meeting here this forenoon. There was a solemn covering over the meeting, under which I was early impressed with the instructive tendency of the passage: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it," &c. It opened with strength and freshness to my understanding, that a sense of our own incompetency and of the absolute need of the divine blessing to give efficacy to all human efforts, was no excuse for our neglecting to labour and watch, in the manner and with the strength Infinite Wisdom might seem meet to order. The impulse to move with this opening being very strong, I feared to hesitate, and, using the degree of faith vouchsafed, I rose without seeing much beyond the text, and the application just hinted. But being favoured with help, I was enabled to relieve my mind by calling to increasing diligence in the work of the day, expressing my belief that it was a time when both public and private Christians ought to remember and act upon the language of our blessed Lord: "He that is not *with* me is *against* me; and he that *gathereth not* with me *scattereth* abroad." The awful certainty that the night cometh wherein no man can work, led me to the unspeakably happy situation of those who, having worked while it was called day, are *now* become children of that glorious light, and partakers of that heavenly enjoyment, which will never end. My dear mother was afterwards engaged in solemn supplication, and in the harmony of feeling, alluded



to those who were recently gathered to their everlasting rest.

11 *mo.* 5.—This day seven years we entered London as a residence. The time has not passed over unmarked by anxiety and trouble, and has included some steps of the spiritual journey different from any which had been previously trodden. But *mercy* has abounded, and out of many trying circumstances, and what may be termed *evil*, *good* has been brought. And now in reviewing this period I find occasion thankfully to acknowledge it as the *quietest* seven years of my life, one wherein as a family we have known more exemption from those perplexing sorrows and sore bereavements which marked the passage of many preceding years. . .

I often think that trouble is more favourable as it regards me than comparative ease, for I never remember to have experienced such refreshing incomes of heavenly strength as when “because of oppression, affliction, and sorrow,” I have been brought low; and, crying unto the Lord in my distresses, have found him mercifully willing to comfort and sustain, though he hath not seen meet to deliver from trouble at the time, or in the way, nature may have craved.

11 *mo.* 6.—Sadness is the general covering this day, on account of a great national calamity; the Princess Charlotte of Wales having died a few hours after the birth of a still-born son. It seems a mysterious providence. In any condition of life, the decease of a promising young woman of one-and-twenty, recently become a wife and likely to be made a mother, is a subject of melancholy interest; and when this awful dispensation is allotted to the heir apparent of the British throne, every reflecting subject may well feel it a call to seriousness and sorrow. The Princess Charlotte has always been represented as an attractive character, a woman of strong mind, independent principles, and benevolence of temper; so that as our future Queen she had been contemplated with love and admiration.

Our little Society has experienced a loss by the removal of Special West, an old and able minister of the gospel of Christ. I never heard him more excellent or clearer than during the

last Yearly Meeting, when I considered it a privilege to be one of an audience to which he published the doctrines of salvation with a strength, perspicuity, and firmness becoming a Christian warrior, one who *knew* whereof he spoke, and was near obtaining the realization of all those hopes and joys which are comprised in "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Thus are we stript; four of our capital preachers are already gone since Yearly Meeting.

11 *mo.* 9.—In our little meeting this forenoon, I was unexpectedly brought under strong exercise of mind on account of others, and the want of general feeling was so trying that before I could attempt ministering to the people, it seemed pressed upon me to pray for the extension of that divine power whereby our hearts might be united in desire for the influence of good. This opened the way for my burdened spirit to obtain relief, and I have not often experienced more sensible help than while describing the offices and love of Christ. The text which impressed me was, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." I stood longer than is often the case, and felt humble and thankful under the sense of heavenly regard; though on returning home I felt poor and empty, aware of my great unworthiness, and that if permitted, like Mordecai, to sit at the king's gate, and even clothed with sackcloth, it was enough to satisfy.

11<sup>th</sup>.—Southwark Monthly Meeting, at which we had a conference of men and women Friends, and it was agreed to acknowledge — as a minister. A feeling of quiet, which it was safe to accept as a token of the right time being come, was all that I thought was attained to. And, indeed, in the present season of depression and dismay, it is hardly warrantable to expect great things, and we must not be discouraged by the want of very strong or positive feeling.

Martha Savory and I drank tea at Jane Harris's, where we heard some interesting particulars of the death of Sarah Hustler. She was much tried during the forepart of her illness, being left to feel her own helplessness so as at times to say she considered herself the most unworthy of beings;

yet near the close it became different, and she bore a testimony which comprehended all that a Christian can desire for himself or those most tenderly beloved: "I trust in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus." A similar language was used by another valuable sister, Rebecca Bevan, who, at the age of thirty-four, and with a constitution that gave promise of lengthened life, is just taken from a husband and six children. She died on First-day night, after about two months of severe suffering, in consequence of an accident whereby the spine was injured. Her desire to depart was so strong that she at times expressed herself as not quite resigned to live. She said: "If any inquire about my death, tell them, I have nothing of my own, not a rag to clothe myself with; all is mercy, mercy, mercy!"

20th.—The great public calamity which, in the ordering of Infinite Wisdom, has befallen this nation and empire spreads general sadness. The amiable and promising princess, whom all ranks agree in lamenting, was last night committed to the silent tomb, and now lies as low as the poorest and most destitute individual! What a lesson for the young, gay and prosperous; and how must Christians pray that it may be read by those to whom the awful circumstance is most deeply interesting, and who have witnessed the solemn appendages of departed royalty!

12 mo. 14.—This day ten years I lost my beloved father. The awful circumstances of that afflictive scene have been very present in recollection this morning, and the constant indisposition of my beloved mother adds to the gloom with which this season is always attended. She has herself a strong impression that her release from bodily conflict is approaching, and the relief of mind she is favoured to feel with respect to religious prospects and exercises seems to confirm the apprehension. Her society is unspeakably precious, and I cannot attain to a state of resignation on the subject of losing her, nor contemplate the dreaded event otherwise than as an overwhelming blow which I shall not sustain with the firmness or acquiescence becoming my Christian profession. At the present moment I feel unworthy even to prefer a petition to

the Father of lights and of spirits, yet a degree of *quiet* under the prospect of going to our little meeting this forenoon tends to renew my trust in Almighty sufficiency and love.

The illness of Mary Dudley prevented her at this time from further prosecuting her public labours for the gospel, in London and the neighbourhood. She accordingly returned the "minute" which had been granted her and her daughter for that service by Southwark Monthly Meeting.

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Ten years had elapsed from the time when Elizabeth Dudley's sister Charlotte, then in her twenty-first year, had awaked to the consciousness of her moral responsibilities. During this interval she had, so to speak, lived on the border of the good land of promise ; and, wanting faith to enter into the heart of the country, she had in consequence partaken but sparingly of its good fruits of peace and plenty. Her sister says of her, speaking of this period: "The happy effects of divine convictions, though for a time apparent, were again counteracted by sublunary objects, and whilst she esteemed religion as the one thing needful, she tried to attain its possession in an easier way than by taking up the cross to her natural inclination. This attempt was the source of much mental conflict for above ten years ; and when apparently in the midst of cheerfulness and enjoyment, and even spending her time in works of charity, her soul was distressed and sorrowful, mourning over its state of bondage, and the absence of that peace which, to use her own words, she had wilfully relinquished for the sinful trifles of time."

The struggle between her own will and her sense of

the divine command seems to have reached its height when she was at Brighton in the autumn of this year, 1817. During her last illness she adverted to this period of trial, and said she went at that time from one place of worship to another, seeking to find an easier path than that which she felt to be the path of duty. The impression was then clearly made upon her mind that nothing would do for her but to become "a poor despised Quaker preacher." Nothing else, she said, brought peace.

In describing her deliverance from this season of fiery trial, she writes, in 1818: "My soul was humbled with the weight of gratitude for the renewings of the Holy Ghost once more vouchsafed to a backsliding sinner. Under a sense of overwhelming mercy, and subdued by the power of divine love, I again entered into covenant with the God of Israel, that if he would be my Shepherd, I would join with the flock of Christ, follow their footsteps, and become whatever he would have me to be. Hunger and thirst after righteousness became the prevailing sensations of my soul; and I long for the complete conquest of sin above all things. Lord, in thy mercy and in thy faithfulness answer my continued prayer unto Thee; that I may shew forth Thy praise from day to day, and live to Thy glory here and in Thy presence hereafter." In transcribing these words Elizabeth Dudley adds: "The adorning of the body being now felt as both inconsistent and burdensome, those things which had contributed to personal vanity were freely given up, whilst the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit became increasingly obvious."

The following are extracts from a few of C. D.'s letters during the period above described, and from some memorandums made by her in the course of 1810:

## TO HER MOTHER (THEN ON A JOURNEY).

Clonmel, 15, 7 mo., 1809.

May every happiness be a stranger to my breast when I cease to be fully sensible to the inestimable value of the blessing I yet enjoy in my remaining parent. Ah, my mother, how unworthy of thy tender solicitude, thy unwearied attention, thy fond affection, is the daughter thou too tenderly cherishest! Yet Heaven and earth's great Ruler knows the secret prayer of my heart is to become every day more worthy of his divine protection, and of my mother's love. . . . Do, my precious mother, take every care of thy invaluable health, and guard thy peace of mind from unnecessary interruption. Remember, my parent, it is to thee we look for support through the most important periods of life. The happiest existence of thy children is interwoven with thy being. If they see thee still walking in the path of duty, religiously observing the secret instructions of the Spirit of Truth, unreservedly resigned to the will of Him who is perfect in wisdom, and submitting all things to his government, thy children may yet become (however unlikely it may be judged) instruments of good in the hands of their God. . . .

1810, 4 mo. 17.—Being confined to my chamber for some days, I have had opportunities for more private retirement than I have for a long time enjoyed. I have gone over the various visitations of Providence to my soul during the last ten or twelve years, and my spirit has been humbled in fervent prayer to the God and Father of my life, that he would renew the holy visitations of his love to so unworthy an object of his heavenly care, till self be brought into complete subjection.

5 mo. 23.—It is in seasons of the greatest outward weakness that Almighty strength is often made most perfect. When the language of prayer cannot flow from the tongue, the secret petition of heart is read by the All-seeing Eye. My precious mother spent the evening with me in my chamber, and instructed me in the sweet counsels of true and undefiled

religion. I think I never felt the importance of the maternal character more impressed on my mind, than while attending to her conversation. Were all mothers as able to acquit themselves to their children as my precious parent is, how many happier mothers would rejoice in happier children.

27th.—This is the sixth Sabbath I have been deprived of the benefit of public worship. Yet I have been favoured to feel, in my secret retirement, that they who fervently worship the Lord shall also sing praises with joyful lips to his holy name for ever.

6 mo. 5.—My health improves. Oh for a grateful heart! Of all my faults, ingratitude is the most despicable.

7th.—I trust I can acknowledge that the Shepherd of Israel has at times guided me into the silent valley, and led me beside the still waters, whereof my thirsty soul has drunk, and been refreshed.

#### TO HER MOTHER (IN DORSETSHIRE).

Camberwell, 17, 9 mo., 1812.

. . . . No selfish wish in my heart sought to bring thee home, while I read my sister's letter, for I felt that I could sacrifice all that could attach me to earth, for the sake of promoting the eternal interests of mankind. Would that my own life could instruct any! . . . . While I remember how my past life has been employed, how anxiously do I wish to be restored to an opportunity of redeeming the time squandered in frivolous pursuits, and yet I am capable of neglecting to improve the present moment, the present strong impression that time is rapidly passing, eternity quickly approaching, and that my own claim to eternal life will soon be decided. But I should not dwell on these gloomy subjects when writing to my precious mother, whose mind is too fully occupied by care to require any addition. Believe me, best and most beloved of parents, that I should rejoice in being made, through any means, worthy of sympathising with and relieving thee under every exercise. But as I am not qualified for this precious office, filial reverence is all I can offer. . . . .

## TO HER MOTHER.

Camberwell, 23, 9 mo., 1812.

. . . . Thus, my revered parent, are we continually obliged to sacrifice to the affectionate and too kind wishes of our friends, those advantages which can only be derived from communion with ourselves in retirement. These I sigh for and most ardently long to enjoy; and I cannot but wish for the arrival of that season which, gloomy in appearance, often maketh the heart glad in the enjoyment of its most valuable pleasures. I look towards your return and the approach of winter as the means of restoring to us that social happiness which can never be found but in the bosom of domestic quiet. . . .

## TO HER SISTER ELIZABETH.

Brighton, 7, 8 mo., 1817.

. . . . Do Betsey, go next First-day to the "Sabbath School." I knew thou wouldst love the dear children. Do go, only for half an hour, if longer thou couldst not spare. It is delightful to direct the first affections of the human heart to a "faithful Creator," and to Jesus, the author and finisher of the new creation. I long again to engage in this labour of love. Dearest love to each. How hard it is to part with those so dear! . . .

## TO HER MOTHER.

Croydon, 24, 9 mo., 1818.

. . Rebecca Christy's sweet message to our dear Mary and me was very grateful. We can, I trust, also say that you are not far from us; for in our silence you speak, in our solitude you are our company, and the calm influence of your spirits is felt when the body "is presented a living sacrifice." The strength imparted to my soul by this spiritual communion is beyond anything I ever enjoyed before; and I am often



tempted to believe that I must be mistaken in the nature of this enjoyment, for I feel so entirely unworthy of fellowship with you. Knowing the deceitfulness of my own heart, I suspect that *another* "enemy hath done this," and told me what is not truth again to deceive me. . . . .

## CHAPTER IV.

JOURNAL—VISIT OF E. D. AND HER MOTHER TO THE FAMILIES OF GRACECHURCH STREET MONTHLY MEETING—VISITS TO NEWGATE—OTHER GOSPEL SERVICE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON.

WE return to Elizabeth Dudley's journal.

1818, 1 mo. 4, *First-day morning*.—On reading over the lines I penned this day three weeks, my mind recurs to the feelings under which I wrote, and gratefully acknowledges to the divine help by which they were succeeded; the sense of *quiet* with which I was then favoured being preparatory to a time of close exercise, and, according to my small measure, gospel labour in our forenoon meeting. I was so far delivered from that fear of man which frequently besets me, as to obtain relief in an honest avowal of my faith as to the method and terms of salvation, and the fear which possessed me respecting the want of earnestness among my dear fellow-members, in securing, through the sacrifice of self and its corruptions, an interest in that Saviour whom to know is life eternal.

Last week was the Quarterly Meeting. It was large and exceedingly interesting, from the multitude assembled in one place; but, alas! for want of being "with one accord," seeking after individual capacity to "draw nigh unto God," there was not the experience of his power and presence in the degree which some waiting spirits craved. There was not even strength to bow the knee at the footstool of divine grace, though the *spirit* of prayer was known in some minds.

1 mo. 20.—We were at Southwark meeting for the last

time as members, our recommendation to this place being then issued. We went into the men's meeting and felt it to be a solemn and affecting season, both there and with our dear sisters. *Love* was the prevalent, and I believe mutual, sentiment; and it was precious to witness the renewings of this gospel test in separating from friends who had become increasingly dear to us the longer we were among them.

22nd.—Monthly Meeting at Wandsworth. My dear mother not having had ability to perform the whole of the service for which she was in possession of a minute when we removed to Croydon, now applied to this meeting for the needful liberty, and expressed a concern to visit the families belonging to Gracechurch Street, a prospect which we have both had for years past. I ventured to avow my feelings, and request liberty to unite in the engagement. A minute was issued, testifying the meeting's unity, but this could only be gathered by *silent* assent, as not a single individual expressed a sentiment of approbation or the contrary. It was more than a little trying to us, after having been accustomed to numerous testimonies of sympathy, to witness this silence and apparent apathy among Friends whose appearance might justify the expectation of some feeling. Many of the women Friends seemed distressed afterwards, and various apologies were made; the business was new to them—great diffidence—one waiting for another to begin, &c.; but, alas! the cause may be traced to a lamentable deficiency of spiritual perception and want of bending the mind to religious exercise. We returned home weary and depressed, though we feel satisfied at having opened our prospect.

2 mo. 18.—This morning my dear mother and I went to town, and attended the Monthly Meeting of Gracechurch Street. The forepart of the meeting was trying, from a sense of deep poverty and want of religious exercise. I thought if a little light and feeling were not afforded, my faith would utterly fail, as I peculiarly needed something of a confirming kind in the prospect which we came to spread before our friends. After sitting more than an hour, Martha Savory rose with the language: "When the poor and needy seek

water," &c., commenting a little on the text, and concluding with the expression: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Elizabeth Fry followed in the same line, acknowledging that her mind had been in unity with what was said; and my dear mother offered supplication in harmony. Through these gospel effusions my spirit became relieved, and I felt thankful for the comfort so imparted, which I believed it right to confess in the women's meeting, where on producing our minute there was copious evidence of uniting and sisterly sympathy, and when we went into the men's meeting similar testimonies were afforded, and we felt fully compensated for the trial which attended our first disclosure of this heavy prospect. . . . My dear mother mentioned her having thought much of our friend William Allen in the view of this service, believing it might be best for him to resign himself to at least an occasional junction. The proposal was cordially received by his brethren, and although he did not profess much feeling towards it, I apprehend he will hardly be satisfied to withstand a compliance.

19th.—We attended Westminster meeting, which was altered to eleven o'clock on account of the funeral of Isaac Messer. To me it was a time of deep conflict. Indeed, when the meeting closed I felt so oppressed, and my faith so low, that I scarcely knew how to keep from *appearing* overwhelmed, which I ever wish to avoid, believing that the sackcloth when worn should be carefully concealed. We went from the meeting-house to Bunhill Fields, where I little expected strength would be given me; however it was mercifully afforded, and through an endeavour to impart what arose, relief of mind was obtained. Several others were engaged, and it proved a solemn, and I should hope to many an instructive season. In the evening my dear mother, A. Pim, E. Fry, M. Sanderson and myself, went to the house of mourning. It was a time of sweet though sad communing, and the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls sanctioned the intercourse of his sorrowing followers, and graciously made himself known by the breaking of heavenly bread.

20th.—We sat with three young men at the meeting-house,

to whom my dear mother imparted much wholesome counsel ; and I ventured to express a feeling of sympathy with which my mind was clothed towards a state under depression and suffering, a mind in which the language might at seasons arise : “ O that it were with me as in-months past.” To this state I felt encouragement, in remembering that such are peculiarly called upon to trust in the Lord, who never leaves or forsakes while his called and visited children cleave unto him and keep under the humbling influence wherein there was first a reception of “ Christ Jesus the Lord.”

At six o'clock we went to Hannah Jackson's, and after drinking tea with her, had a sitting first with herself, and then with two dear orphan girls employed in her shop. Both were seasons of freedom and marked by the prevalence of gospel love, but the last was especially refreshing. The hearts of the dear children were sweetly tendered and open to receive counsel ; ours were filled towards them, and my knee bowed in reverent desire for their preservation and welfare.

23rd.—We sat with —— and his wife. William Allen joined us, and united in the feeling and expression of sympathy and love for this young couple. It was one of those visits which give hope that a revival of standard-bearers may be expected in this favoured though much-stripped quarter.

In the evening we went to Newgate, and had a religious opportunity with the female prisoners. Seven who had been under sentence of death and been respited within a few weeks were requested to stay after the others, and our minds being filled with solicitude on their account, counsel and encouragement were imparted to them, which at the time seemed to have some reach.

24th.—In the evening Martha Savory, my mother and I went to Newgate, where we met Elizabeth Fry, Peter Bedford, and Edward Harris. We saw about fifteen poor men under sentence of death, who soon collected round us and stood with the most becoming and quiet attention, whilst my mother was engaged to preach the gospel of reconciliation, and, in the power thereof, to hold forth the unfailing mercy of

our God and Saviour. This was indeed strikingly extended to these poor outcasts, under a sense whereof my knees were bowed in reverent thankfulness and prayer, and, in committing them to Him who is able to effect the great work of transformation for the most flagrant sinners, there was a hope raised that some of these were coming to him in contrition of soul. Indeed, the tears and sighs of many bore testimony to the softening power which prevailed.

We next went to four very young men, two of whom are to die to-morrow morning ; and the other two, through great interest and petitioning, are respited for a week. Our minds were immediately brought under deep feeling and solicitude on their account. The two especially who had but a few hours to live, were encouraged to cast themselves upon the mercy and forgiveness of an all-gracious God, with whom one day is as a thousand years, and whose power and goodness are the same as when they were manifested to the thief upon the cross. Prayer was offered for them by our dear M. S. and E. Fry, and great openness prevailed, not only in our hearts towards them, but in theirs to receive the imparted counsel ; and it was comforting to believe that whilst they prostrated their poor bodies, and the noise of their irons in so doing seemed to enter into our souls, their spirits were humbled and broken before the Lord. They wept freely, and though not able to *say* much, we fully believe they *felt*. It was difficult to tear ourselves from such a scene, and we turned from these poor sufferers under the feeling of indignant repugnance to the sanguinary nature of those laws which put so little value upon human life, and adjudge punishments so disproportioned to, and so unlikely to prevent the renewal of crimes.

We went from the men's to the female side, attended the reading, and had a religious opportunity with the women, many of whom seemed seriously impressed, and as if under feelings of sympathy with their afflicted brethren. It is indeed wonderful that so much good should be felt within those walls : it confirms the belief that what has been attempted for the amelioration of their condition is under the sanction of

that love which still “seeks and would save that which was lost.”

Though greatly exhausted on coming to our lodgings, my dear mother was engaged to offer vocal prayer on behalf of the poor criminals, before we retired to bed, and we seemed to carry them on our hearts both while asleep and awake, until the time we judged their sufferings were over; when a sweet and calming hope attended, that, through the rich mercy of God in Christ Jesus, they found pardon and were received into a place of rest.

26th.—In our visit to ——’s W. Allen joined us, and the opportunity proved like a brook by the way, I believe greatly owing to his faithfulness in addressing —— after dear —— had supplicated for a blessing. My dear mother was renewedly filled with gospel power and love, and delivered what I cannot doubt was the counsel of the Spirit, in affectionate but very forcible language; inviting to a more complete surrender of the will, heart, and inclinations, to the sanctifying influence of divine grace; and encouraging where this had been experienced to a steady reliance and unreserved obedience, under the further unfoldings of holy light—resignation to do the whole will of God and follow his leadings, should they be even as to “Tarshish, Pul and Lud,” to make his name known where darkness may have reigned. There was much in her communication which I believe belonged to W. A. as well as another, and we were favoured to feel the baptizing power of Truth sweetly to unite our spirits; for which renewed mercy my heart and knees bent in humble acknowledgment to Him who is thus from day to day manifesting his strength to be made perfect in the weakness of his poor servants.

3 mo. 1st.—Dear Martha told me she had received intelligence from Croydon of our housemaid being dangerously ill. We determined upon returning home immediately, feeling too much oppressed to enter upon the engagements which had been planned for the evening.

2nd.—My mother and I did not leave poor Sally till near two o’clock in the morning, and have been much with her

throughout this day. The suspension of the visit is trying, and my mother was so wonderfully strengthened for it as to confirm the belief of its being entered upon in the right way and time; but it is our duty to seek after calm acquiescence, and not doubt that some good end may be answered even by this painful interruption.

10th.—Sally being pronounced for the present out of danger, my dear mother and I felt ourselves at liberty to attempt resuming the engagement. We came this morning to Southwark, to attend the Monthly Meeting, at which were William and Rebecca Byrd, who are now on religious service in the city and neighbourhood.

11th.—I accompanied Martha to Newgate, and had some conversation with a poor woman under sentence of death, whose distracted state of mind, and views of the vast disproportion between her crime and allotted punishment, preclude her entering into desirable consideration of her present awful circumstances. Her offence was passing forged notes.

We went to ——'s, where William Allen met us. This was a very exercising visit, and made more so than I believe need have been the case, by an undue backwardness on the part of our valuable colleague, who I believe should have spoken early in the sitting. However, near the conclusion he dropt on his knees, and in great humility prayed for his dear and intimate friend, earnestly craving that he might be attracted to a closer communion with the Source of all good. My mother followed in the harmony of feeling, and we were favoured to separate under a precious sense of heavenly regard, though after a longer sitting and greater exercise of mind than I believe need have been known.

We went to ——'s. The sense of worldly wisdom, selfish pursuit, and a spirit which soars above the humbling influence of divine grace, oppressed and tried us. However, my mother was enabled faithfully, yet with skill and tenderness, to set forth the doctrines of the gospel, and the important and *individual* nature of that religion which can alone purify the heart and render man fit for the high station whereto he is called. W. Allen was powerfully engaged to confirm this



solemn exhortation, using the language: "Although Noah, Daniel, and Job stood before me, they should deliver but their own souls;" adding, "Not the efforts of all the saints on earth, nor of the glorified spirits in heaven, could conduct a single soul to happiness and rest."

*First-day, 15th.*—Two very exercising meetings at Gracechurch Street, under a sense that the circulation of life was prevented by an unwillingness in some to avow their feelings. In the first, my dear mother plainly set forth her apprehensions, and said that, for want of a vessel being in readiness, the oil was stayed.

*17th.*—The young men are a class for whom much solicitude is felt. Inconsiderateness of mind, or else a resting in outward consistency, is sadly the condition of our young people; but, in some instances, marks of an awakened state are precious found. This is truly refreshing, whilst it excites ardent desires for the preservation and growth of those respecting whom one still rejoices with trembling, so many are the dangers to which youth are exposed.

*21st.*—In the evening we had refreshing opportunities with — and —. It may be termed one of the consolations of the gospel when there is a meeting with those who can be saluted as on their heavenly journey, and encouraged to prosecute the blessed object happily presented to their view, notwithstanding the trials which may attend a life of dedication, and the humbling baptisms which precede qualification for service in the Church of Christ. Thus to water the seed, and in received ability minister to the weary traveller, is a precious part of the allotted labour; and were it not that such is at times the assigned portion, we should be ready to conclude that there was a running in vain, and spending the strength for nought.

*22nd.*—Went to Gracechurch-street Meeting, where there was, I thought, very early a precious covering of solemnity, under which my dear mother offered supplication, evidently with the spirit and the understanding also. My own mind was in an impoverished state, though not wholly devoid of

exercise ; neither did I forget that it was on this day eight years my bonds were broken so as to produce the prostrate acknowledgment that adoration was due unto God. The remembrance of this has been present with me through the day, attended by very humbling views of my own unworthiness, and of the small advancement which has been yet known in the line of Christian experience.

At the close of the meeting my mother requested one to be appointed for the evening. It proved a remarkably solemn and relieving opportunity, the house was very full, and the company of a most interesting description. My mother was excellently engaged in testimony and supplication, and I ventured to express my solicitude for such as might not yet have given way to religious impressions. I was sensible of help in going along, though my faith was low ; and in looking back I have been ready to take all to pieces, and doubt the propriety of my meddling at all. This is not uncommon with me, and I often think the trial of uncertainty and fear is more frequently known by me than to others who are called to the same work.

23rd.—We went to ——'s where, with him and his wife, a most precious and refreshing opportunity was afforded us. The sense of solemnity early affected our hearts, and each had to minister in a strain of invitation, and of the feeling of offered good quite beyond what we should have thought likely, had there been a judging by the sight of the eye, for gaiety and the full enjoyment of worldly treasure were apparent ; yet on entering into feeling, there could be no doubt that the visitations of heavenly love were known, and desires after holiness of heart mercifully raised. There was an open door both as it regarded utterance and reception, and the spirit of prayer being sensibly vouchsafed, I ventured to offer the vocal cry, and felt remarkably helped in so doing. —— went on his knees while I was engaged, which I was not aware of until just rising, but it then felt an encouraging mark of unity, though a very uncommon circumstance in our Society.

24th.—An unusually large Quarterly Meeting, and one wherein solemnity was to be felt from the time of our collect-

ing, and, I thought, throughout. There were several lively testimonies borne by the strangers who are amongst us, William and Rebecca Byrd, George and Ann Jones, &c. Several Friends came to our lodging, and after all were gone, and Edward Harris had read a sweet chapter, we were, as at an unexpected moment, favoured with the overshadowing of heavenly love, wherein we felt refreshed together.

25th.—Went to meeting, where we had a testimony from Tottenham Monthly Meeting on behalf of dear Rebecca Bevan, the reading of which produced a sweet and solemn covering.

16th.—We went to Mildred's Court to meet a relative of dear Elizabeth Fry's, a young man about sailing for India. The captain of the ship was also there, and interested our feelings greatly ; but it seemed doubtful how any opportunity for relief could be obtained, as there were several relations present, and all not coming together made the dinner long about, so that when four o'clock arrived, at which time we were to go to a family, we found ourselves bound without knowing what could be done. However, Thomas Christy, who came to escort us, kindly undertook to defer the visit, and way was at last made for a little silence in the company. My dear mother addressed Alfred Chapman and his captain particularly, and my knees were bowed in desire for their preservation and spiritual good : after which dear E. Fry spoke, and my mother again gave them her blessing. It was a solemn and uniting season, and one which I think we must all remember, whether we meet in this world again or not.

19th, *First-day*.—The two meetings at Gracechurch Street were solemn and favoured seasons. My dear mother was strengthened to preach the gospel of life and salvation in its own power. There were many not Friends present, among them some of the great of this world, also the famous Robert Owen of Lanark. He sat with solidity, and, in received ability, Jesus was faithfully preached from the [history of] the noble Ethiopian and the disciple Philip, which my dear mother was led to illustrate in a remarkably clear and beautiful manner.

22nd.—The meeting at Gracechurch Street was a favoured

and relieving season. It seemed like taking leave, for the present at least, of those to whom much nearness had been felt, and emotions of tenderness and regret at parting were mutually manifested.

24th.—We had been all day under strong feeling of anxiety respecting Newgate, and thought it best to go and see the two poor persons who were to suffer this morning. John and Mary Sanderson went with us to the prison, where we found our dear Martha, E. Fry, and E. Corder. We proceeded to the men's side, where we saw poor Ward, so altered that I should scarcely have recognized the features which so strongly interested my feelings some weeks ago. We sat with him some time, during which much feeling was excited, a good deal expressed, and prayer earnestly offered. There was at last a precious sense of unbounded mercy, and a hope raised that this would be extended to his immortal soul, though sought for by himself only as at the eleventh hour. We went from him to poor Skelton's apartment, where an equally affecting scene was witnessed. Her mind, which had been distressingly agitated, had become calm, and she appeared quite a different woman to what she was when I last saw her. The gospel of reconciliation was freely preached to her, under the belief that she would be given faith to receive it; and the sense of divine mercy and love was indeed powerful and consoling. Her heart had been broken, and she acknowledged to the change she felt, saying she accepted as the will of God for some wise end what she was about to suffer; that if it had not been so, a blessing would have attended the numerous and continued efforts to save her life,\* and that she felt supported and calm under the prospect. She was committed in humble prayer, by two of the company, to the grace and all-sufficient mercy of a long-suffering God.

We left the poor sufferers under the consoling hope that through the fulness of redeeming love they would find pardon and acceptance at the great tribunal to which their fellow-creatures have dared to send them. Surely the time must be

\* See *Life of Elizabeth Fry*, vol. i., pp. 312—315.

hastening when the punishment of death will not be tolerated amongst professing Christians. Our bodies alone seemed withdrawn from the prison, our minds were in almost ceaseless exercise respecting the individuals who had called forth so much feeling, until the time when we had reason to believe all was over; and then a sweet calmness was afforded under the consoling trust that they had been both received into the arms of heavenly and unbounded mercy.—(*Journal, and Letter to her Sisters.*)

27th.—Called to see a poor old couple who have been rescued from poverty and distress through the kind interference of John and Mary Sanderson. They accompanied us in the visit, and we had a sweet time in this humble abode. The man has been a dissenting minister; he is above eighty years of age, and his wife not many years younger. Their daughter works at the straw trade, and told us she has frequently worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four, besides attending her aged parents.

6 mo. 15.—After a suspension of more than seven weeks we attempted to prosecute the family visits, hoping that William Allen would give up to join us. However, after paying [a few] visits, the engagement is again suspended.

22nd.—The Yearly Meeting was very large. Our women's meetings were usually attended by the overshadowing of heavenly love. In the meetings for worship I did not think the power of Truth was often prevalent, though there was mostly a great deal said, and I doubt not much of it under holy influence. But from some cause or other the preaching among us does not seem to increase in life and power, nor is the reach over our assemblies such as it would be comforting to witness under the flowing of gospel ministry.

7 mo. 9.—A public meeting was appointed at Westerham. Accompanied by two men and one woman Friend, we had a pleasant ride, and were cordially received by Thomas George, who had attended our meetings for several years. The meeting was held in a large room at an inn, and fully attended by a simple but very interesting set of people, who behaved with solid attention, and to whom the gospel message flowed

freely as into prepared and waiting minds. There seemed an unwillingness to depart, and I believe we shall often remember that meeting with feelings of thankfulness to our blessed Master, and love to the dear individuals who met with us. We took some refreshment at the house of T. G., and had a sweet opportunity with his family and several of his serious associates. Three men usually join in sitting with him when they cannot get to Croydon or Reigate meeting, and their countenances bear evidence to the work which has been begun in their hearts. We got into our coach about ten o'clock, and had a peaceful ride home, which we did not reach until one, and were glad to enter our comfortable chambers. My dear mother bore the exertion wonderfully, and manifests that she is strengthened for the service to which she is called in advanced life, proving in an instructive manner, that the power which thus influences does not weaken with the decline of bodily strength.

22nd.—The thermometer has been from 80° to 86° for a week past, and the languor consequent upon such unusual heat feels trying to body and mind.

8 mo. [?].—Went to London with the hope of seeing the few families who remained, but found some were absent, and that W. Allen could not give up any time to the engagement, being fully occupied in preparing for his journey. We accordingly determined to sit in the few families who could take us, and so make an end of this concern which has been so unexpectedly protracted.

The service was completed in the course of the Eighth Month, and at the conclusion of it, E. Dudley says :

Throughout the engagement *love* has been the predominant feeling of our hearts ; and now that it is got through, we are sensible of an increasing solicitude respecting the members of that meeting, and have cause to make the thankful acknowledgment that notwithstanding the humiliating nature of this service, and that many close conflicts were our portion, the Lord was graciously near us, an all-sufficient helper, support

and guide, leading often through paths not known and little expected; and at times, making darkness light through the power of his arising, so that we are indeed furnished with renewed cause to trust in Him, and obediently follow whithersoever He may see meet to call: for worthy, worthy, worthy, is at this moment the acknowledgment of my soul—worthy is the Lord to possess the whole of the affections, faculties and strength, and to receive the praise of his own works now and for ever!—(8 mo. 29.)

*First-day, 8 mo. 2.*—Went to London in the stage, and got to Gracechurch Street in time for meeting. After meeting Grizell Birkbeck kindly offered to take my mother and me to Tottenham to see Stephen Grellet, who has been in this neighbourhood about a week on his way to Norway, Russia, &c. We drank tea at Mary Stacey's in company with dear S. G. and many other Friends, and at five o'clock went to meeting, where it was pleasant to hear his voice once more. He looks thin and many years older than when here last, but is cheerful and does not complain of ill health.

*Fourth-day, 5th.*—Monthly Meeting at Gracechurch Street. S. G. came to the Women's [Meeting] and was accompanied by William Allen, who in a very humble and interesting manner, informed his sisters that he wished for their sympathy and accordance in the prospect which he had avowed to the Men's Meeting, of joining S. Grellet in part of his engagement. His mother, who was present, poured forth earnest supplication, and offered this beloved son to the requirements of his Lord, craving divine protection for him and his companion.

*Sixth-day.*—Rebecca Christy took us into town. We dined at Peter Bedford's, and after an early tea went to Hackney, where a meeting had been appointed in a spacious assembly room at the Mermaid Inn. A number of Friends met us from Tottenham, London, &c., and there was a large attendance of those invited, though their collecting was tedious. My dear mother was strengthened to declare the truths of the gospel, and to attack infidelity with those pure and scriptural weapons which, even if they do not conquer, remain unblunted.

*Third-day, 11th.*—We went to the school at Islington, where we had a meeting with the children and teachers. My dear mother was well furnished with counsel and admonition, as well as encouragement to the tender and humble mind. Mary Sanderson was with us and shared in the labour, which, though amongst children, was felt to be exercising.

*12th.*—Spent the forenoon in resting at Peckham Rye ; and were conveyed by our kind host [John Fell] in the evening to Woolwich, where we assembled in a large Wesleyan chapel. The people were flocking from all parts as we went through the town, and on entering the house they seemed as thick as they could stand, both in the galleries and below. We were told full 1400 were in the house. Whilst the truths of the gospel were being declared the quietude was uninterrupted, and indeed, considering how perfectly novel must our manner of silent sitting have been to them, their demeanour throughout may be deemed extraordinary. Dear E. Fry was with us, and we were all three exercised in harmony, and supplication was twice offered. When told meeting was over the people seemed reluctant to go, and great numbers staid to speak, warmly inviting us to come amongst them again, and eagerly receiving the tracts which we took to distribute. We left Woolwich under the belief that the Lord has a seed there which he will increasingly qualify to serve him. It was late when we reached Peckham Rye, but there was a feeling which overcame bodily fatigue, and we retired to our comfortable bed with humbled and thankful hearts,



## CHAPTER V.

VISIT TO ESSEX WITH HER MOTHER—RETURN OF THE FAMILY TO SOUTHWARK—FURTHER PUBLIC SERVICE IN LONDON QUARTERLY MEETING—DIARY OF CHARLOTTE DUDLEY—C. D. GOES TO RESIDE AT ACKWORTH.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.—1818, 8 *mo.* 19.—At our Monthly Meeting this day we returned the minute which has been so long in our possession, and informed our friends of a prospect which has been some time ripening, to pay a visit to Essex. The proposal was cordially received and sympathy freely evinced, under which a certificate was issued, setting us at liberty for Essex and the vicinity of London. My dear mother feels comfortable in looking towards this journey, and it is one which has long attracted my mind in feelings of love, though I am sensible of great poverty and unworthiness at the present moment.

9 *mo.* 6.—Left home this afternoon, and got to Edward Harris's to lodge, where we found several Friends, and passed a social evening. After supper we were favoured with the sweetly uniting influence of heavenly love. My dear mother was engaged to minister, and my heart and knees were bowed in acknowledgment of continued, unmerited mercies, and desire that the present feeble efforts for promoting the honour of our ever worthy Master might be graciously accepted.

Set off next morning; reached Chelmsford about four o'clock, and were cordially received by our dear friend Mary Marriage.

8<sup>th</sup>.—The Quarterly Meeting assembled, which proved an

exercising time, and though labour was I trust honestly bestowed in the ability received, life did not rise into dominion. There felt to be a diversity of states among a company which looked very similar, and whose appearance was remarkably consistent. The men and women remained together while Mary Naftel returned the certificate granted her above two years ago, for visiting America, and gave an humble and brief account of her travels on that Continent. The diffident manner wherein she spoke of her arduous engagement, and commemorated divine help and protection, seemed to do us good and excite profitable feeling.

*Fourth-day.*—We went to the usual week-day meeting here. At the conclusion, dear James Birch, now in his eighty-ninth year, bore his testimony to the favour which had been extended, and called upon his friends to profit by the instruction which had been offered. This dear old man, in speaking to us afterwards, said, “I am very feeble and almost done. I can’t come often to meeting, but I wish to spend every moment of my time in praising Him who has done so much for me.”

*Fifth-day.*—We breakfasted at Nicholas Naftel’s, and had a refreshing opportunity after the Scriptures had been read. It was grateful to see dear Mary again in her family, and to partake in her company a degree of that precious peace which she is enjoying as a consequence of devotedness to her Lord’s work. At six o’clock we assembled with a large company of the inhabitants, and were favoured with a solemn and relieving meeting. The doctrines of the gospel were proclaimed, and our peculiar mode of worship held up as consistent with the language of Scripture, and understood by those holy men of old who bear such ample testimony to the benefit of waiting upon God, and call to stillness in order that he may be known and honoured. There was great attention manifested, and the feeling of good seemed to increase instead of diminishing towards the close, which is always to be deemed a favour.

*Seventh-day, 12th.*—Rode to Witham to an appointed meeting with Friends. The members were, I believe, generally

out, and appeared a consistent little company ; but our minds were involved in trying exercise from the sense of unfeelingness ; and it seemed for a while very doubtful whether there would be strength to attempt disclosing what was felt. However, this was mercifully afforded, and a few words to a little mourning number presenting with the language, " I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord," tended to open the way for some close observations on the nature of that acceptable poverty of spirit to which the blessing is annexed. My dear mother followed in a similar strain ; and after a text of Scripture had been uttered in much tenderness by Ann Alsop, a crippled and afflicted woman, who cannot stand to say what impresses her, my knees were bowed in acknowledgment of divine mercy.

*Colchester, First-day, 13th.*—Requested the afternoon meeting might be deferred till six o'clock, and notice circulated among the inhabitants. We had a very large company ; the meeting began and ended with prayer, and I have seldom observed when the solemnity was so general and uninterrupted. There were many who, I believe, knew the nature and practice of spiritual worship, and a feeling of sweet unity was vouchsafed wherein we could bless them in the name of the Lord. My dear mother was very much exhausted, having had an exercising time in the forenoon. It is wonderful how she holds out, and that her voice is so remarkably strengthened for these long assemblies, considering her age and the frequent attacks of illness she endures. It is to me a constant miracle.

*Kelvedon, 15th.*—To tea to our beloved friends', Mary Proud and Mary Alexander, with whom we passed a sweet evening, enjoying their instructive conversation, and meeting with true sisterly attention.

*Fourth-day, 16th.*—Before meeting time this morning, our dear Rebecca Christy arrived, having obtained liberty from her Monthly Meeting to join us in visiting some parts of this county. At meeting, this forenoon, she evidenced having a commission for service, being clothed with ability to divide

the word, as well as favoured with access to the Throne of Grace. My dear mother was also copiously exercised, and it proved a solemn relieving time, for which my heart and knees were bowed in acknowledgment to the Father of mercies.

19th, *Earl's Colne*.—We went to tea at William Impey's, and, after the boys had had their supper, spent some time with them to our comfort and relief. There are thirty-five scholars, mostly sweet, solid-looking children. They sat with great quietude and attention whilst we were each engaged to address them, and an encouraging feeling was raised that many among them were precious sensible of the invitations of heavenly love, and ready to yield their hearts to its tendering influence. After leaving them we had a sweet little sitting with W. I. and his two sisters. The former broke forth in expression of the comfort he had felt in our visit to the dear boys; and my dear mother addressed him in the most encouraging and affectionate manner, preparing him for greater discoveries of the divine will, and exciting to full resignation and faithfulness thereto. R. C. spoke in the same strain, and supplication was offered through a very unworthy instrument. It was a baptizing season, wherein the fellowship of gospel sympathy felt strengthening.

*Second-day, 21st.*—Went to visit Mary Levitt, a young woman who is under marriage engagement to William Impey, but has been so indisposed for about a year past as to make them suspend the connection. We felt much nearness to and sweet encouragement for her, and her dearest friend, who was present. There was also a feeling of sympathy and deep solicitude excited in our minds for others present, one or two dear young people being with us, who are, I assuredly believe, under the Lord's preparing hand for service in his vineyard. It is long since I was so led to contemplate my own steppings in former years; my soul was humbled in the consideration of the mercy which was extended after years of rebellion and darkness, and the forbearance and love whereby the long-withheld sacrifice of my will was at length accepted; and earnest were my desires that some then present might be preserved from the doubting reasoning state which produced

my suffering, and by well-timed obedience save themselves from a dreary wilderness travel.

*Third-day.*—At Bocking a letter from our cousin, Francis Eveleigh, brought the affecting tidings of his beloved wife being suddenly removed, which determines us to return to London, so as to attend the funeral on First-day.

*Fifth-day.*—At Witham, while dining at a Friend's house, our dear Rebecca Christy became very anxious about home, having heard of her youngest child being indisposed, but not in a way calculated to alarm her; and as we had planned to return on Seventh-day, she concluded to proceed pretty directly; which we encouraged her to do, not doubting there was a cause for the haste she felt.

*London, First-day.*—We joined a large company of mourning relatives at the interment of our dear cousin, which took place at Bunhill Fields, after a solemn meeting at Southwark, where, with the coffin in view, my dear mother was strengthened to sound the alarm and publish the gospel message in renewed authority.

*Fourth-day, 30th.*—Attended Gracechurch Street Meeting, which proved a time of healing. Dear Ann Crowley was largely engaged in a most encouraging line to the visited though tried children of the heavenly family. I went after meeting to see Rebecca Christy, and found she had that morning lost her dear little girl, a sweet child five years old. I staid some hours with her, and was well satisfied in the performance of this Christian duty.

10 mo. 6.—Left town again for Chelmsford, parting from my beloved sisters in much tenderness, and thankful for having had a week of their company.

7th.—Went to Dunmow to meeting, accompanied by our friend Mary Marriage, and had a very exercising time with the small company there. Earth and the things of the earth seemed to surround and oppress us.

11th.—Sat with Friends of Walden to our relief, being helped to discharge what seemed the present requiring. In the evening had a large meeting with the inhabitants, among whom there seemed a solid and seeking company.

15th.—Were accompanied by Joseph and Sarah Smith to Stebbing. Here we had a closely exercising time, different states being felt for, to which my dear mother was strengthened skilfully to divide the word. Dear S. S., who is lately acknowledged as a minister, spoke a few words early in the meeting, which tended to open the way for more extensive labour.

*First-day, 18th.*—Before meeting this morning we were cheered with seeing our dear R. Christy, who came from Chelmsford to join us. Mary Marriage and her daughter also met us, and it seemed strengthening to have such addition to our little band, Joseph Docwra being again one of our company. The meeting at Maldon was very exercising. The doctrine we had in commission was close indeed to an earthly minded and encumbered state. “Ye did run well, what did hinder,” &c., seemed the expostulating language towards some; and whilst it was trying to use such plain dealing as was called for, there was cause for thankfulness in believing that it had entrance; and He who can alone give the blessing was reverently sought unto for an increase upon the labour of his poor servants, and praised for his renewed goodness in affording strength to impart even “hard sayings.”

My dear mother feeling drawn to the inhabitants, notice was circulated for the evening, though in a far more limited line than accorded with her views, in consequence of the house being small; and, notwithstanding the precaution Friends used, as many went away as obtained entrance. The house was crammed in every corner. Great stillness prevailed, and it proved a solemn meeting, but not relieving to my mother’s mind, so that we have requested Friends to make inquiry whether another place may not be obtained for inviting a still larger number. There was much kindness in their manner of coming up to speak to us after meeting, and great eagerness to receive tracts, which we distributed freely.

*Second-day morning, 19th.*—We sat down at our friend, Robert Alsop’s, with him, his wife, children and helper, M. Marriage, J. Docwra, William Rowntree, and our trio. We were favoured, after R. A. had read a portion of Scripture, with a precious covering of heavenly good, under which the oil of

gospel ministry ran from vessel to vessel, and by its sweetly uniting influence seemed to bind together as in the fellowship of love and life. My mother bore testimony to the sense which was on her spirit that a prepared people were in this place, and that the Lord was at work even to cause a day of ingathering to the pure and blessed principle of grace and truth, exhorting those present to faithfulness in the little or the much. Dear M. Marriage broke forth in accordance, and said how striking it was to her that a sentiment which she had heard uttered six and twenty years ago by George Dillwyn should be thus renewed and confirmed—that in the town of Maldon there would be a seed raised which should serve and praise the Lord. This was a strengthening season, I believe, to us all, and the dear friends at whose house we were had much encouragement handed to them, I doubt not in the line of holy ordering; for indeed the language of ancient prophecy was fulfilled: “Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice;” “they shall see eye to eye.” The feeling was one, and the expression similar, with all who spoke.

*20th, Chelmsford.*—We are about to enter upon a very important service, that of visiting the families who constitute this meeting. My dear mother does not profess to feel bound to it, but is willing to join us in some sittings. Dear R. C. and I have been long under the feeling, and though it seems trying to go alone, I cannot wish my mother to engage in so arduous a work unless it is required of her.

*24th.*—After having been closely engaged in family visiting during the last four days, we rode to Maldon this evening, finding that a large room had been procured.

*First-day, 25th.*—Sat with Friends of Maldon to our relief, though this was obtained through close exercise. The season seemed sufficiently spending, both to body and mind, without the prospect of a public meeting. This was however appointed in a large school-room attached to one of the churches; and on our reaching the place we were helped through a crowd which looked formidable indeed, all the avenues to the room being crammed with people eager to gain admittance. Upon our reaching the seat assigned us, the throng became

alarming, and the press about the door occasioned some disturbance, which appeared likely to defeat the intention of our coming together. After a short time my dear mother rose, and explained the object for which we were collected; telling the audience in a solemn manner that it was our custom to sit in stillness, and that unless this could be preserved, strong as the feeling of love was towards the inhabitants of Maldon, those who had believed it their duty to invite as many as the room could accommodate to unite with them in waiting upon the Lord, must remain unrelieved. This address had considerable effect, and feeling my mind under the weight of supplication, I ventured almost immediately to kneel and humbly implore the calming influence of heavenly love, and a blessing upon our meeting together. This petition was mercifully owned; and the quiet was indeed extraordinary, whilst my dear mother was strengthened to declare the truths of the gospel. The opportunity was closed by our dear R. C. offering thanksgiving and praise. It was thought between seven and eight hundred were within hearing, and that three or four hundred went away. The kind manner in which numbers of the genteeler sort came up to express their satisfaction and beg for tracts, was truly humbling. May all glory be for ever ascribed to Him who manifests his own power through the weakness of his poor servants!

26th.—We were again favoured, in a solemn opportunity at the house of our dear friends, R. and P. Alsop, with a portion of heavenly refreshment; and in what seemed like the outpouring of the Spirit, one after another had to bear testimony to the precious influence which prevailed amongst the company, consisting of about a dozen Friends. Dear T. M. broke forth in prostrate acknowledgment of the Lord's goodness, which felt relieving to our minds, and sweetly encouraging after the deep sympathy and solicitude awakened on his account. We went to Hoe Mill to dinner; and my dear mother feeling attracted towards the inhabitants of that and a neighbouring village, it was left for a meeting to be appointed the following First-day in the ground-floor of the mill.



I attended meeting at Chelmsford on First-day morning [11 mo. 1]; a trying time to dear R. C. and myself, an oppressive silent exercise being our portion, under a sense that too many were anxious to hear words, and indisposed for that mental exercise which would be the means of Truth rising into dominion. After dining together at Sandon, we were accompanied by T. and E. Marriage and several other Friends to Hoe Mill, where we found Robert and James Marriage had kindly made full preparation for a meeting. The people collected in large numbers, and a precious solemn opportunity it proved, relieving to my dear mother's mind in no inconsiderable degree, and I trust promotive of the great cause for which she is willing to spend and to be spent. Dear Mary Marriage remained to lodge with us at her sons'; and before leaving this hospitable abode, on Second-day morning, we were favoured with the overshadowing of heavenly goodness, under which my dear parent ministered, and in the line of prophecy spoke of a day when a more obvious ingathering to the principle of light and grace would be beheld within these borders.

A memorable opportunity at —'s. The visitation of divine love was renewedly extended, and his spirit was afresh broken down by the contriting power of Truth. Hope of increasing stability was raised, but this had an attendant fear, which caused the rejoicing for present mercy to be with trembling. To the Lord all must be left; he can bless the bread which he directs to be handed, and it is not the place of a servant to be over-anxious respecting consequences. To do the work assigned, without shrinking from any portion, however repugnant to nature, is the way to secure peace; and whether the springing up of the good seed is beheld by such as may have fully endeavoured to sow it or not, matters little to the really devoted mind. But this simplicity of view and action is not readily attained to; and the bemoaning inquiry, 'What doth it profit?' is too often cherished.

*First-day, the 8th, Chelmsford.*—An exercising meeting in the forenoon under the pressure of further service which now opened as the right method of concluding this labour of love.

At six in the evening a meeting which had been long in prospect was held at Baddow, a village two miles distant. A spacious room had been procured, but, in addition to its being filled, all the surrounding parts were crowded, and it was thought above one thousand persons were within audience. My dear mother was wonderfully strengthened to proclaim the gospel message and invite to a participation of its privileges. Prayer had been humbly offered at the commencement, and near the close Mary Naftel bent her knee in thanksgiving for renewed mercy. It was a meeting ever to be remembered with gratitude to our unfailing Helper.

*Second-day, 9th.*—A meeting for the heads of families furnished an opportunity for some honest and searching labour. Great tenderness and solemnity prevailed, and I believe the word of exhortation, though mingled with reproof, was fully received. All was committed to the Spring and Source of unfailing goodness, and the meeting ended under a sense of this having been afresh opened for the help of the poor and refreshment of the weary.

*Third-day.*—A meeting was held with the young people, which proved deeply interesting, and was a solemn relieving time.

*Fourth-day.*—The usual week-day meeting was held, and seemed like a season of repose after arduous labour; the little expression called for being in the line of consolation and encouragement, attended by a precious confirmation of the truth that they who water are watered themselves. Several Friends testified to the sweet feeling which prevailed, and we took leave of one another in much love.

*Fifth-day, the 12th.*—Concluded this engagement by two visits (which completed sixty-seven sittings) in the family of our dear friend Mary Marriage, who had been our kind and affectionate hostess during the time we were at Chelmsford, and, with her daughters, evinced real Christian attention and sympathy, doing all in their power to lighten the pressure and mitigate those sufferings which are inseparable from such a line of gospel labour. We first sat with their servants, three steady young women who had tenderly ministered to

our wants; and afterwards with the valued principal, two daughters, two sons, and her aged father. It was a memorable season. The precious old man,\* gave us his blessing, and dear M. M. sweetly addressed us in the language of encouragement and sisterly affection. We retired to bed under a thankful sense of divine favour, feeling a degree of peaceful satisfaction in being released from this field of labour, whilst we felt to be "unprofitable servants," and having need to pray that the iniquity attached to our "holy things" might be forgiven.

Rose early on Sixth-day, the 13th, and after breakfast were joined by several Friends, who, coming to take leave of us, were sharers in the favour of a precious opportunity which succeeded the usual reading of the Scriptures, and we parted under the feeling of solemnity and sweetly uniting love. Robert Marriage accompanied us the whole way to Croydon, where we arrived in safety.

In 1819 Mary Dudley left Croydon, and removed to Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road. This was a happy event to Elizabeth and the other members of the family, as they had been always bound in spirit to Southwark Monthly Meeting.

In the Twelfth Month, M. D. and her daughter received the sanction and sympathy of their friends, in a prospect of further missionary labour in London Quarterly Meeting. One of their engagements was a visit to the families of Peel and Westminster.

We present two extracts from notes which E. D. made of a part of this service.

1820. 1 mo. 2, *First-day evening*.—Had a public meeting at Devonshire House. Notice was circulated in a district which has not been usually included in such invitations, and the persons attending were of a very interesting description,

\* James Birch mentioned above, page 85.

many serious inquirers, and, I believe, spiritually-minded people being in the company. My dear mother was wonderfully helped, and returned home better in body as well as relieved in mind, thus proving that in the performance of manifested duty strength is made perfect in weakness, and a degree of healing virtue experienced.

*Sixth-day, [4 mo. 14], Hampstead.*—A public meeting, held in an assembly-room, at an inn, proved a solemn and satisfactory season. Though some of the Friends at Hampstead had viewed this step as peculiarly formidable, and even yielded to discouraging feelings, I believe thankfulness was the prevailing sensation when it was over, and some were ready to chide themselves for want of faith. It was thought 400 were within hearing. An extraordinary stillness prevailed, not only whilst gospel truths were declared, but during the silent part of the meeting. My dear mother was greatly helped, and having been long under the pressure of inviting the people of Hampstead to join us in waiting upon the Lord, her mind felt proportionable relief, and though sensible of great exhaustion, precious peace was the clothing of her spirit.

After passing a tolerable night under the kind care of our dear friends, Messer, she rose to breakfast, and when one of the young women had read the thirty-fourth psalm, (which, though opened on without design, seemed peculiarly appropriate), a solemn silence ensued, and much gospel liberty was experienced in addressing the family; which, not having been the case at the time set apart for sitting with them, we esteemed a favour, and I believe strength and refreshment were mutually experienced, whilst renewedly instructed that it is not for us to know the times and seasons, but to wait for them and faithfully abide with the sense of concealing, as well as follow the revealings of divine power.

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Charlotte Dudley had been, as we have seen, enabled to yield up her own will to that of her Divine Master, and to dedicate her life to his service. But for her more complete change of heart, and her preparation for

public usefulness, there was needed a season of refining from which she would gladly have been excused. Under date 9 mo. 13, 1818, she says: "After a wakeful night I arose in much distress of mind; indeed the mental conflicts of the last week or two have deprived me of sleep almost continually."

In this time of trial, however, she was often favoured with moments of heavenly consolation; and it must be kept in mind, in reading the record she made of her feelings, that upon an instrument so sensitive and so finely-strung as was her nature, every vibration, whether of joy or suffering, thrilled with an intensity to which most are happily strangers. Her bodily condition also, which was frequently one of suffering or of languor, contributed powerfully to the depressed state of her mind. Elizabeth Dudley, describing those spiritual conflicts, which, some years later, were permitted to plunge her sister into a still lower depth of distress and gloom, says: "An attack of serious indisposition terminated in, or rather merged into, a very trying state of mental depression, wherein the apprehension of having forfeited divine favour, and with it all ground for future hope, was given way to. In great mercy, however, the gloom was dispelled; and as the bodily indisposition which produced it yielded to the salutary effects of sea air, the use of the shower-bath, and complete change of scene, her mind regained its natural vigour; and occupation with the gift graciously bestowed upon her proved the means of peace and comfort to herself, and, I believe, of help to many others."

That her unwillingness, however, in earlier life, patiently to bear the yoke of Christ, had not a little share in producing the fears and discouragements from

which Charlotte Dudley suffered is surely, & more than probable, the same which afflicted her friend in this case. Such painful experience is worth retaining, if it is registered in the true character, viz. as a warning set up to warn others of unseen dangers, and to direct them into the way of peace and fruitfulness. In how many instances might not the Christian's path to be one, not indeed of ease, but less obstructed by doubts and hesitations; not of more assiduous than spiritual warfare, but with less of that unprofitable conflict which may be described in the words of the apostle, as "beating the air." May such as partake of Charlotte Dudley's trials, whether from the same or other causes, never let go the hope that they shall be made partakers also of the heavenly consolation which she came at last to enjoy. Grace, in the end, won for her the victory over all her enemies. Her doubts and darkness were exchanged for light; out of weakness she was made strong; and the mental chord so delicately strung was brought to vibrate in perfect harmony with the Divine Will.

Her diary, from which we made a few extracts some time back, contains a fuller representation of the dark side of her experience than it is needful to give here.

1818, 12 mo. 3.—After a day of conflict of mind, similar to the painful days and "wearisome nights" which have been "appointed" unto me, a feeling of that precious peace which my soul desires above all temporal good has been for one hour graciously vouchsafed. O, this is invaluable; and although I feel so unworthy of the favour, I have dared to hope that it may be the clothing of my spirit through the silent watches of this night.

8th.—Attended Southwark Meeting; but, O, the blackness and darkness and tempests which involved my mind. Gracious Father, look upon my affliction and distress, and in

thy own time, and in the manner most consistent with thy own blessed will, relieve me from the burden of condemnation which sometimes feels heavier than the oppressed spirit can support.

*Croydon, 13th.*—The last day of my *thirty-first* year! Solemn and affecting are the reflections which have occupied my mind during the hours of this day; and inexpressibly painful are the feelings which have filled my heart on the review of my whole past life, but especially in the retrospect of the last eleven years. O, had faithful obedience to manifested duty been then practised, what suffering had I avoided! . . . Father of spirits, humble me lower still, if it be thy blessed will; chasten me in any manner thou mayst see needful; only *fix* my heart on thyself, and let all my springs of comfort be in thee.

12 *mo.* 31.—Spent the whole of this day without yielding to the influence of sin, although used hardly by one to whom I had been most affectionately attentive while enduring this harshness. O, Lord Jehovah, it was thy power alone gave me this victory.

1820, 3 *mo.* 14.—I secretly left the parlour to hasten to the dying chamber of dear Sarah Taylor. After reading to her a portion of Scripture, I conversed with her on things of eternity; and under a feeling of gratitude for the mercy manifested to her, and of a very close union of spirit, which I could not believe was about to be dissolved, I parted with this precious child, commending her in silent prayer “unto God and the word of his grace, which was able to build her up, and to give her an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.”

15*th.*—This morning dear S. T. was taken from time to eternity, and I assuredly believe received into the joy of her Lord.

Charlotte Dudley had not long entered upon the new stage in her spiritual journey, when she found that her love for the society of children and the solicitude she

always felt for their improvement, were to be made use of. She saw it to be her duty to offer herself as a supernumerary resident in Ackworth school.

3 mo. 16.—Edward Harris has just called on me, and in a feeling of kind sympathy has informed me that the [London] Committee have opened the way for my following a path which appears to be marked out for at least some part of my future life.

4 mo. 25, *Tottenham*.—I came here on Fourth-day, the 12th instant, to the house of my very kind friends, Elizabeth Lowe and her daughters, for the benefit of change of air, as I have had a cough lately, attended with an increase of the pain in my left side. Yesterday was the time for the Ackworth Committee to meet. Should they agree to receive one so little qualified for service in the Institution, and so lately occupied by the vanities of time, it will be wonderful indeed! . . . Lord, redeem me more and more from evil thoughts, and let not sin have dominion over me.

5 mo. 8.—Relieved from bodily suffering, and comforted in spirit by the decision of the two Committees, what shall I render unto thee, my God, for all the benefits with which thou blessest thy poor sinful worm?

6 mo. 8.—This has been truly a solemn day, and the afternoon marked in no common manner by a parting scene at Plough Court, between my revered parent, my sisters, Martha Savory, and myself, and our very precious friend Stephen Grellet. In a religious sitting he addressed us very sweetly, in the language of encouragement, to “take up the cross and to despise the shame.”

#### ELIZABETH DUDLEY TO ROBERT WHITAKER.

2, Nelson Square, London, 13, 7 mo., 1820.

. . . My dear mother is far advanced in age, and very delicate in health. . . . As she never has attended a general meeting at Ackworth, she seems particularly inclined to



embrace the present opportunity of obtaining more accurate knowledge of an institution become so deeply interesting as the future residence of a beloved child, with whom the parting pang may perhaps be mitigated by seeing the place and persons where we shall have to contemplate her. The step is taken by her in faith, for the extreme delicacy of her constitution presents an impediment to all who know her; but, whilst alive to very keen feelings on the subject, I wish to profit by the lesson of obedience and simple trust which the dedication of this precious sister holds out. . .

DIARY.—8 *mo.* 4, *Ackworth*.—Preparations for a removal from my very precious maternal home, from the delightful shelter of domestic love, from the multiplied enjoyments of a London residence, and from the valued privileges of refined and Christian intercourse, produced feelings too powerfully oppressive to admit of my noting those varied frames of mind under which I alternately suffered or rejoiced from season to season.

I was favoured to arrive here in peace and safety on Second-day afternoon, in company with my revered parent, sisters, &c., and received the salutation of Christian love from Robert Whitaker and his amiable wife, and entered their parlour under feelings prophetic of sorrow of heart from new trials of faith and patience. But the prevailing desire of my soul is to “stand still and see the salvation of God,” in any way, and through whatever means, he may appoint, and to become qualified to pursue the common business of the day which may be assigned to me in this large establishment, with diligence and spirituality, doing everything in season, and “as unto the Lord.”



prepared us for retiring to bed under an increased feeling of thankfulness and peace.

8 *mo.* 5.—Went to Undercliffe, accompanied by dear Hannah Broadhead, and met a most affectionate welcome from our dear friends, John and Mary Hustler, under whose roof the recollection of their worthy mother and sister was lively and precious.

On Fifth and Sixth days we went to Wooldale and Highflatts, at each of which we were comforted in believing that amongst the simple and comparatively unknown in these secluded places, the seed of the kingdom has taken root. At Highflatts a valuable minister, now advanced in years, Joseph Wood, resides, who, though much a stranger to Friends at a distance, is a diligent and successful labourer in his own neighbourhood.

[21st,] *Bradford*.—The public meeting was crowded, and we understood that hundreds went away for want of room. The feeling of solemnity was early spread over us, and seemed to increase throughout the meeting; and whilst something of a sceptical nature was to be felt, the sense of good prevailed, and to many, I believe, the gospel message was an acceptable sound.

A little place which we had passed a week before on the way to Gildersome, named Wicket Hill, having attracted my dear mother's feelings, a place was sought for; and on Second-day Evening, the 28th, a very satisfactory meeting was held in a Methodist chapel on the side of a hill, to which we could see the country people coming in different directions as we rode from Undercliffe, a distance of four miles.

Next morning we went to Halifax, where an appointed meeting with Friends proved relieving, and an interview with some individuals under heavy affliction afterwards tended to confirm the belief of our having gone there in right ordering.

On Fourth-day we attended the usual meeting at Bradford, where the pressure respecting another invitation to the inhabitants was such as to induce an avowal of it to our friends, who cordially entered into the subject; and a large Methodist chapel calculated to hold 3,000 persons being freely

offered, it was accepted. On Sixth-day evening, the 1st of Ninth Month, a meeting was held, which for solemnity and the sensible assistance graciously afforded, deserves to be remembered by us with humble thankfulness. The service was entered upon in fear and trembling, the house appearing to be quite full, and the persons assembled of various descriptions; but the blessed assurance: "My grace is sufficient for thee" was strikingly verified, and divine strength made perfect in the weakness of his poor unworthy handmaids.

Thus was my birthday spent in a manner likely to impress the recollection of having completed my forty-first year.

9 mo. 8, *Doncaster*.—We were most kindly welcomed by William and Martha Smith, and enjoyed the quiet of their hospitable dwelling. My dear mother and I were sensible of renewed feeling towards the families of that place, and were united in the belief that dear Martha Smith ought to accompany us. This work occupied us closely until Fifth-day afternoon [14th], and we had reason to believe it was rightly engaged in both by M. S. and ourselves, she being a few times lifted above her depressing doubts, and enabled to speak in her Master's name. We had twenty-one sittings, and found them mostly of an exercising and even trying kind, the spring of life being very low, and in many instances sadly oppressed and encumbered.

#### TO MARY HUSTLER.

Doncaster, 11, 9 mo., 1820.

. . . . We staid a day longer at Ackworth than was intended, but did not find that parting with the dear family there was rendered easier by delay, whilst it was pleasant to believe that the more we were together, the better we loved one another. The last few days were much devoted to intercourse with the children, and free conversation with the three principals upon some important points which I hope will obtain increasing care and watchful attention.

As to the eclipse, I question if it were better seen or more thoroughly enjoyed in any part of the empire than at Ack-

worth. The teachers took great pains in promoting the gratification of the children ; we had various excellent auxiliaries, and not only beheld the sun in different stages of its obscuration, but had a fine view of the planet Venus. The steps of the committee-room was our place of rendezvous. . .

We were enabled to take leave, first of dear Robert and Hannah Whitaker in their parlour after breakfast ; the boys at their dinner-time ; the family in the housekeeper's room after dinner ; then, the servants in the kitchen ; and lastly, the dear girls collected for the purpose ; in a manner relieving to our own minds, and which I believe will be remembered by us all. After my dear mother had rested a short time in the easy chair, an early tea was provided, and soon after five o'clock we drove off in a post-chaise, leaving that abode of harmony and peace under feelings, which thou, my dear friend, art well able to comprehend, though I might vainly attempt to describe. . . .

**JOURNAL.**—First-day [24th] was spent in laborious engagement at Sheffield, a very large public meeting being held in the evening. Our return to Sheffield was connected with a prospect from which both my dear parent and I had endeavoured to turn, but which now seemed completely in the line of duty. This was the attendance of the Quarterly Meeting at York which was now drawing on. On my part it was far from a willing surrender, and when the matter sprang up in both our minds, I not only set myself against it, but rather discouraged my dear mother, so that I have often since thought, under feelings of humble gratitude for the help mercifully vouchsafed in seasons of peculiar trial, that I little deserved the condescending goodness bestowed upon one so faithless and unworthy.

We went from Sheffield by way of Ackworth, and after passing a night with the dear family there, took my sister Charlotte on with us to York, where we were most affectionately cared for under the hospitable roof of William and Martha Richardson.

10 mo. 3.—We drank tea with our ancient and honourable

friend, William Tuke, at whose house we met with Huldah Seers, a Friend lately come from America to visit these nations, and one who appears a simple-hearted and humble woman.

The Quarterly Meeting was considered large and favoured, though to those upon whom the weight of exercise devolved it was a heavy and laborious time, yet there were seasons when the power of Truth rose into dominion.

The meetings for business lasted with the men until Fifth-day afternoon, and at six that evening there was one for worship, which proved a solemn and relieving time.

We had a very laborious meeting on First-day morning. One was appointed for the inhabitants in the evening, and proved a solemn opportunity. Second and Third days were spent in calling on our friends, and obtaining a little rest (of which my beloved mother stood much in need) at our comfortable quarters, Cherry Hill. One afternoon was passed with our honourable friends, Lindley and Hannah Murray, in whose sweet society that precious feeling was experienced which makes the visit remembered as a brook by the way. The affability which was blended with the religious gravity of these aged Christians made their society both endearing and instructive. L. M. only speaks in a whisper, but he enjoys hearing conversation, and has all the liveliness of one whose mind and studies have been directed to the benefit of youth. Before taking our leave we were favoured with a refreshing season of religious retirement, and parted under the cementing influence of gospel love.

The week-day meeting at York on Fourth-day was a time of close exercise and very searching labour; but we felt at the conclusion, and after the heart and knees had been bowed at the footstool of divine grace, as if ready to depart, which we did the next day, taking leave of my beloved sister Charlotte, who remained for a few days with Martha Richardson. William Richardson and his cousin Isabel accompanied us and my sister Mary.

We went from York to Tadcaster, where a public meeting was appointed for that evening, the 12th of Tenth Month. The attendance was large, and the people behaved with

seriousness. Next morning called to see the person who had lent the room for the meeting. It was occupied as a charity school which she and her sister had established and given their attention to for more than thirty years; and when we acknowledged our sense of her kindness in furnishing such accommodation for the meeting, she expressed her view of the obligation being entirely on the other side, saying that not only herself but all the inhabitants of Tadcaster were indebted to Friends for coming amongst them in such a spirit of Christian love.

A meeting being appointed at Ferrybridge, some of our company proposed that we should go about three miles out of the direct road for the purpose of seeing Sarah and Esther Tuke, who resided on a farm of their father's. We accordingly went to Headley to dinner, and had reason to believe our visiting these young women was in right ordering. We separated under pleasant feelings, with the expectation of reaching Ferrybridge in time to have a cup of tea before meeting.

But we had not gone a mile from the house when the post-boy getting down to open the gate, the horses ran forward, and being on a narrow rising ground approaching another gate through which we were to enter the main road, mischief appeared inevitable, and my dear mother said, We shall be over. She, Isabel Richardson and myself were in the carriage, and through favour each felt calm under the prospect of this accident. On reaching the gate the horses went backward, and we were turned over more gently than I should have thought it at all likely; my dear mother being on the high side fell with the most violence. I called out to W. R. and my sister Mary, who were behind in a gig, and had the shock of seeing our overset, to satisfy them of our being safe. Finding it impossible to disengage the horses, we were lifted through the side-window to the roof of the carriage, and when out we found that my mother was severely injured; several bruises appeared on her forehead, and the pain of one arm and shoulder was extreme. We got her to a cottage, and bathed her head, and having some spirits of

lavender found the cordial very salutary. Her first concern was to have a messenger sent off to prevent the people from assembling ; but this did not feel pleasant to any of us, and dear Isabel Richardson seemed to have faith bestowed upon her for the occasion, so that whilst we were tried and depressed, she stated her belief that the meeting would be held and prove a good one. My hope was that some other Friends whom we expected to join us from Ackworth would sit with the people, and be qualified for the service, not thinking it at all probable we should reach the place until long after the hour appointed. This was indeed the case, but we got to Ferrybridge in safety through the kind assistance of a stage-driver, who lent one of his horses to be put to our post-chaise, instead of the unruly animal which caused the mischief.

We found no Friend in the ministry was [come to the meeting], but though the people had been assembled about an hour and a half, no unsettlement appeared ; and on dear Robert Whitaker returning to us, after informing them of our arrival, and that we were only taking a cup of tea before going to the meeting, he cheered us by saying that even if we should be unable to join the congregation, he believed many would not have met that evening in vain. On entering the house, so precious was the feeling of solemnity, and so sensible the preparation for sacrifice, that it seemed only necessary to reach the seat allotted us ere prayer and thanksgiving were poured forth, in which an humble acknowledgment of preserving goodness was made. My dear mother almost immediately followed me, and was enabled to stand for half an hour, zealously advocating the cause which was dearer to her than bodily ease, or even her natural life. When the meeting ended, (after strength had been afforded to each of our little band to preach gospel truths), my dear mother was more sensible of the injury sustained, and on getting to bed at the inn, she became very feverish, and passed a suffering night. Yet the desire to reach Doncaster was so great, that, after resting a few hours in the morning, we went to Carlton, near Pontefract, and dined at Benjamin Jowitt's. While we were at dinner, a party of our dear friends from Ackworth



made their appearance, and they were urgent for us to make that habitation the place of necessary rest. But we still thought the plan previously arranged had better be kept to, and pursued our way in a post-chaise, Robert Whitaker accompanying us on horseback. We met the most cordial reception from our beloved friends, W. and M. Smith and their affectionate daughter; and when my dear mother got laid upon the sofa in their comfortable parlour, I believe we all felt thankful at having reached such an asylum.

For a week or ten days her sufferings were very considerable, yet borne with so much patience and sweet resignation, that I frequently thought, in accordance with the language which presented to my mind just after we were taken out of the overturned carriage, that this accident would "tend to the furtherance of the gospel." Every kind attention which the tenderest assiduity could produce was bestowed by our beloved friends, William and Martha and Mary Smith, as well as the other Friends of Doncaster; and we had numerous visitors from various parts. Our dear Charlotte came from York almost immediately on hearing of the circumstance, and it was quite a comfort to have her as an addition to our little party; dear Isabel continuing a faithful attendant, and doing as much for my mother as either of her daughters could.

My mother attended several meetings at Doncaster previously to our setting forward, which we did on Seventh-day, the 28th of Tenth Month, for Thorne. We were cordially welcomed by our dear ancient friend, Mordecai Casson and his daughters; attended the usual meeting with Friends on First-day morning; and had a large public meeting in the evening, a solid and satisfactory time, in which my dear mother was wonderfully strengthened to declare the truths of the gospel.

On Second and Third days we called on the Friends residing at Thorne, feeling bound to see them in their families. With multiplied advantages, and while apparently preserved from much positive evil, there is a spirit of lukewarmness and indifferency prevalent in many of our fellow-professors, to whom it is not easy to proclaim that gospel which strikes at

all selfish ease and false security, and requires the heart to be yielded to that influence which works its purification.

On Fourth-day, the 1st of Eleventh Month, we returned to Doncaster, and next morning set forward, accompanied by William and Martha Smith, and Richard Cockin. We reached Blyth before meeting, which proved a refreshing opportunity, several of those who accepted the invitation to join the small number of Friends being of a serious description; and the gospel which flowed in a consolatory strain seemed to be gratefully received by thirsty souls. When we got to the Friend's house where dinner and lodging were kindly prepared, my mother disclosed an exercise respecting a town we had passed through in the morning, Bawtry, where it appeared right to inquire whether a meeting could be obtained. It was settled for R. C. and William Dent to go back there, and if they succeeded in finding a place, to send a post-chaise for us in the morning. This arrangement proved relieving, and we spent the evening agreeably and profitably, several Friends calling in, and one or two religious persons of the neighbourhood.

While at breakfast on Sixth-day morning, one of our friends came to inform us that a dissenting chapel was freely offered, and invitation given to the inhabitants. The meeting was pretty largely attended. Some serious persons were present, to whom the hopes and promises of the gospel seemed brought before them as words in season. One of these was the son of the innkeeper at whose house we quartered. He demeaned himself more like an attentive friend or relative, than one never before seen by us, expressing great satisfaction at the meeting, &c.

We had proposed going forward in the afternoon, looking towards Oakham as our next stopping-place, but when dinner was over and the time come for preparation, we seemed withheld from making any, though none of the company professed to see what occasioned this, or where it might be best for us to bend our course. Expecting, however, that some would then separate, we dropped into silence previously to taking leave, and in this the language uttered

to some formerly: "Ye shall not go forth with haste nor by flight," was so forcibly brought to remembrance, as to raise the belief that it was best to remain together and at the inn that night, a conclusion which all readily united with. In the course of the evening it was determined for our little company to aim at Gainsborough meeting for First-day, and my dear mother felt inclined for the people at the inn to be informed that it was our practice to read the Scriptures and spend a little time in retirement after breakfast, and that the company of any who were inclined to join us would be acceptable. The young man before mentioned said his parents and others of the family would gladly sit down with us, and begged leave to ask a neighbour or two to come also.

At the appointed time the principals of the house, several men and women servants and others entered our apartment, and during the reading more came softly in, so that at the conclusion of a very solemn opportunity there were twelve or thirteen besides our own company. It was a time of much openness. While supplication was offered, all our visitors kneeled down; and on shaking hands afterwards with one gentleman who seemed affected and expressed a wish to be remembered by us, we found he was the parson of the place. Feeling now quite at liberty to leave Bawtry, we parted with the family and others who staid to see us set off, in much love, believing that though this was the first meeting remembered to be held there, at least for a great many years, it would not be the last time that Friends would feel so attracted.

11 mo. 5, *First-day, Gainsborough*.—The meeting was small, but very exercising to our minds. The sense of lukewarmness, combined with a strict outside appearance, and formal settlement in what was derived by tradition and too much rested in, without the knowledge of that renovating power which can alone quicken, feeling burdensome to our minds. A degree of honest labour tended to some relief, and encouragement to mental diligence was held forth. In the afternoon several strangers joined us, and to these there seemed considerable openness. My mother was not well enough to attend a second time, but dear Isabel proved a fruitful helper.

Next morning was the time fixed for separating from our beloved companion I. Richardson. It felt mutually trying to part, but the apprehension of having waited for the right season was supporting, and we were favoured with a solemn and refreshing opportunity, and took leave in the fulness of Christian love and fellowship.

We reached Newark on Second-day evening, where no one under our name resided, and Friends seemed but little known. A serious man of the Methodist connection offered their chapel, and we were favoured with a good and relieving meeting. There were as many as ten or twelve Friends who supped together at the inn, and all except two returned home that night. A season of retirement before separating tended to unite us to some never before seen. How often we are in this way confirmed in the excellency and power of that influence which, "as the wind, bloweth where it listeth," and which, if more frequently waited for and devotedly attended to, would I believe more sensibly direct our movements, and produce those cementing feelings which as a brook by the way would gladden and refresh the spirit.

11 *mo.* 8.—Got to Oakham, thirty-six miles. The number of Friends in this place is very small, and the week-day meeting was a laborious time.

We had a trial respecting our valued companion Martha Smith, she becoming so low as to think she had better return home, while her husband inclined to go on to Wellingborough, and we rather thought it might conduce to Martha's benefit to remain a little longer absent from the scene of depression which usually surrounds her. To this she finally consented, and we arrived at Wellingborough on Sixth-day evening, and were cordially welcomed by dear Hannah and Maria Middleton, under whose peaceful roof it felt grateful to anticipate some rest. I think dear M. S. was a little cheered by the sweet society of these young friends. Benjamin and Tabitha Middleton were very beloved friends of both my parents, and it was particularly pleasant to renew the association with their only offspring, now that they are happily centred in eternal blessedness, the sense whereof seemed preciously confirmed while

mingling in concern with these who are, through mercy, bound to the same cause they loved. The two meetings on First-day were exercising, and life was indeed low. M. S. said a few words, as did H. M. both to our comfort.

17th.—W. and M. S. accompanied us, and we got to the hospitable abode of our long-loved friend, Elizabeth Wheeler [at Hitchin], fatigued with riding thirty-five miles in a very cold and wet day. She and her daughters gave us a hearty welcome, and we soon recovered our weariness in their cheering society. The two meetings on First-day were low and rather trying seasons, which, from the apparent consistency of those assembled, one would not have expected. Dear Martha Smith uttered a few words quite in unison with the exercise we were under. She seemed more easy and comfortable than had been the case while we were on our journey, but she was unwilling to prolong her stay at Hitchin; and it appeared to be her husband's opinion that they had both best return home from thence.

While sitting at the breakfast-table on Third-day, a letter from Chelmsford announced the decease of our valuable friend, Mary Naftel. This circumstance increased a covering of solemnity, which, I believe, we were all in degree sensible of, under the prospect of separating one from another. My dear mother was engaged to minister to different individuals present; the season closed in supplication, and we parted from our dear friends under a feeling of much love and nearness.

*Fourth-day, 22nd.*—Daniel Brown accompanied my mother, Mary, and myself [from St. Albans] in a post-chaise; and we reached our own door, thankful to have completed the journey in safety, having travelled above 900 miles during the four months we were absent, and undergone many sore conflicts both of body and mind. Yet a tribute of gratitude was raised under the thankful sense that we had lacked nothing, faith and patience being mercifully renewed in seasons when both were nearly exhausted; and now in retiring from the field of arduous labour, a feeling of peaceful poverty was granted, which proved enough.

1821.—My dear mother's general health was very feeble, so that rest and nursing seemed highly necessary, and we felt it a favour to have this afforded in our own habitation, where, however, the loss of my dear sister Charlotte's company was more painfully obvious than during our journey. We were comforted with receiving good accounts of her ; and in a few weeks after our return obtained intelligence that she had spoken in meetings to the satisfaction of her friends. This was no surprise, for we had long believed her under preparation for the service, though cautious of disclosing our views, which were never hinted to her in conversation. Nor do I consider that good is often produced, while I quite believe harm is at times done, by instrumental interference under such circumstances. It is impossible to prescribe the term of probation for another, because the time of preparation and conflict is not alike to all, and it is of very great importance that these should not be mistaken for the commission which such previous exercise often resembles. Sympathy and tenderness are indeed due from those who have trodden this path, to their younger fellow-travellers, and the seasonable expression of such feelings often proves strengthening to the inexperienced, who may be ready to faint in the day of sore trial.

## CHAPTER VII.

DIARY AND LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE DUDLEY—JOURNAL, ETC.,  
OF ELIZABETH DUDLEY—REMOVAL TO PECKHAM—DEATH OF  
MARY DUDLEY.

IN reference to the visit of Mary and Elizabeth Dudley to Ackworth, and to Charlotte's residence at the school, we have the following recollections of one who was a scholar there at the time :—

“I have a very lively recollection of Charlotte Dudley's coming, accompanied by her venerable mother, and her two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary. M. and E. D., being unitedly engaged to pay a religious visit in Yorkshire, and making Ackworth their head-quarters, were often in and out amongst us. The remembrance of their religious services lives in my heart to this day. Their earnest affectionate pleadings on various occasions were powerful to win the youthful heart, and they did produce a great impression at the time,—the more so from their mixing so pleasantly and familiarly amongst us, presenting religion under so winning an aspect. So that I always find this period, together with the months C. D. spent with us, standing out very prominently in my Ackworth memories.

“In Charlotte Dudley's coming to reside here, there did not appear to be any definite object before her ; but it has often felt to me, in reflecting upon it in mature years, that it had been permitted, in order that we might be won, through her lovely Christian walk, to become followers of Him whom it seemed the one bent of her mind to serve, and her one aim to allure others to seek. And who knows what may have

sprung from the seed she scattered? Her cultivated mind helped also to give a higher intellectual tone to the teachers; the presence of one so refined, lovingly associating herself with them, could not but be of great benefit."

From the diary which C. D. kept during her sojourn in Yorkshire, and from her letters, we extract the following passages:—

9 mo. 27.—I feel myself indeed alone; and not yet knowing what I am to do here, or wherefore I am sent hither. May a disposition too much opposed to restraint be disciplined, in contemplating the advantages of punctuality, and of dispatch in the performance of every duty; and above all, may my residence here teach me the grand essential duty of self-denial.

10 mo. 30.—The society of dear M. H. was very consoling to me, during the three days of the examination of the children. The company of George and Ann Jones was also soothing and encouraging; but I feel it to be my privilege, under distress of mind like that which I now suffer, to be allowed to confide in One alone. Lord, in thine own good time, produce in my soul a willingness to be anything, or nothing, as Thou mayst please.

TO A FRIEND, *accompanied by a present of a blank Diary.*

Those who have been, through divine mercy, brought from the pursuit of temporal pleasures to the consideration of those which are eternal, have often derived help from the practice of comparing the lines of their own experience in similar circumstances, but under different frames of mind. I know not why I should feel desirous to recommend this practice to thee, my esteemed friend, with whom my acquaintance has been so recent; but deeply interested as I am in the best welfare of every member of this large community, I cannot but rejoice in believing that many teachers here are religiously concerned to "wait themselves on teaching;" even on the



blessed teaching of his Holy Spirit who on earth spoke "as never man spake," and who now "speaketh from heaven" in the hearts of those who seek above all other wisdom the knowledge of Him, the "only wise God our Saviour."

Should the use of a diary prove a source of present strength to thy mind, or of future comfort, my simple object in requesting thy acceptance of the accompanying little book will be accomplished. Thy sincere friend,

CHARLOTTE DUDLEY.

Ackworth School, 3, 11 mo., 1820.

The friend to whom this letter was written was led by it to commence a private religious diary, which, since his death, has been a treasure to his surviving relatives.

C. D. presented the female teachers with an Album for Select Pieces and Extracts, which is still in existence at the School. It contains the following lines, transcribed by herself, and believed to be her own production :—

LINES SUGGESTED BY SEEING A LITTLE GIRL READING HER BIBLE  
ON THE STEP OF A DOOR IN THE STREET. 1814.

Can'st thou, sweet child of hope, so soon forego  
The playful sports thy young companions love,  
And, whilst maturer minds are fixed below,  
Raise thy first wishes to the realms above ?

Whilst on the cares or joys of life intent,  
Each eager step unheeded passes by,  
On thee, in tender love and hope, is bent  
Thy Father's ear—thy God's approving eye.

Oh ! lovely pattern of that infant race,  
To whom the Saviour's blessing once was given,  
When He declared, through his redeeming grace,  
Of such as thee should be the saints in Heaven.

DIARY.—11 *mo.* 11.—Less conversation on the subjects which do not edify has, I hope, tended to “keep peace at home.” Lord, deepen me in the knowledge of thyself, for this only is life eternal.

12*th*.—A low day to my poor tried mind ; an unexpected humiliation tended to hide pride from my heart. Lord, be graciously pleased to bless even this trivial circumstance to my soul’s good.

13*th*.—Arose after having had my breakfast in bed, distressed in mind and under a sense of oppression, from the dreadful fear of engaging in the awful work of which for more than two years I have had a prospect of being called to, but for which my unfitness appears greater every day I live. Lord, in thine own good time, and not in mine, send me help from thy sanctuary, or relieve my poor mind from this grievous weight, and my life shall praise thee.

16*th*.—This day a willingness has been attained, that whatever is required in sacrifice at my hands shall in simplicity be offered.

17*th*.—This day at a meeting, in which the mortal remains of this child\* were placed before us, under what I conceived to be a divine command, did I publicly offer at the footstool of the throne of grace, the sacrifices of a broken heart and of a contrite spirit ; though inexpressible conflict of mind succeeded, lest I might have mistaken the preparation of prayer in my heart for the commission to offer it. But the power, the words, the “heavenly vision,” as my soul conceived it, all again returned, which this time two years at Croydon so plainly arose as the way in which I should be required to dedicate myself to Him who has called me to deny myself thus in the presence of the people.

22*nd*.—I went to the Monthly Meeting at Wakefield. The language, “This is not thy rest,” was forcibly impressed upon my mind, while I sat in both meetings. And O, if I may obtain, even in Time, that rest which for thirteen years I have sought in vain for in the world, how much shall

\* Samuel Dix, who died at the School.

I have to rejoice in these "light afflictions," and which are but for a moment compared with the eternity in which the "weight of glory" will be mercifully revealed to those for whom it is prepared.

24th.—Wrote to one of the Committee to-day respecting some view of home, which has within this day or two opened to my mind.

The childlike simplicity which covers my heart is sweet, and I feel that it is the only safe state for me. Lord, graciously preserve me herein.

25th.—A conversation with dear Robert Whitaker this morning has relieved my mind from the sense of uneasiness which the absence of light upon my present path cannot fail of producing.

26th.—O, the dread I feel of ever moving again in the awful line of ministry, no words can describe. Lord, decide the painful doubts of my distracted heart, and be pleased to grant some outward evidence of Thy will herein, either by the expression of verbal or written approbation from some friend; that so faith may be confirmed, or error corrected; and my soul shall bless thy ever worthy Name.

29th.—This morning I was so unwell after a restless night, that I remained in bed till nearly ten o'clock; but thinking the air might revive me, I went out to walk, and calling on an invalid, Joseph Donbavand's son William, and his mother pressing me to go up to see him, I complied with her request; and while sitting by his bedside, felt constrained to supplicate that his Heavenly Father would be graciously pleased to strengthen him upon the bed of languishing, and to make all his bed in his sickness. This was effort enough for one so miserably weak and ignorant of the things of the Spirit; and I did not enter into any conversation, but after a time of silence took my leave.

12 mo. 1.—A sweet letter full of encouragement from my revered parent's own loved hand has this morning cheered my heart; and the evidence which under doubt, and even disbelief, I so much desired might conspire, with more certainty of feeling, to compose my poor tossed mind, I have

been favoured to receive, in two letters from two ministering Friends, from one of whom I never received a line before, while yet I expected that she felt for me under my present circumstances. The second was from a very dear friend now engaged in visiting families at Sheffield, which I thought sufficient to occupy her exercised mind, without a thought of one so unworthy as myself. Yet thus has the Father of mercies remembered my low state. All praise be ascribed to his name.

2nd.—A tranquil day to my mind, during which I have lived at home in myself, feeling under my present circumstances more easy to refrain from social intercourse with any; yet have occasionally joined in conversation with the dear kind friends at whose table I form one in the domestic circle. Walked out alone this afternoon, and called on a poor woman. Enjoyed in my lonely ramble the presence of Him whose "favour is better than life," and was very thankful for the precious feeling of which I feel utterly unworthy.

7th.—No line of usefulness has yet opened to me in which I feel liberty to engage, and if I have been enabled to do anything for the benefit of the Institution since coming hither, it can only have been in secretly imploring the divine blessing on the labours of those who labour themselves.—(*Letter to her Mother*).

20th.—Last First-day dear Nathan Hunt came hither with his companion, Edward Wilson, and attended our afternoon meeting. He addressed the dear children very sweetly from the text: "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven;" and spoke to them on the importance of having their minds staid upon God during religious meetings.

On Second-day Isabella Harris, Hannah Harrison, Nathan Hunt and myself, went in a post-chaise to Wakefield, to attend the Monthly Meeting. It was a solemn season. The precious messenger was very early well engaged in speaking to the state of most of the members of our highly professing society. After he had sat down for a little while, trembling and abased, I ventured to express the words of our blessed Redeemer, when

personally on earth : " If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me ;" and to call the attention of the meeting to Him who remains to be the way, and the truth, and the life, and who now through his Holy Spirit speaks from heaven, in the secret of every awakened and believing heart, the same language. Nathan Hunt quickly rose after, and as if commissioned to strengthen my faith, repeated the text I had spoken from, and called our attention to this as the one important business of the Christian's life. O, the peace I felt in this act of dedication, and the assurance that it was in the order and counsel of Him who in his own wisdom so often " chooseth things that are not, to bring to nought things that are."

A public meeting was appointed for the next day at Wakefield, and having remained to have the dear friend's company as long as I could enjoy it, I went with him, his companion Joseph Wood, and James Harrison, to our meeting-house. Nathan Hunt soon rose, being filled with the love of the everlasting Gospel, and therein concerned for the spiritual good of all amongst every description of the people. The spirit of prayer was so raised in my heart that, in humble prostration of soul, my body was almost involuntarily bowed before the Majesty of the " God of the spirits of all flesh," in imploring a blessing on the " word preached."

At dinner I sat by this disciple of Jesus ; and immediately as this repast was over, he addressed the company in a strain of tender encouragement, beginning with the dear young people, the heads of the family ; and then sweetly spoke to those in the evening of their day ; then to the young men, to engage decidedly in the one important concern of their souls' welfare ; and lastly expressing " the tender and close unity of spirit" which he had felt with a poor, weak, trembling child, whom he thus encouraged to go forward, telling her that he had felt and travailed in spirit with her spirit. At two o'clock he left Wakefield, and I seemed again to part with a parent in taking leave of this precious friend, who had thus entered into the fellowship of suffering with me, so that it appeared as if I were permitted " to drink the same spiritual drink

and to eat the same spiritual meat," and to know that the spiritual rock on which I was daring to build in faith, was that which now follows this aged saint, and "which Rock is Christ."

The feeling of peaceful release from this place, to which I had been so long attracted, furnishes a new subject of thankfulness to Him whose goodness and mercy has followed "me all my life long unto this day."

25th.—I have latterly found my safety to consist in submitting to the restraints which I felt respecting much conversation with any one ; and have also found all unnecessary epistolary communication forbidden, though accustomed to derive consolation from this source. That undue anxiety, too, which I have suffered about the things that are temporal, seems to be greatly subdued ; and I feel the slights or ridicule of creatures, weak as myself, rather now as subject of pity for them than of pain to myself. Heavenly Father, thus continue to bend and break my will, and teach me to endure reproach for the testimony of Jesus, as an avowed disciple of a crucified Redeemer !

28th.—My mind has felt peaceful to-day, but depressed under the feeling of almost total solitude ; for amidst this great and interesting community I find no one kindred mind ; but this I am convinced is all well.

The important and awful work in which, under the belief of divine command, I have ventured to engage, is now, I plainly perceive, and it is indeed with astonishment that the view is beheld, to be the business of my future life ; and whether this be long or short, nothing will, I believe, be accepted but the constant and entire dedication of body, soul and spirit.

1821, 1 mo. 15.—My Heavenly Father has led me, very gently, into paths which truly I had not known ; so that in some seasons I seem indeed to be a new creature, and to have different views to what I have ever seen, even views of an eternal weight of glory so inexpressibly precious to my soul, that any suffering here could be thankfully endured to secure even the distant prospect.—(*Letter to her Mother.*)

## TO HER MOTHER.

Ackworth School, 29, 1 mo., 1821.

. . Thy counsel, my most precious friend and parent, has sounded like a watchword in the renewed conflicts I have had to endure for the last week: "Leave all, attend to present duty, and in humility cast every future care on Him who will provide in time and through eternity." I have endeavoured to follow this in faith. But it is difficult to human pride to be thus abased, and I cannot describe the awfulness which attends my spirit, in the prospect of attending Southwark Meeting, in addition to the humiliation of returning from Ackworth blind and ignorant as I came with respect to any advantages which others can have derived from the sacrifice I have made. Could I adopt the language of the Apostle Paul, as my own assurance: "We are fools for Christ's sake," I should, I believe, feel resigned to suffering. But O, the anguish of fear and doubt none can conceive but those whose souls have been dismayed with the dread of being altogether mistaken. . . .

I have, with great pleasure to myself, taken Hannah Smith's place for a week in the "little reading school;" and as the classes are composed of the younger children, consequently the less wise, I am about competent to their instruction: and the little girls seem quite as fond of their new teacher as she is of them. . . .

The accompanying minute was handed me this morning by my dear sympathizing friend, Robert Whitaker, and was the acknowledgment, the Committee told me verbally, of their "united feeling." . . .

## MINUTE OF THE COMMITTEE HELD 1 MO. 29, 1821.

Our dear friend Charlotte Dudley has informed us that she now feels her mind released from further apprehension of duty relative to remaining in this institution. During her stay here, the influence of her example, and her tender solicitude for the welfare and improvement of the children have been very grateful, and her services in the family at large useful and truly acceptable.

On her return home C. D. wrote as follows :—

2 mo. 25.—I left Ackworth, under feelings of a very mingled nature. However feeble, however unworthy the service be, Ackworth remains bound around my heart; and it sometimes seems as if this were yet to be my home.

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Leaving Charlotte Dudley for a while, we return to her mother and sister.

JOURNAL, 1821.—We had not long returned from Yorkshire when my dear mother informed the Monthly Meeting of her feeling attracted to some of the families, and my mind having been long impressed with a belief that it would be right for me in this way to seek an acquaintance with my fellow-members, we had a joint minute for this service and such other engagement as might open within our own Quarterly Meeting. As we went on I felt increasingly bound to it, while my dear mother seemed to think she should be excused without going through the whole. It was very pleasant to find that our dear friend, Tabitha Lowe, was under some pressure of mind on this subject, and when she avowed her feeling, it was cordially met by Friends. We were nearly united in this exercise, and wound up with our family, the 11th of Ninth Month. We had 160 sittings, though in several instances young persons were classed together, a practice which requires caution and does not always prove a saving of time or labour.

In the course of this visit my mind was generally in a very stripped condition, and on sitting down in families I have frequently felt almost shocked at the idea of being there under the profession of religious concern, so totally destitute of every qualification of ministering to others did I mostly feel. Still it proved a time of renewed instruction to me, and also confirming to the belief that this is a line of service peculiarly calculated to benefit individuals; while to the instrument it is humbling indeed, requiring the exercise of living faith, a willingness to use in simplicity that portion



which is afforded as a means of knowing it to increase, and patiently to wait under preparatory conflicts, and what may seem a total absence of divine aid, for that illumination and strength which may even suddenly succeed obscurity, and wherein the counsel of the Spirit can be safely imparted.

About this time Mary Dudley and her daughters removed to Peckham. Soon after they settled there, a meeting for worship was established for the Friends who resided in that vicinity, which was for some time held in an old Baptist chapel. The present meeting-house in Hanover Street was built in 1824.

TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 27, 12 mo., 1821.

. . . . Our meeting was opened yesterday week, and the five meetings already held there have, through favour, been such as seemed to sanction the step. A number of the townspeople have joined us on each of the First-days, attracted no doubt by the novelty. . . . .

TO MARY HUSTLER.

Peckham, 27, 1 mo., 1822.

. . Thy expressions of tender sympathy were not only cordial but peculiarly seasonable and appropriate. . . My dear mother's health is certainly improved since our removal from London, and we feel more than satisfied at having come here when we did, as affording an opportunity for intercourse with a beloved friend, whose loss we now deeply mourn. Few among our numerous acquaintance ranked so much like a child and sister as dear Ann Newman, and the prospect of daily personal intercourse had just opened as a gleam of brightness amidst the gloom which enveloped other hopes, when He who "hath his way in the whirlwind and the storm" saw meet to shroud this also, and thus inflict a fresh

wound upon hearts long inured to suffering, and where grief is become indeed familiar. . . Her close was sweetly peaceful, and the sense of her change being unspeakably glorious proved consolatory in the midst of natural sorrow. . .

TO MARY HUSTLER.

Peckham, 30, 11 mo., 1822.

. . . . Perhaps it is a necessary part of suffering, not always to behold the power which sustains, or experience sensible consolation; for did we clearly discern, whilst enduring the action of that fire which may seem not only to kindle but to scorch and greatly affright, that when delivered from its influence nothing but bonds would prove to have been consumed, the feeling in passing through might be more that of boasting security than humble dependence and supplicating trust. . . .

In the Fourth Month, while actively occupied in holding public meetings, Mary Dudley was seized with sickness; and it soon became apparent that she had entered the last of the many seasons of pain and languishing which were apportioned to her. She had been herself aware, before the attack, that the end of her race was at hand; and as she numbered her remaining days, she felt within her a powerful impulse to employ them with the utmost diligence in her Master's service. During the family visit to Friends of Devonshire House, she remarked the *haste* she felt was such as made her scarcely sensible of bodily fatigue; and on one occasion, she said in a meeting for worship at Westminster: "Bear with me, my friends, I have not long to speak." When laid aside from public service she said: "I sometimes feel as if I could fly even to distant lands to proclaim the gospel of life

and salvation. The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." She continued to decline until the 24th of the Ninth Month, when she expired at the age of seventy-three.

ELIZABETH DUDLEY TO MARY STERRY.

Peckham, 6, 5 mo., 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy affectionate sympathy is grateful to my feelings, and the belief that help may be really experienced through the secret exercise of fellow travellers has been remarkably confirmed in my mind during the present sore affliction; for while often to my own apprehension unable to implore that support and assistance which I never more sensibly felt the need of, it has frequently seemed as if the *prayers* of *others* were availing, and that the sustaining mercy which from day to day upholds, and even renews that bodily strength which is so constantly demanded, might in degree be attributed to *these*. I cannot but desire such continued remembrance from those who are favoured with access to the divine footstool. The expressions in thy note were peculiarly seasonable, and on perusing them I recollected the apostolic injunction: "Comfort one another with these words," which it seemed to me thou wast fulfilling when thus ministering to the tried state of a sister in bonds and affliction. . . .

TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 25, 9 mo., 1823.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

. . . . My attention is no longer claimed by one whom I wish ever to feel thankful for having called *mother*. Last evening, about half-past eight o'clock, the spirit was released from its worn and afflicted tabernacle, in a manner more completely calm and peaceful than any transit I ever witnessed, leaving a countenance impressed with heavenly sweetness. During the last two weeks, the sufferings of my precious parent have been great, chiefly from spasms on the



and thy sister M. R., under the assurance that you have tenderly participated in our sorrow, and are prepared to enter into those keen and complicated feelings which, to be fully understood, must have been in degree experienced. This and near sympathy are gratefully manifested in your joint communication of the 4th instant, which deserved a more prompt acknowledgment. But thou wilt believe that writing is, under present circumstances, an effort; and indeed this is the case with respect to every employment. Yet I strive not to shrink from the performance of my duties, and have great cause to acknowledge the mercy which has upheld while the waves and the billows have passed over, or rather are passing, for truly the floods continue to beat, and storms successively to assail. . . .

Perhaps thou, my dear friend, understands the feeling which to the present time makes the event frequently *unreal*. This is much the case after sleeping, and we do not yet obtain refreshing rest. We often wander about our little desolate dwelling, like those deprived of power or motive for exertion, missing every hour the claims to action, and I think increasingly feeling the extent and poignancy of our loss—a loss which few indeed could sustain; for where is one equally possessed of those qualities which attract and secure the affection and reverence of the heart? . . .

We were mercifully condescended to in the season of extremity, and enabled to go through the last sad duty under the sustaining sense of divine goodness and power. So that even at the moment when I had greatly dreaded that creaturely agitation would prevail and filial sorrow prove too mighty for restraint, all was hushed into stillness, and the solemnity which succeeded depositing the precious remains in the “house appointed for all living” was such as to make the thankful contemplation of the joy then partaken of by the emancipated spirit, take the place of selfish mourning; and to my own astonishment I looked at the coffin for the last time without a tear! Freely have these streams since flowed, so that I believe it is not unsafe to conclude that something better than ourselves influenced on that occasion. . . .

## ISAAC STEPHENSON TO CHARLOTTE DUDLEY.

Lynington, Maine, 28, 11 mo., 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My dear wife having communicated to me the great loss which thyself and thy sisters have sustained by the removal of thy much-loved and highly-valued parent, I cannot, with satisfaction to myself, withhold the expression of very near sympathy. The intelligence affected me with poignant grief, and I still mourn the Church's loss; but in the midst of my sorrow, the language livingly revived: "Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." . . I think I never was permitted to feel nearer fellowship with her than at the present time. I am ready to think this experience is, in unmerited mercy, vouchsafed as one means of keeping me from sinking below hope amidst the numerous baptisms and fears which await me. . .

I meet with many Friends who are in degree near to my best life, and a precious number of standard-bearers are preserved; but there is a great want of depth and settlement amongst Friends, even amongst many whose exterior is remarkably plain; at least, such is my apprehension. Friends are greatly increased in numbers in these eastern parts, many having joined by conviction, more than a few of whom are, I believe, simple-hearted and well-concerned. . .

The defection in principle, which is so prevalent at New York, on Long Island, &c., is cause of mourning and lamentation. According to my small ability, I felt myself frequently called upon to assert the ancient and unchangeable doctrines of Christianity, as professed by our Society in common with other denominations of Christians. And it appears to be my duty to promote the reading of the Holy Scriptures in Friends' families, as well as to recommend a serious [private] perusal of them, and the due observance of the First-day of the week, in my public testimonies. . .

Thy affectionate friend,

ISAAC STEPHENSON.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DIARY AND LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE DUDLEY CONCLUDED—HER LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

CONTINUATION OF CHARLOTTE DUDLEY'S DIARY.—1821,  
4 *mo.* 29.—The interval which has elapsed since last I wrote has been a season of darkness, of doubt, and nearly of dismay. Without have been fightings, and within were fears; and still the language of my anxious heart is, Lord, Is it I? For so depressed and conflicted have I been of late, that I thought I must desert the cause which I have believed myself called to advocate, and deny even the revelation of that power which has assuredly worked for my deliverance from the bondage of the spirit of the world.

6 *mo.* 24.—Doubts and fears have so prevailed in my mind, for the last eight or nine weeks, that I have felt no strength to record the examination of myself, which from day to day has been indeed discouraging, all without speaking trouble, and all within dismay and dread.

7 *mo.* 24.—This day I expect that my application to be received again as an inmate at Ackworth, was made to the Committee through dear John Hustler. May the will of my heavenly Father be done in and through me!

12 *mo.* 2.—O that light would shine upon my darkened soul, and discover to my sight the glory of Him who has been, in better times, to my eyes, "the chiefest among ten thousand," and the "altogether lovely."

First-day, the 16th, was a solemn and profitable day. I went to Croydon in company with my dear friends Jacob and Mary Hagen, in order to attend the funeral of a lovely young woman, Elizabeth Were of Poole, who died in a consumption,

at the age of twenty-five years. A precious solemnity prevailed at the grave; but no words were uttered. My heart was full of desire, while I had not strength to express at the ground the burden thereof; but, after an interval of solemn silence, I poured forth supplication in the meeting-house. The meeting was graciously owned by the great Head of the church, and my very soul was bowed in humble gratitude during the remainder of the day, under the sense of the love of God.

*Ackworth School, 16th of 8 mo., 1822.*—I came hither on the 29th ult. from Doncaster, where I arrived with E. and S. F., and where, as here in this great family, I was received with warm affection.

18th.—Now no way opening for usefulness in the line in which only I felt required to engage, to establish a system of private instruction for the children during the last half year of their stay here, I consider myself completely released from Ackworth. Yet I am not even tempted to call in question the rectitude of coming hither at this time; for I could not so fully have ascertained the nature of the instruction required, if I had not come. So that, notwithstanding all I have suffered, I do not regret the sacrifice I have made.—(*Letter to her Mother.*)

#### TO HER MOTHER.

*Ackworth, 31, 8 mo., 1822.*

. . On this day two weeks, Joseph Thompson, a lovely child of nearly twelve years old, was brought up to the nursery complaining of pain in the head. . . On Fourth-day he closed his short life, whilst those who stood by the bed were made thankful in believing that it had been long enough to answer the great end of his being. Before and after meeting on Fifth-day, all the dear children were introduced into the chamber of death, in companies of about twenty, whilst those whose minds were brought into very lively exercise for their best welfare addressed them severally. When we assembled in the meeting-house, we seemed to vary



but the place of worship, so devotional were the feelings which this event excited; and there thanksgiving and praises were vocally offered.

As I stood by the coffin yesterday and this morning, I thought him too beautiful for the grave. Thither, however, his remains were taken, after an appointed meeting, into which the dear body was carried by six little boys, who all seemed impressed with the scene they witnessed. We walked in couples after the poor father and the faithful nurse, and the season at the grave was again a time of exercise. . . .

*Peckham, 10 mo. 17.*—I was favoured to return home, in peace and safety on the 24th ult. The feeling of peace continues to dwell with me in the retrospect of my late visit to Ackworth school.

1823, 2 mo. 2.—Since the last record in this book another year has opened to my view, and afforded the experience of providential mercies and renewed favours, for all of which my soul at times has been enabled to “magnify the Lord.” But for the last three months the general state of my mind has been so low, that the “spirit of heaviness” has been almost constantly mine; my faith and patience have been tried, and hope almost destroyed. Still do I desire to bow in humble resignation, whilst the waters “compass me about even to the soul,” and to look again toward the holy temple of my God.

11 mo. 21.—On opening this book this afternoon, my mind is plunged into renewed anguish, in the fresh feeling of my irreparable loss, since which I have not ventured to write a word herein; and the last memorandum brings to my recollection the privileges which the ever-valued society of my precious and lamented mother afforded to me even in seasons of the greatest mental conflict. I have lived to see her die, and now under the full weight of sorrow which the constant sense of the bereavement aggravates in my heart, I would not, were it in my power, recall her glorified spirit again to earth, even for one moment, to comfort her mourning daughters.

1824? [*No date*].—The blackness of darkness covers my mind; all hope of future mercy has seemed cut off, during the sleepless hours of the night, wherein all past sins were brought most painfully to my remembrance, and eternal death was full in view, and an offended Judge. O, if this await me, what can now avail? I am now cold, dead, and I would fear never to arise to life again.

In the summer of this year, probably soon after the foregoing lines were written, C. D. with her sisters passed some weeks at Ramsgate. It was during their tarriance at this place that the Sun of Righteousness again broke forth upon Charlotte's distressed spirit, chasing away the clouds of fear and unbelief, at once and forever, and filling her with light, peace, and gladness. "I remember," she said, when recurring during her last illness to this memorable deliverance, "I remember Jane Harris sending me word last summer that it was a baptism, but I could not understand how any spiritual benefit could be derived in such a state. But O, the change, as in a moment, in that little meeting at Drapers, when C. H. seemed sent with the consoling message to my soul: 'I have graven thee on the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me.' Death and darkness were dispelled, and under this delivering mercy, I felt a strong assurance that I should never be so tried again, and when I returned and sat the first time in Southwark Meeting, the language was powerfully applied to my heart: 'Now will I lift up thine head above thine enemies round about thee;' and I was enabled to testify of Him who is the resurrection and the life, to all those who believe in and obey Him."

11 mo. 7.—Attended Southwark meeting this morning, where very early I was favoured to feel the fresh extension of

Almighty love, not only to the humbling of my soul, but to the subjection of my will, to the renewed dedication of body, soul, and spirit unto Him, who had called out of darkness into what I have been enabled to rejoice in, as his marvellous light.

1825, 1 *mo.* 9.—Attended both our little Peckham meetings to-day, under the sweet feeling of being “reconciled to God.” O! the unspeakable mercy of the return with an abundant increase of soul-enriching peace. Can it be that I begin to like the cross of preaching? yet so easy does it now feel, compared with the weight of suffering formerly experienced, that I seem to myself a different being when attempting to express the exercise of my spirit. But I dread the levity of my nature in a day of liberty.

This is the last entry in C.D.’s diary. Two days afterwards she was recorded a minister by Southwark Monthly Meeting.

#### CHARLOTTE DUDLEY TO MARY HUSTLER.

Finsbury, 11, 2 *mo.*, 1825.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

“What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.” Blessed assurance from the lip of Truth; astonishing condescension from the Fountain of love itself! The reflection hereupon has humbled my spirit in a season of solemn retirement this morning, when my soul sought a renewal of its strength in silent waiting upon the Lord. And now I feel a liberty of mind to commune in this way with my Christian friends. The “thick darkness” which was permitted very long to envelope me, has now passed away under the influence of the arising of that light which I conceive to be that testified of in Sacred Scripture, as the “life of men.” And truly it now constitutes my life, that wherein only I can rejoice, and having which, I seem to myself to have “all things.” . . . Thus has my pen flowed freely to thee with

language from a heart filled with the love of Him who declared himself when on earth, to be *love*; and who, in boundless compassion, continues, even in his present glory, to manifest his love to sinners, to those who "owe much unto their Lord."

CHARLOTTE DUDLEY TO ROBERT WHITAKER.

Peckham, 16, 3 mo., 1825.

. . I was in Finsbury, with my cousin Martha Savory, for the purpose of pursuing an engagement in which I felt much interest. This was the collecting of such books as appeared suitable to constitute a library for the Friends belonging to the half-yearly meeting of Upper Canada, of whom there is a large number, and these, mostly under circumstances which do not admit of their procuring food to satisfy their mental wants. Some from my beloved native country, others from Wales, and a few from this more favoured land, are deprived of those intellectual enjoyments to which, in former days, they were accustomed. Having met with success in my application for copies of the writings of Friends and other pious authors, I am about to forward a case which will be consigned to the care of a merchant at Montreal. . .

The present occupation of my sisters and myself is not certainly calculated to enliven, although it consoles our spirits. The narrative of the life of my very precious mother is now in great forwardness. Sixteen chapters have passed the Morning Meeting, and the last is to come before an adjourned meeting next Second-day. Arranging the materials and correcting the proofs constitutes an employment deeply interesting, very affecting to natural feeling, and at times, as much as can be borne with that composed submission which we desire to feel. The work has been edited by my sister Elizabeth; and although it has been pursued under painfully oppressive feelings, and through a trying season wherein the very depressed state of my poor mind affected both my sisters with deep sympathy, yet divine assistance has been proportionate to the exigence. . .

On the 23rd of Third Month, 1825, accompanied by her sister Mary, Charlotte attended the Examination at the Borough Road School, where, in consequence of exposure too great for her delicate constitution, she took cold. She soon began to cough, and on retiring the same night, she said she was sensible that her lungs were wounded. She suffered much ; but, although for some time unconscious of the serious nature of her malady, she manifested entire patience and resignation.

The following particulars of her illness are taken from notes made, from day to day, by her sister Elizabeth :—

Soon after she was taken ill, when tried with difficulty of breathing, she said : “O, this poor fleeting breath ! What a mercy that we shall not want it in eternity !” On its being made known to her that disease of a mortal character existed, and that its progress was rapid, she remarked : “I feel very ill, but remarkably quiet. I think I can adopt the language :

‘Or life or death is equal, neither weighs ;  
All weight in this—O, let me live to Thee.’

It is only a wonder I have held out so long. The principle of life seems to have been too much drawn on of late. I felt as if the indolence and gloom of last summer must be made up ; and I went rather too far in the pursuit of benevolent objects, not in my *religious* engagements. I cannot look back with regret to a single word I ever said in a meeting, but I have often not said all that was required of me, because I feared Friends would be frightened. O ! that First-day at Southwark, the day that M. Pace was buried, I seemed as if I could have stood as a spectacle to the people during the remainder of the meeting ; so strong was my concern for the young and for the gay. I believe some were frightened about me ; but what a mercy it is that we are not to be judged by

one another. The Lord looks on the heart. Often have I made this appeal: "Thou God seest me."

A short time afterwards she said, "I want to feel more of the love of God, to feel more worthy of his love in Christ Jesus." She then repeated the text: "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power;" adding: "Although not so applied in Scripture this language may be used with respect to gospel faith. How small is the portion we are at times entrusted with under the weakness of the poor body; but how glorious will be the rising into divine fulness when mortality is put off! 'O! to grace how great a debtor!' Well may I query, Why is such grace lavished upon me, one who for so many years was a rebel to my God, fighting against the convictions of his Spirit?"

The next First-day evening, taking a hand of each sister, she said most sweetly: "Let us be very still and quiet, not say anything that is not necessary. This is the way we shall find strength. We are not like persons unacquainted with sorrow, and we have been mercifully helped through many trials." In a little time after: "This precious stillness refreshes me! We never feel the virtue of quietness so much as when in suffering. I have remembered the text, Ye shall ask me nothing! It seems as if I had nothing to ask, because my Heavenly Father knows what I have need of, and he has been more ready to give me, all my life long, than I have been to ask him." After taking some refreshment, she said: "I shall be fed with choice food soon, I hope and believe."

On the 11th of the Fourth Month, whilst lying still, she said to her sisters: "What a favour it is not to be obliged to speak or even think!—

'In inward silence of the mind,  
My Heaven and there my God I find.'

What should I have been, but for your unwearied kindness? A poor miserable being! But you must often have seen that it was not myself. Thou [addressing Elizabeth] hadst confidence that I should be brought through it; and dear Samuel Alexander also encouraged me. How well I remember his

saying, 'I cannot feel uneasy about thee, my dear; I have no fear respecting thee.' How kind and fatherly he was; I am glad he came to see us. T. C. of Broadstairs\* once did me good. When walking solitary and not able to enjoy anything, he came up and repeated the words: 'Why should the children of a King go mourning all their days?' If thou shouldst ever see him, tell him I am not now mourning, but going on rejoicing."

The same afternoon, or the next, she said in a calm, solemn tone: "Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me, I am desirous of saying a little, while I have strength, to you my precious sisters, and I hope you will be able to bear it without emotion. My heart has been so filled with gratitude for the mercy which delivered me from worse than Egyptian bondage, that I have looked round and seen every thing in life lovely and attractive. I long for dear little children to be taught to love and fear their Creator, to be instructed that while they bring propensities to evil into the world with them, there is in their hearts in the very same place where evil is, a counteracting principle which, if attended to, would overcome all that is wrong. I want thee, my precious Mary, to exercise those talents which thou possessest for the benefit of children. Thou art peculiarly qualified to do them good; and if instead of giving way to a gloomy sorrow, and thinking that life has lost all its charms, thou wouldst turn thy attention to those interesting little objects, thou wouldst find comfort and even delight; thou wouldst be helped and instructed thyself, for

'Teaching we learn, and giving we receive.'

If my health had admitted of it, I should have entered into the concerns of the various institutions in our Society more fully. O, do thou do so. Make thyself fully acquainted with our religious principles, and teach them to the children. How mayst thou comfort our precious Betsey; and while pursuing your separate spheres of usefulness, the sense of love and

\* A Dissenting minister, with whom they became acquainted at the seaside the year before.

sweet unity will solace you." Seeing that her sisters were moved to tears, she said with great sweetness: "I must not give way to natural feeling; we know our love for one another, let us rest in that, and not call forth the expression of it. I seem as if I could lie here without eating, sleeping, or even thinking, with Heaven in my view, seeing Him that sitteth on the throne, and the little remote mansion which is perhaps now prepared for me. Ah! the mercy it will be to get within those gates, to roll down like a poor stone, and just be admitted, poor unworthy creature as I am. O! if mortals knew the value of redeeming love and mercy, how would they forego everything which stands in the way of their experiencing it! I never remember the time when religion was a subject of indifference to me; but I resisted the cross; I wished to gratify myself, though often convinced that the way of the cross was the only one to an immortal crown."

Third-day night, the 12th, was one of much suffering from difficulty of breathing, and she prayed with earnestness for patience to bear all that might be laid upon her. The petition was strikingly answered, for patient submission marked her demeanour from hour to hour, and it was not easy to ascertain when any particular pain affected her.

The next morning she said: "I feel as if suspended between Heaven and earth, as in a vacillating balance; and I wish nothing may be permitted, even of desire, either in myself or others, to touch it."

At another time she remarked: "How well is it for children to be attracted to contemplate divine love in all things, not to be terrified. It is good to incite children to think; I found it so at Ackworth, and that they were glad to be encouraged to do so, and to have their own reflections called forth. It is also good to incite children to feel for children, to sympathize with one another, to represent the effects of piety and virtue on their own minds to their little associates, and thus attract to good."

She was frequently exercised in spirit on account of others, and sometimes would utter her feelings in a clear, emphatic manner, as if speaking in meeting. She once said: "I love this little meeting. May it be a plantation to the Lord's



praise, one whereby his name will be glorified. Its infancy was watered with weeping, and since then many affecting circumstances have occurred; but we read, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' and I believe this applies to churches as well as to individuals."

On the 20th, when, in accordance with her desire, the 138th Psalm had been read, she spoke as follows: "Wonderfully have these promises been verified in my experience. The Lord has indeed stretched forth his hands against the wrath of my enemies." At another time she observed: "I see the great mercy of this illness; the rest of spirit which it affords. I wanted it, and only fear that, through the levity of my nature, I shall not retain that abiding sense of the divine favour and presence which I now feel. It may seem almost presumption, but, I think I can adopt the language: 'Thou has kept me as the apple of thine eye.' 'Not that we have chosen Him, but He has chosen us,' and extended his love and mercy toward us. How can we be thankful enough!"

About this time, alluding again to her remarkable experience of the preceding summer, she said: "O, what a mercy to be so delivered! The change came in a moment; and I saw it had been a temptation. O, on this bed, I have had such views of glory as are past description. It has seemed as if I saw that blood-bought crown which no power on earth could prevent my believing is laid up for me. What mercy, what wonderful goodness to a poor, unworthy creature!"

#### ELIZABETH DUDLEY TO LUCY MAW.

6, 6 mo., 1825.

. . My precious charge quite enjoyed an interview with our dear friends Martha Smith and Rebecca Byrd, who kindly came to take tea with us. They seemed as if they had little to do but rejoice over her in the comforting sense of her being prepared for a translation to permanent and unmingled felicity; while their sympathy was sweetly evinced for those who were about to be bereft, and under the prospect which they seemed to have of continued or increasing exercise and probation as respected some. Dear Charlotte vocally expressed her thank-

fulness to the Father of Mercies for such a renewed instance of his divine regard. On Second-day several Friends called on us, with whom she had, separately, short interviews. Among them was Anna Braithwaite, whose visit was very interesting, and she said felt a privilege to herself, for she was more a listener than speaker beside the bed of our beloved patient, whose mouth was wonderfully opened in the line of encouragement and strong faith with regard to her. . . .

The serenity of our sweet sister's mind is undiminished, and she has several times, upon lying down in bed for the night, told me that she felt no way anxious whether she awoke in this or another world, being firmly persuaded that her everlasting happiness was, through unmerited redeeming mercy, secured.

Last Sixth-day our precious friend, Tabitha Lowe, was released from her troubles ; and our little circle is deprived of a valuable member, whilst in addition we have to mourn the loss of a faithful minister, and one towards whom I have looked as likely to be long useful in the militant church. Very precious has been the unity of spirit wherein we have for years mingled in tribulations, and sometimes in the consolations of the gospel of Christ ; but it seems as if every prop were to be struck away, and the uncertain tenure of creaturely support again and again impressed with anguish upon my heart. . .

Whenever her brother Charles visited her, she would enquire with her wonted animation about the Bible Society, and enjoyed hearing of anything which denoted an increased value or more extensive diffusion of the Holy Scriptures, which she esteemed the more highly, the nearer she approached the full accomplishment of the promises they contain.

One night in the early part of the Sixth Month, her sister Elizabeth was aroused by hearing her repeat in a peculiarly melodious voice, the Olney Hymn, commencing :

This saith the Holy One and true,  
To his beloved faithful few :  
" Of heaven and hell I hold the keys,  
To shut or open as I please."\*

\* Book I., Hymn 189.

This she did again and again, as if feeling she could appropriate the consoling promise contained there.

On one of her brothers reading to her from the 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians, and inquiring if she had heard it, she replied: "Yes, I heard; but I have also felt. Were it not for this, words would be nothing; what thou hast now read would be only as sounding brass. The spirit of the Bible has been poured into my spirit this morning; I have had union and communion with the Source of purity and love, which I esteem an inexpressible favour. I have been sensible of the presence of Him whose favour is better than life, whose favour is life; therefore I do not fear, I have no fear." The same day Elizabeth Fry called to see her; and they discoursed together on the glories of the heavenly kingdom, which often appeared to be almost realized to Charlotte's mental vision.

Some days afterwards, awakening from a short sleep, she uttered these words: "The Lord is risen indeed." Then looking round with great sweetness, she repeated: "The Lord is risen indeed. He hath arisen in my heart, and is granting us an evening blessing. O, that we may arise with him!"

She frequently mentioned the sense of union which she had with her mother's spirit, saying, "I think I must be near joining her." She also spoke of her father, sister, and brother, and would sometimes seem to imagine Hannah was present, repeating her name, and saying, "We four seem to be together." She also often alluded to her residence at Ackworth, and the concern she felt for the welfare of the school; but at the same time expressed her sense that in regard to it she had done all that was required of her.

This was about the end of the Sixth Month. Remarking upon her increasing weakness, she said: "Nothing seems to strengthen me; I must go. Do not hold me. O, if we could all go together! We three seem all the world to one another. You have done your duty: what kindness, what unwearied and tender affection!"

## ELIZABETH DUDLEY TO MARY HUSTLER.

Peckham, 4, 7 mo., 1825.

. . . . The situation of our beloved invalid varies very little from day to day, yet in looking back for a week or two we can perceive an evident diminution of strength. . . . I think it is not possible for more perfect patience, submission and Christian acquiescence to be exemplified by any one than she has been enabled to evince. All that is done for her is just as it should be; every thing that is brought her, good and agreeable. "Only one thing better than another, but all good," being a frequent answer to the inquiry whether she likes her food, &c. I just now told her I was writing to thee, and queried what I should say. She replied in a weak voice: "Dear, dear love; sometimes better and sometimes worse; sometimes stronger and sometimes weaker; but I think always cheerful." . . . .

One night, not long before she died, she said, "If I am unable to speak any more, let everything about my funeral be done like our precious mother's. O, the sense of union is so strong." Another time, after lying a while in sweet composure, she said: "The dawn of the morning of the Resurrection; what do you think, is it near?" E. D. replied that the Lord's presence was near, and that He who had made all her bed in her sickness would continue to be with her in every remaining conflict. She replied in a firm tone: "That is my faith, and strengthens me to pay the great debt!"

At her request, her sisters read the account of a death scene which was peculiarly animating. At every little pause she would say, "Go on, O go on, it is so interesting." She was particularly struck with the text which had been chosen by the subject of the account, for inscription on her tomb, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord," saying she thought there could not be more appropriate expressions used by a dying Christian. Not long afterwards, and when she ap-

peared to be dozing, she exclaimed: "Those dear children and young people." Her sister Elizabeth leaned over her, and asked of whom she was speaking. She replied: "Ackworth. Who is going thither?" meaning to attend the General Meeting. She then desired that her reading-glass should be given to Robert Whitaker, with her dear love. After this, alluding to something in the account they had been reading, she said, in an energetic tone, "O, impress on the minds of children the pleasure there is in rendering kindness."

She uttered a few more dying expressions, some of which are preserved in a letter from Elizabeth Dudley to Lucy Maw, together with a description of the holy peace and quietness with which she breathed her last. She died on the 10th of the Seventh Month, at the age of thirty-eight.

ELIZABETH DUDLEY TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 13, 7 mo., 1825.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

It was not my intention to let two posts pass without informing thee of our situation, and I now think it possible that through some indirect means thou mayst have heard that the redeemed spirit of my precious sister was liberated from its prison of clay on First-day evening. Very gently did the great and good Shepherd continue to deal with this lamb of his fold, leading her by almost imperceptible degrees to that purchased inheritance where she now enjoys the full fruition of faith and love. . . .

It was not until Seventh-day evening that the sinking became apparent. She then mentioned her extreme weakness, adding, "Let us be very still, very quiet, and wait to feel the presence of the Lord." She afterwards said, "Let us seek a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Querying if she would like to hear the text, and knew where it was, as I did not, she replied, "Try the 11th of the Hebrews," and expressed satisfaction at finding her memory was so correct; and with hearing the whole chapter,

adding, "It is a good plan to connect passages of Scripture with certain events, as a means of impressing them upon the mind." . . .

About twelve o'clock we observed an alteration in her look and pulse. I asked if we should raise her, to which she answered, "No rise, but rising in desire." This being well understood, I queried whether she wanted anything, or was in pain; to which she replied, "No pain. What can I want!" Mary and I each held a hand of our precious expiring sister, and silently watched the gradual retreat of the vital spark. No terror or suffering marked the weakening breath, and it finally ceased without a sigh, leaving a solemn but composed and most peaceful countenance to be gazed on with deep, and I trust, allowable sorrow. We were not left to our own weakness, but graciously remembered by Him who had so signally supported her, and to whom thanksgiving was reverently offered in the midst of tribulation. . . .

## CHAPTER IX.

CORRESPONDENCE—ACCIDENT—JOURNAL, ETC.—VISIT TO  
SUFFOLK.

ELIZABETH DUDLEY TO LUCY MAW.

London, 24, 4 mo., 1824.

. . . . . The account of thy precious Louisa is very discouraging, and I do tenderly sympathize with thee in this protracted and sore trial, as well as with the dear child who is thus early invited in a more suffering manner than many of her cotemporaries to secure more permanent and satisfying pleasures than those deducible from youth, health, or the laudable pursuit of human knowledge. I doubt not that many profitable lessons are learned in the seclusion of sickness; and when I have seen the young and blooming disabled from sharing in the scenes of active life, it has generally struck me that such are the special objects of divine regard, and may be peculiarly encouraged to commit themselves to the disposal of Unerring Wisdom. . . . .

TO LUCY MAW.

Kelvedon, 30, 4 mo., 1826.

. . . . . Dear Martha Smith is among us in the fulness of love and heavenly consolation. She seems to have an overflowing cup for herself, and to be commissioned to dispense of it to those in affliction, remarkably verifying the Scripture declaration relative to comforting others with the comfort wherewith she herself is comforted of God. Perhaps the most striking fruit of her long and severe depression is her being

increasingly qualified "to speak a word in season to such as are weary." Her cheerfulness is without intermission, I am ready to think her day's work must be drawing to a close; and her doing with very little food or rest seems to confirm this idea. . . .

To —————

10, 12 mo., [1826?]

Thy few mournful lines, my dear young friend, have sensibly awakened those feelings of sympathy to which I desire ever to be alive. Viewing thee as one of those to whom "it is given in the behalf of Christ not only to believe in Him but also to suffer for His sake," I could not doubt that according to thy measure, and the purposes of Infinite Wisdom respecting thee, thou hadst to partake of the same afflictions which in every age are the allotment of brethren and sisters during their progress through this world. Such is part of the *cost* upon which we are encouraged to count when mercifully strengthened to commence building upon the sure foundation. But though forewarned of our difficulties, we are encouraged to perseverance and faith; and whilst the enemy may roar about the dwelling, and in various ways strive to shake that confidence which he knows must ultimately deprive him of his power, we have the blessed assurance that storms and tempests, floods and rain, shall vainly assail our building, because it has the Rock of Ages for its basis. I believe the faith of a Christian is often deepened, the patience increased, and the love acceptably proved, by means of those very trials which at the time seem likely to overwhelm the poor mind, and even to destroy the capacity for divine communion; and the language of the apostles James and Peter to this effect has frequently comforted me, even when far from obeying the charge to "count it all joy when falling into divers temptations." But I can thankfully acknowledge to some little experience that "the trial of faith is precious." . . . . .

I am thy truly affectionate and sympathizing friend,

E. DUDLEY.



## TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 30, 9 mo., 1827.

. . . . Hannah Kilham has lately spent a week with us as a farewell visit; and I often thought how much thou and thy T. M. would be interested in witnessing her unwearied philanthropy. Her strong sense of what real love to God and man would incite Christians to attempt for the benefit of others, exemplified as it is in her own conduct, is instructive and stimulating. She expects to sail about the 10th of next month for Sierra Leone, in company with four members of the Church Missionary Society, and the wives of two. She feels sustained under the belief of being called to this service, and I can hardly doubt that a blessing will, in some way or other, attend such pure disinterested labour among a race of people to whom we, as a nation, owe a heavy debt of attention and sympathy. . . . .

## FROM LUCY MAW.

Needham Market, 21, 11 mo., 1827.

. . My dear Louisa and I have frequently spoken of thee of late, and remarked that we could hardly imagine that two years had passed away since we enjoyed thy society and dear Mary's under this roof. Ah, how many cares and anxieties have we each, my dear friend, encountered since that time: thine, I know, have been the greatest, and thou has also, I believe, made greater improvement under them. O, how hot does the furnace require to be heated ere the dross and the tin and the reprobate silver are done away! There is, I am convinced, so much of these inherent in me, that I am ready to fear the work will never be accomplished; and when I consider the privileges and favours I have enjoyed, I see cause to be not only abased but alarmed that so little progress has been made in the divine life. So that, though goodness and mercy have hitherto followed, I seem to remain a dwarf, and see most of my own standing, and many younger, whose experience

and attainments are ready to make me blush if not tremble. Pray for me, my beloved friend, that I may not become a castaway. . . . .

JOURNAL CONTINUED.—1828, 3 *mo.* 2.—“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.” This language of thankful acknowledgment and humble praise may well be that of my spirit in a retrospect of divine mercy and goodness, and its transcription be the first effort of my restored hand. On the 21st of the First Month I was thrown out of a chaise just as we entered the village of Isleworth, in consequence of the poor horse falling down dead. From the manner in which I fell, it seemed little short of miraculous that my head was not the part most seriously injured, as my bonnet was cut through the pasteboard as if by a sharp stone; but it pleased Him with whom is all power, to avert the threatened danger, and that instead of a fractured skull or contusion of the brain, my right arm should be broken at the wrist-joint, whilst my companion and kind relative Joseph Steele escaped unhurt. I was taken at once to Richard Kidd’s, and in less than an hour I was in a comfortable bed with my arm well set, and surrounded by every accommodation and the most tender care. The pain was exquisite, and I felt much shaken, but I desire gratefully to appreciate the support and consolation vouchsafed, these being beyond what I could have asked or thought. My dear friend, E. Kidd, would sit by me the first night; during which I was strongly reminded of the expressions used by a pious lady, who had undergone amputation for a cancer, and who said: “The night subsequent to the operation was not indeed one of sleep, but it was one of heavenly enjoyment.” My beloved sister got to me on the 23rd.

The two weeks my medical attendant thought it needful for me to remain, was a season of peculiar refreshment to my body and mind; the lessons of instruction afforded through

the medium of bodily pain and helplessness were not, I trust, overlooked. It was a striking instance of how soon and suddenly we may be disqualified for those engagements in which the benefit of our fellow-creatures and the glory of God are the primary object of desire; and that it is often at an unexpected moment He reminds his poor children and servants that He requires not their help.

I was enabled to attend Brentford meeting on First-day, the 3rd of Second Month, and after vocally offering the tribute of thanksgiving, and imploring a blessing upon those then assembled, I was strengthened to discharge a debt of love to my fellow-professors in that place, under the renewed sense of unworthiness to be employed in any degree as an ambassador of Christ.

On the 4th my dear sister and I returned home, our fatherly friend, John Fell, sending his carriage to convey us; and it was with emotions of heartfelt gratitude to the Preserver of men that we again entered our own habitation, where I trust we were enabled separately and unitedly to raise an Ebenezer to the Lord's praise.

FROM LUCY MAW.

Needham, 15, 3 mo., 1828.

. . My beloved child is quite aware that her life hangs by a very slender thread. . . She is, as thou know'st, greatly endeared to us by her amiable and engaging qualities, as well as by natural affection and a long course of patient suffering. She told me yesterday that she did not seem prepared to give us up yet; but we know there is a Power that can make the hardest things easy and sweeten our bitterest cups, and I hope the dear sufferer will find the support she wants in the needful hour. . . Thy sympathy and friendship, my dear friend, is strongly marked by the willingness expressed to come to us. This is to me a cordial, for I believe thy company would be a great solace to our afflicted minds. . .

*First-day.*—Little did I think this letter would convey the

intelligence that my precious Louisa's sufferings were terminated. Her gentle spirit, after a short struggle, quitted its tenement of clay at half-past seven this morning. She was sensible to the last, and uttered several ejaculatory petitions, bespeaking the humble state of her mind, and that her dependence was rightly placed, expressing a desire to be taken this night. . . . Would it be asking too much, that thou wouldst give us thy company on the mournful occasion (to us) of consigning the dear remains to the silent grave? . . .

JOURNAL.—3 *mo.* 21.—I travelled by coach to Needham, which felt rather a formidable undertaking, my arm being still weak; but the claim of long-tryed friendship was strong, and I felt more than the liberty of love in going to afford personal evidence of sympathy with my endeared Lucy Maw under the close trial of losing her only daughter. The dear child had been mostly confined to her couch for six or seven years. She possessed a cultivated mind with many endearing qualities. She completed her twenty-first year last Tenth Month. There was full evidence of the good work having been carried forward in her heart, which it has now pleased her Heavenly Father to perfect by taking her as a lamb of his fold to feed everlastingly in the pastures of life. One of her latest expressions was, "Drive me not from Calvary."

The interment was on First-day, the 23rd. After seeing the dear remains committed to their kindred dust, my knee was bowed in reverent thanksgivings for the mercy and goodness extended to this precious child during life, and the consoling evidence that she had fallen asleep in Jesus; and for the gift of heavenly resignation to her beloved parents, whereby they could adopt the acceptable language, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," and, in humility and faith, bless and magnify his holy name. When about to separate in the evening, prayer and praise were offered at the divine footstool under some renewed ability to make the thankful acknowledgment, "This is the day that the Lord hath made, we will be glad and rejoice in it."

On Fourth-day, the 26th, I attended the marriage of P. A.

with A. P., at Ipswich, and dined with the wedding party. Although so different an occasion, the sense of holy solemnity was similar to what had prevailed on the preceding First-day, when the same company or most of them had attended the funeral of their dear young relative. My mind was much impressed with the language: "Whether we live we live unto the Lord, or whether we die we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die we are the Lord's;" and I was forcibly reminded of that peculiar excellence in the religion of Jesus Christ, which causes it to be alike suitable in all diversified circumstances of this changing world.

On First-day, the 30th, I accompanied my dear friends, Thomas and Lucy Maw, to Bury, and attended the funeral of an old friend. The meeting was not large, but it was mercifully owned by the great Master. L. M. was engaged in alluding to the condescension of our blessed Lord, when he wept at the grave of Lazarus; and my mind was impressed with the importance of the doctrine which he proclaimed on that occasion, when testifying to the mourning Martha, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live."

I spent Second-day in social and sweet intercourse with my valued friends, a season of religious retirement in the evening proving a memorable conclusion to this little visit of Christian sympathy.

4 mo. 2.—Went by coach to Kelvedon, where I passed the remainder of that day and part of the following with my dear friend Mary Alexander. Her state was such as did not admit much hope of her continuing long in the body; but it was very sweet to sit beside her and partake of the holy calmness and resignation with which she was clothed. We conversed a good deal upon religious subjects, and it was encouraging to me to find that although this dear friend has been a devoted character from early life, and especially diligent in the exercise of her gift as a minister during the last few years, yet she felt in the prospect of eternity that she had nothing to rely on but divine, unmerited mercy, saying she could adopt the language of John Woolman, "My dependence is on the Lord

Jesus, who, I trust, will forgive my sins, which is all I hope for." She spoke much of her excellent friend and mother in the truth, Mary Proud, and of my precious parent, tenderly alluding to past seasons and the privilege we had each enjoyed in the society and example of such zealous advocates of the Lord's cause. We parted under a comforting sense of that love and union which outlive the dissolution of earthly ties: one of her last expressions to me being a strong call to faithfulness, and the text, "Be strong, fear not."

*Sixth-day.*—Attended the burial of Alice Chorley at Winchmore Hill. At the close of the meeting prayer was poured forth on behalf of the few fathers and mothers yet amongst us, and for an outpouring of the holy anointing upon sons and upon daughters, that the vacant places might be supplied, and an increase of living, zealous members be added to our little church.

FROM LUCY MAW.

[London, 4, 6 mo., 1828.]

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Though I have but just parted with thee, my mind seems full of matter I should like to converse with thee upon. My dear T. M. and myself have been breakfasting alone, and I wish thou couldst have been our companion, as I believe thou wouldst have enjoyed my T. M.'s company.

Thomas thinks the conference on Missionary subjects answered very little purpose; indeed it was hardly likely at so late an hour, and when many had expended their strength, that much would come of it. A considerable difference of opinion seemed to exist. Several acknowledged being much interested in accounts they had read of missionary proceedings; but John Hipsley expressed that though this was his case he had never seen his way clear to unite in them, for fear of compromising in any way our peculiar testimonies; and this, I suppose, accorded with the views of a good many others. Samuel Tuke said he did not want Friends to point out a way or plan for him; he could find sufficient openings

which he was free to embrace for all he had it in his power to give ; and I think we shall follow his plan. Josiah Forster seemed to think that Scriptural Education was the great lever which our Society would have to work ; and this, I think, cannot be objected to. The Irish Friends thought there was enough to do in Ireland, we need not go further. Some, that we are surrounded with claims of an imperious nature ; and that is true, but still I think we must *not overlook*, but look beyond them. James Cropper manifested a lively interest in the subject. William Allen, I believe, wishes our exertions, if any are made, to be through the British and Foreign School Society, but my husband thinks that will not come up to the purpose ; they cannot provide translators, &c., sufficient.

My husband says, William Forster made some weighty remarks [in the Yearly Meeting] respecting the important points of doctrine Friends had been called to handle, [saying] that “it reminded him of the *Shewbread* which was not to be touched with unhallowed hands.” . . .

## CHAPTER X.

RELIGIOUS VISIT TO THE NORTHERN COUNTIES OF ENGLAND AND  
SOME PARTS OF SCOTLAND, ACCOMPANIED BY ISABEL CASSON.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.—1828, 6 *mo.* 10.—At our Monthly Meeting this day, I informed my dear friends of the exercise which has for a long time past attended my mind, under the view of some religious service in the northern parts of this nation and in Scotland. From the time when I accompanied my beloved mother into Yorkshire in the summer of 1820, I believed that at some period of my life it would be right for me again to visit Friends in that county; and service which had opened to us unitedly at that time, but which want of health and other circumstances discouraged my mother from attempting, has often seemed like a debt of love on my part.

At intervals the prospect has so entirely closed, that I have wondered at having ever thought myself likely to be so employed; but at the termination of the Yearly Meeting the subject revived with clearness, and was attended with such a sweet feeling of heavenly love, and of belief that the present was the right time for avowing the concern, as put to flight every objection. In condescending mercy, the Lord was pleased to own the sacrifice as one of his own preparing, by granting a sense of his life-giving presence, and under a covering of much solemnity, my dear friends expressed their sympathy and unity in a manner that proved very strengthening to my poor mind.



## FROM ISABEL CASSON.

Hull, 21, 6 mo, 1828.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

Thine of the 13th came duly to hand ; the contents are deeply interesting to me. My mind has been so much with thee of late that I was prepared to desire a letter from thee after your last Monthly Meeting, the day of which I did not forget. Yet when the postman brought it I was ready to tremble with the anticipation of what might be contained on the sheet. Yet, as I perused the contents, I felt rejoiced to observe that thou, my endeared friend, hadst been strengthened to make the surrender. O, I believe it is acceptable in the divine sight, when we are conscientiously concerned to walk by faith, without looking for great openings. I cannot doubt thou wilt be helped and cared for every way.

It wants nearly two weeks to our next Monthly Meeting, which will allow me more time to try the fleece, and thyself to know whether any other may not present as a more eligible companion : I feel a very poor creature, and desirous thou mayst have thy right one, without regarding what has passed between us. Yet I will simply tell thee that I do feel it to be my place to stand resigned to the service, so that the lot may fall rightly. Here my mind is staid. . . .

Thy truly attached friend,

ISABEL CASSON.

JOURNAL, 7 mo. 18.—My dear sister and I left our habitation and travelled by coach to Barnsley, where we arrived the next day. The night was very fine, and during its silence my mind was favoured with a sense of peace. The retrospect of what had led me to surrender myself to the present engagement, and a degree of humble trust for the future, produced feelings which left me nothing to desire but an increase of devotedness and love. My dear sister's willingness to accompany me was unspeakably relieving ; and my dear friend Isabel Casson having applied to her Monthly Meeting for

liberty to join me in the service, was exactly what I could have desired. We found our beloved Martha Yeardley slowly recovering from a severe illness, with which she was attacked almost immediately upon her and her husband's return from the Continent last spring.

*First-day, 20th.*—Attended both meetings at Barnsley. In the morning a line of close labour was allotted under an oppressive sense of lukewarmness and unbelief, whilst sympathy was awakened towards some of the Lord's humble and dependent children, who seemed, as it were, asking for bread, but could not have the needed portion because of the hardness prevailing in others. In the evening there was some liberty to water the seed in the revival of the ancient language, "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord."

Second-day was the Monthly Meeting held at this place. J. and M. Yeardley returned the certificate they obtained above a year ago, and gave a very interesting account of their exercising journey on the Continent. J. Y. offered solemn supplication on behalf of those for whom they had been concerned in that distant country, and Martha feelingly expressed the desire which lived in her heart respecting her fellow-professors in this favoured land.

*Fifth-day.*—I went over to Ackworth in company with J. and M. Y., my dear sister not being disposed to encounter the trial of a visit to that interesting spot, which must ever be associated in our minds with mournful recollections of the precious mother and sister who were our companions when last there. The knowledge of their religious concern for the institution, and the solicitude existing in my own mind, caused my feeling of sadness to be in measure overcome, and the sweet influence of heavenly love to prevail, which, according to the degree of faith and submission whereby we stand, is found to endure all things, to hope all things, and to believe all things. But though I expected to feel much at revisiting Ackworth, I hardly thought the recollection of the past would be so keen. The sight of the school seemed to recall every emotion with which I viewed it for the first time eight years ago. But

the sweet placidity of my dear sister's countenance, and the evidence afforded of her being in the path of duty, came afresh to my remembrance, causing the tears which would not be restrained to be those of gratitude as well as sorrow. Truly, the command, "Weep not for the dead," has been long since powerfully proclaimed, and felt to be equally consoling as imperative with regard to those who, having "died in the Lord," everlastingly rest from their labours.

All looks in good order, and peace seems to prevail, though a shade was cast over the impending General Meeting by several children being ill. On sitting down in meeting I was keenly alive to the contrast of having my precious honourable mother at my side, and being alone as it respects a personal share in religious exercise; but through the compassionate regard of the Shepherd of Israel, I was not left to my own weakness, but was enabled in prostration of spirit, to utter the appeal,—Lord, thou hast been the dwelling-place of thy children and people in all generations.

We went to see James Harrison, who appears very near his end. There was a sweet feeling of peace in sitting by his bed, to which M. Y. and I bore a short testimony, and John offered prayer.

29th.—It was mournful to find, on reaching the school, that one little girl had died a few hours previously, and that several of the children continued very ill. The General Meeting was very large; the examinations in the different schools very interesting. William Flanner took a lively interest in the occasion. I found my dear companion had arrived some hours before I came, and it was arranged for us to proceed to Undercliffe. James Wilson kindly drove Isabel Casson and me in his chaise, and we had a pleasant ride, though it was late when we reached our destination.

*Seventh-day.*—Our dear Transatlantic brother expressed his desire for our keeping as much together as we well could, saying he was very sure we should not be in his way, and he hoped not to be in ours.

*First-day evening.*—Many besides the members attended the meeting, and I believe considerable desire existed to hear

William Flanner; but he was wholly silent. It was a very exercising meeting to I. C. and me, for we feel afraid of standing in his way, and were too backward in admitting the intimations of our own respective duty, which he afterwards told us he was sensible of, and that he early found he had nothing to do in the line of vocal service. I hope the lesson thus offered, and the poverty and trial of mind we both experienced, will prove a warning.

*Third-day.*—At Keighley we went to see a man named David Wildman, who, with two or three others, have felt drawn from the ceremonies and manner of worship to which they have been accustomed, and sit down together in the manner of Friends. We were pleased with a little free conversation in his poor cottage; the simple account he gave of finding peace and comfort in patiently waiting upon the Lord was instructive.

Upon reaching Settle we found that William Flanner had appointed a meeting for Friends, and we were well pleased to witness his ability to labour among the little flock assembled there.

*Kendal, Fifth-day.*—Attended the usual meeting, which was large, and, contrary to what is generally observed, the proportion of men equalled, if it did not exceed, that of women. William Flanner rose early, and was engaged in a close line of communication relative to the simplicity and self-denial into which our principles lead, and expressing the desire he had felt to be with Friends of that place, where, from generation to generation, the Lord had raised up advocates for his cause. My dear companion and I were enabled to relieve our minds; an invitation seemed going forth to the young and the vigorous to consecrate their time and talents to Him who is blessing them with multiplied advantages, and demands returns of gratitude and dedication. Some conferences were held relative to the best plan of proceeding, and it was concluded for William Flanner and us to remain together, though this dear friend manifested such depression of mind as made us very thoughtful how we should get on. Yet I. C. and I felt disposed to do anything in our power

towards helping him, fearing he would sink yet more if left to himself.

We set forward on the 9th, William and Sarah Crewdson taking us in their carriage. Rode through a fine mountainous country to Shap, where we dined, having encountered a heavy thunder-storm on the road. This was the more awful from our having just heard of an accident that occurred between Kendal and Carlisle the preceding day, when three horses in a stage-coach were struck dead by lightning, and a lady, who was outside, sustained severe injury.

We reached Terril, a little settlement of Friends, before meeting, which was appointed for five o'clock. Arrived at Penrith about eight, and were affectionately welcomed by two valuable sisters, Elizabeth Ritson and Hannah Walker; the former eighty-eight years of age, the other about ten years younger. They have been long accustomed to entertain strangers, and are qualified also to sympathise in the afflictions of those whom they esteem as messengers of the gospel. The cheerful animated manner in which they conversed upon subjects of the highest moment, and the interest they manifested in the great cause of righteousness, reminded me of my precious mother, of whom they spoke as one they had had the privilege of accommodating thirty-six years ago. Instead of any decay of faculty, the intellectual powers of these aged Christians were in full vigour, and their remarks about the efforts which are making for enlightening mankind, the advantage of having the Holy Scriptures circulated, and the indications of a more decided acknowledgment of the influence of the Spirit among professors of the Christian faith, showed an enlargement of view beyond what might be expected in this secluded situation.

*Second-day.*—Had a very interesting ride to Cockermouth; thirty miles. *Third-day,* had a meeting with Friends, wherein W. Flanner was well engaged. Went five miles to Greysouthen, and had an evening meeting, which deserves to be remembered with humble thankfulness.

On *Fifth-day* went by coach to Wigton, and spent some time very agreeably at the school, making it our lodging-

place. We made the children a visit, sitting at their wholesome supper ; and afterwards expressed a little of what we felt towards them, which was received with solidity and tenderness.

*Sixth-day.*—Set out early for Carlisle, Thomas Stordy having kindly come the evening before to help us on. The meeting was a time of solemnity and favour. W. F. said a few words near the close, expressive of his accordance with what had preceded ; but he seemed too low to be sensible of any call to service, and our sympathy was afresh excited on behalf of a dear brother thus singularly tried at a distance from his home. On consulting about the mode of proceeding, it felt most easy to my dear I. C. and me to go direct to Glasgow, whilst W. F. inclined towards Edinburgh for First-day.

On Seventh-day, at five o'clock, we reached Glasgow, a journey of ninety-four miles, through a bleak and almost uninhabited country ; but it was interesting to us to advance towards Scotland, and a cause of thankfulness when we arrived safely in a place to which we had long felt our minds attracted. Anthony Wigham soon came to the inn, and, giving us a cordial welcome, conducted us in a carriage called a “noddy” to his house, where the warm salutation of his kind-hearted wife proved afresh cheering.

We were soon sensible of a weight of exercise which indicated that we were come to a scene of labour. During a wakeful night I believed sitting with Friends only would not prove relieving to my mind ; and we mentioned to our kind host a wish that the afternoon meeting should be deferred till six o'clock, and some notice circulated among the inhabitants. The forenoon meeting was a season of openness : the number was small, but it felt to us that their states were various, and consequently different sorts of food were to be administered. Upon going to the meeting-house in the evening, we were almost appalled at seeing how many were assembled. This was the first public meeting I had ever ventured to appoint, and the fifth that I have attended since the death of my beloved mother. It felt awful, indeed, to

have been the means of inviting such a congregation, and I was humbly sensible of my own weakness and total insufficiency. But the Lord was very gracious to his poor, unworthy servants; the attention of the people was unremitting, whilst the covering of solemnity increased to the last, and our spirits were bowed in prostrate acknowledgment of divine goodness and love. The poor body was spent, but we retired to bed with thankful hearts.

20th.—Left Glasgow at four o'clock in the mail-coach with A. and M. Wigham, and reached Perth at half-past eleven.

From Perth we took the steamboat to Dundee, and had a very pleasant sail down the winding river Tay. We intended proceeding to Forfar in the evening; but not being able to obtain horses were detained all night at Dundee, a bustling place, and one where there is an oppressive sense of thoughtlessness and evil.

22nd.—Went in a post-chaise to Forfar, fourteen miles, before breakfast. Went to see — and her husband; and encouraged this interesting couple to let the light with which they are favoured shine in the view of those among whom they dwell.

A stage coach passing through Forfar, we found places in it, and all travelled on very pleasantly to Aberdeen, fifty-three miles. We were soon comfortably settled in the hospitable dwelling of G. and E. Brantingham, and we feel thankful in being thus safely brought to almost the extreme point of this long journey.

On Seventh-day we enjoyed dear old John Wigham's company, at his daughter Cruickshank's. He is in his eightieth year, and very feeble; but he is lively in spirit, and possesses his faculties unimpaired, except that his eyesight is very dim. He seemed more disposed to number his blessings than to speak of his privations or infirmities. He gave my dear companion and me a cordial welcome to this land, and entered with much feeling into subjects connected with the spreading of religion in the earth, being ready to appreciate the labours of all who are sincerely endeavouring to turn men from darkness to light. In the evening my dear sister

Mary arrived with some Friends from Edinburgh, but she was so fatigued as to be confined to bed the whole of First-day.

The meetings on First-day were so fully attended by the townspeople that it could not be a time for [labour with] the little body of Friends, collected from the different parts of this land, not making together so many as I am accustomed to see in our particular meeting at Peckham. In the morning William Rickman was engaged in prayer; after which Rachel Fowler and I were strengthened to move in harmony of feeling, having reason to be thankful for the solemnity which prevailed, especially as upon our first collecting the desire for words produced a flatness and unsettlement of feeling, which were very trying. In the evening a precious covering of stillness was early vouchsafed, under which I ventured to implore the divine blessing, and my companion was well engaged in gospel ministry. William Flanner followed, and though at first weak and expressing merely the feeling of goodwill, he was helped to proclaim the gospel of reconciliation through Christ, and powerfully to invite to those privileges which have been purchased for all. J. R. prayed in much brokenness of spirit, and a sweet quiet pervaded the assembly for a short time before we separated.

*Second-day, the 25th.*—The Select Meeting at nine, and the General Meeting at eleven o'clock. That for business not concluding till past four, caused this to be a day of fatigue to the body, as well as exercise of mind. There were others besides Friends at the meeting for worship, and a sense of unsettlement and desire to hear preaching produced flatness, under which some of us sat poor and tried, without the capacity of discerning what was the Divine Will as to the service of the meeting. I fully believed silent exercise would continue my portion, until, after William Rickman, William Flanner, Rachel Fowler and my dear companion, had been engaged, a sudden and strong impulse led me to speak a little on the state to which "no condemnation" appertains, and to encourage to maintain that warfare whereby spiritual victory is obtained.

The business of the women's meeting did not require a great deal of time, and was agreeably conducted, but the



abundance and variety of reading distracted the attention, a difficulty which seemed unavoidable on account of the scattered situation of Friends. The visitors seemed a large company, but we had no reason to believe our meeting here was wrong, not feeling at all in each other's way, nor indeed too many for the place and circumstances which thus attracted us all without any previous knowledge of each other's views.

*Fourth-day.*—Went in a coach with William Flanner and T. Walker to Kinmuck. Before coming here I. C. and I had concluded that we had better try to see the Friends of this place in their own houses, and it was fixed for us to lodge at Amos Wigham's. Here we parted from our dear friend William Flanner, with whom we had been for nearly a month; and though considerable suffering had been our portion, we did not doubt the junction being right, and that benefit was designed for ourselves and others by the exercise of faith and patience, to which we were often called while endeavouring to share the burden of this tried brother. It is a great comfort to us to reflect upon the sense of unity and gospel love under which we separated; he expressing his near fellowship with us, whilst our sympathy and regard were increased the longer we had his company.

We had five sittings after tea, and in the morning were favoured with a refreshing opportunity at our lodgings. We went in a cart, driven by John Glenny, over such roads as we had neither of us ever before seen, and were thoroughly tired upon reaching his mother, Elizabeth Glenny's, where we dined and had a little rest before going to Inverary. We had felt attracted to the inhabitants of this place; and A. Cruickshank encouraging us in the concern, he and A. Wigham undertook to arrange for a meeting. When we got there we found the Independent minister had kindly given his chapel: he also attended the meeting and spoke to us very cordially afterwards. It was large and solemn, the people appearing to be not unacquainted with silence, and evincing great attention while the truths of the gospel were a little set forth in the ability which we had reason humbly to believe came from its blessed Author. The season closed in prayer and thanks-

giving. We had a sweet moonlight ride to E. Glenney's, where a night's rest was very acceptable to body and mind.

*Sixth-day, 29th.*—Sat with E. G. and her son, I trust to mutual refreshment. Then went to Inverary, whence we had a pleasant but very slow sail in the canal-boat to Aberdeen, being about five hours going fifteen miles.

*First-day, 31st.*—We attended both meetings at Aberdeen, and felt that we could leave the place out of debt, though an increase of love and Christian concern was the consequence of honest labour.

At half-past ten we set out by coach and had a safe journey to Edinburgh. We arrived at five o'clock on Second-day, the 1st of Ninth Month; my birthday being thus made memorable by the experience of journeying mercies, and also as the time of entering this capital, to which my heart had long been attracted in the feeling of gospel love for the little company who hold the same religious sentiments as myself. Under the hospitable roof of our dear friends A. and A. Cruickshank, we soon felt at home, finding all the accommodation we could require, and much more than I felt to deserve; for a sense of deep humiliation attended me in contemplating the character of a gospel minister, and that as such I was come to this distant part of our Yearly Meeting.

Believing before I came to Scotland that I should not be clear without seeing the Friends of Edinburgh in their own habitations, and this view reviving, it seemed best not to lose time in avowing it, though it was a heavy prospect both to my dear companion and myself. Our valuable host and some others cheerfully did their part in helping us along, and we were mercifully favoured with strength proportioned to our need. We had thirty-two sittings with families and individuals, and spent one day in visiting a little settlement of Friends at Dunfermline, besides making a few social calls and seeing the female prisoners in the city jail.

On Seventh-day, the 13th, we set out very early by coach for Hawick, accompanied by E. C. We found the house of our friend William Wilson a quiet resting-place, and his four daughters kindly attentive.

14th.—In the morning sat with the few Friends here, fourteen in number. Feeling attracted towards the inhabitants, some notice was circulated; the house was filled; it proved a solemn good meeting, and we felt thankful for such a termination of our public service in Scotland, where we had passed through deep conflict of spirit, under a sense that the life and power of true religion are very low, and the seed of the heavenly kingdom much oppressed in the hearts of professors of different denominations. As it regards our little Society, mourning and sadness are indeed prevalent in thinking how the standard is to be upheld, and the spirit of the world counteracted; for many who have been called to liberty, and are the descendants of the faithful, manifest that they are in bondage to those things which ought to be in subjection and used but as servants.

On Third-day morning we took leave of William Wilson and his daughters, under a feeling of much love; and after prayer had been reverently poured forth for them and for ourselves, we went in the mail to Carlisle.

*Seventh-day.*—Went to Maryport. Attended the usual meeting of Friends on First-day morning, and being sensible of gospel love towards the inhabitants, had notice circulated. The house was filled, and we have reason to believe that divine help was proportioned to the occasion. Though the meeting was long and the heat oppressive, the people were not hasty to depart when informed the meeting was over. We had felt poor and tried during the day, and went out in the evening sorrowful, so that our hearts were bowed in thankfulness for the favours unexpectedly dispensed.

On Fifth-day, the 28th, was the Quarterly Meeting for Cumberland and Northumberland. Several Friends from different places were attracted to it as well as ourselves, though there was not any other travelling with certificate. The company of old and intimate acquaintance felt cheering, and the season was mercifully owned by the covering of holy solemnity and a uniting sense of divine love.

10 mo. 1.—Proceeded to Cornwood, where a meeting was appointed for four o'clock. We felt much sympathy with

the little company who assemble in that solitary spot, among whom are some valuable individuals ; which is also the case at Allendale, where we went next day.

On the 3rd we reached Newcastle, and proceeded next morning to Shields. Here we tarried two weeks, visiting Friends in their families. We came to Newcastle on Seventh-day, and sat two very exercising meetings ; that in the afternoon was very large in consequence of the funeral of a young woman, named Watson. The remains were taken into meeting, and a solemn feeling prevailed. There seemed a comforting sense that as it regarded the dear deceased, death had no sting, nor the grave any victory.

On Third-day we were so sensible of increased pressure respecting the families, that we sought relief by telling our dear friends, Margaret Bragg and Jonathan and Rachel Priestman, how it was with us. We entered into the service that afternoon, and were mercifully favoured in the first sitting with an evidence of being in the line of our duty, which was graciously continued to us from day to day. Near the conclusion we were called upon to mingle in sorrow with the dear friends at whose house we were most affectionately entertained, Mary Bragg being suddenly attacked with an illness, which, after about thirteen days, terminated in apoplexy. She was a sweet young woman, peculiarly endeared to her friends by the resignation with which she endured the loss of sight for a year and a half before her death. Humble acquiescence to the divine will was strikingly manifested during the progress of the disease, while desire rather for death than recovery was once or twice expressed, and her reliance on the merits of her Redeemer fully stated. I felt it a privilege to be in the chamber when the spirit was liberated from its earthly tabernacle. Margaret Bragg was enabled to offer prayer and praise beside the corpse of her precious child, and, throughout the mournful scene of her death and burial, instructively showed forth the efficacy of true religion.

“The recollection of this family visitation,” says a Friend of that meeting, “is vivid.” Elizabeth Dudley’s

preaching was “with eloquence, and her services were remarkably owned. It was a memorable time. Three funerals took place : one of a venerable elder of ninety-three, David Sutton ; one of a middle-aged female Friend ; one of a sweet young woman. Though a boy, I shall not forget her solemn appeal at the grave of the last, when she used these words : ‘She speaks to you from the open grave.’”

On Third-day we went to Sunderland ; and here we were closely occupied for two weeks, having fifty-five family sittings.

At Darlington our tarriance was marked by considerable depression of mind, partly, I doubt not, owing to a combination of mournful circumstances. It was, indeed, a season of humiliation ; and whilst endeavouring to perform what seemed to open in the line of duty, my dear companion and I were so sensible of weakness and sorrow as often to feel much discouraged. Yet the power of the Lord did at times prevail over human infirmity ; and we had reason to believe that the visit was not altogether unseasonable. Among some of what is termed the lower rank of life we were comforted to find much religious feeling ; whilst the Christian love manifested towards these by their fellow-professors of a higher class was grateful and instructive. There are those of the latter description in that place who do not trust in uncertain riches, and are willing to distribute, ready to communicate, and at the same time are zealous for the promotion of truth and righteousness in the earth.

*York.*—Both meetings on First-day were times of favour. A remarkable solemnity seemed to prevail on first sitting down, and I have seldom been so sensible of improvement in the state of a meeting as while at York. The Quarterly Meeting held on the 24th and 25th of Twelfth Month was graciously owned by the Great Head of the Church. In proportion to the exercise of faith and devotedness, peace and humble confidence became the clothing of my spirit. It is not my lot

to know much of a rejoicing state, or that fulness of comfort to which many of the Lord's children can testify. Doubtless this would be unsafe for me, and contentment is what I desire, and at times feel to be "great gain." We remained at York two weeks, finding ourselves attracted to many who had experienced sorrow and bereavement.

Sixth-day, proceeded to Knapton, and spent the day with our dear friend Isabella Tindall, a sweet humble-minded woman, one of the "Israel of God," whose demeanour is such as denotes watchfulness and prayer. To Scarborough on Seventh-day. The family of Isaac Mennell interested us much, he being at the point of death after a suffering illness of four months. Our last visit to him, on the 14th of the First Month, was memorable for the feeling of holy solemnity, and what seemed to us like a foretaste of the heavenly enjoyment upon which our dear friend was so near entering.

On Fifth-day morning we were accompanied by Elizabeth Rowntree and her son to Bridlington, and went forward next morning to Hull, where we hoped for a season of rest, both being considerably exhausted, and in want of a little quiet, which the retired dwelling of my dear I. Casson was well adapted to afford. But on First-day, letters arrived with intelligence which pointed out fresh engagements in attending the funerals of Isaac Mennell and Sarah Tuke.

The meeting at Scarborough was very large and solemn, much openness being felt to proclaim the gospel, and the day altogether was one of divine favour. So was First-day at York. Our sympathy was strongly excited towards the near connections of dear Sarah Tuke, whose death was awfully sudden, though she had been long an invalid, and when we saw her three weeks before, I believed her warfare was nearly accomplished, and felt much encouragement towards her as one of the poor in spirit.

At York I had the comfort of meeting my beloved sister, and we went together to Hull on the 26th. Here, in the society of our dearest earthly treasures, my beloved companion and I were permitted to enjoy sweet rest; and in looking back upon the mercies already vouchsafed, we

were enabled to set up our Ebenezer and thankfully trust respecting future engagements.

On Fourth-day, the 18th, we left Hull, and having meetings at Cave, Selby and Thorne, reached Doncaster Seventh-day afternoon. The three first are very small, and, like many others of the same description in this county, are weak and low. Indeed I never was so struck with the apparent disadvantage of Friends living in lonely situations and meeting in very small companies, as during the present journey; and it does seem as if frequent intercourse and claims upon each other's attention were more favourable to a growth in religion than limited occupation and society. . .—(*Letter to Mary Sterry.*)

We arrived on Seventh-day at Doncaster, and remained until Fourth-day, being most affectionately entertained at William and Martha Smith's. We were favoured, in religious and social intercourse with these and other valued friends, to feel the renewing of that love which is the joy of the triumphant and solace of the militant church.

*Fourth-day.*—We reached Carr Wood in the evening, and were cordially received by our dear friend Sarah Smith, who had before been a succourer of myself and of those whose warfare is ended. In attending the usual meeting at Sheffield next day, we felt bound to inform Friends of our concern to sit in their families. The service occupied us pretty closely for three weeks. We had above a hundred sittings, inclining to see many who were not members, with some of which class we felt much sympathy, as also with many solitary individuals, and deep solicitude for the young who appeared to have fewer advantages than in other places.

We attended the Monthly Meeting, held at Sheffield, and also the little meeting at Woodhouse, and were sensible of much Christian love towards Friends in those parts, among whom, it felt to us, the great Master was at work, pouring forth of the holy anointing for different services in his church.

We left Carr Wood on the 20th of Third Month, and spent that night, with John and Martha Yeardley, at Burton. They accompanied us the next day to Ackworth, where

we found the family restored to health. First-day was one of spiritual refreshment, closed by a season of retirement after supper, when some who had been taken from that circle since we were last there felt very near in spirit, and the precious sense of the rest, peace, and joy, which appertain to the redeemed in the kingdom of our God and Saviour, tended to comfort and animate us.

*Leeds.*—The Meeting of Ministers and Elders was held on the 24th of Third Month, and was marked by a sense of sadness, whilst Christian love and unity seemed to prevail, and what was communicated had a tendency to increase this feeling and guard against yielding to depression even under circumstances of peculiar discouragement. On Fourth-day we were strengthened to labour amongst brethren and sisters collectively and in their separate meetings, imparting, in the ability received, counsel and consolation, under the thankful sense that even where reproof was needed the Lord was attracting to submission and obedience.

We staid a week at Leeds, being inclined to call upon some invalids, a service which has often seemed important, and to afford us peculiar satisfaction. The meeting on Fifth-day was indeed a memorable season, after which we seemed quite at liberty to move forward, though increasingly sensible of Christian love towards those with and for whom there has been a labouring in spirit.

*Bradford, 4 mo.*—We repeatedly visited our dear friend Barbara Hoyland, who was sweetly waiting, under the pressure of much bodily suffering, for the blessed change towards which she was enabled to look with steady hope in the mercy and merits of a crucified Redeemer. Indeed, the presence of the Lord was signally to be felt in standing beside her, and the holy serenity which beamed in her countenance evinced that the sting of death had been taken away.

13th.—We left our dear friends at Undercliffe, and travelled by stage to Liverpool, where we met a cordial reception from dear E. and A. Carroll. It felt formidable to my beloved I. Casson and me to enter a fresh county. The Quarterly Meeting was held on the 16th. There was a large attendance,



and also several friends out of Yorkshire. My companion and I visited our brethren, among whom, as with women Friends, there seemed much diversity of state. We were helped to divide the word, so that I trust the various classes had somewhat of their needed portion, whilst our faith was a little renewed in the sufficiency of that power and goodness which extends to the backsliding and rebellious.

*Fifth-day.*—Were at West Houghton and Bolton; the former a newly established meeting, and composed chiefly of poor weavers, who have joined our Society within a few years. They seemed of the poor in spirit as well as low in this world, and a refreshing sense of the heavenly blessing and promise attended whilst the gospel message flowed freely to hearts prepared and hungering for the bread of life. I much regretted that our arrangements were such as did not allow of our visiting these individuals in their own habitations, to some of whom my mind was nearly attracted in the feeling of Christian love. It has always answered best for us not to have a great deal planned beforehand, as the attendance of a meeting frequently produces feelings of interest which should be privately manifested, and from which it is painful to be obliged to turn. I believe the usefulness and comfort of those who travel as gospel missionaries would be much promoted by more of a willingness in themselves and others to move on from day to day in dependence on the great Shepherd of the sheep, at liberty to embrace those providential openings which often succeed each other in a way that greatly encourages, to that simple trust and singleness of view so peculiarly recommended in the Scriptures.

Sixth-day morning, had a meeting at Rochdale; several persons not Friends attending. Many of the members became such on the ground of conviction, but that there is in most of these meetings the want of experienced individuals to help forward and instruct the young and inquiring was obvious; and the impression attended that some who for the time ought to be teachers, had now need to be afresh taught "the first principles of the doctrine of Christ."

A letter from M. Hustler informed us of dear Barbara

Hoyland's release, and that the interment was to take place on Fourth-day. The way at once opened for our going by Bradford, instead of direct from Manchester to London. We accordingly took coach on Third-day, and had a safe though rough journey to Undercliffe, the weather being very wet and boisterous, and the cold, in riding over Blackstone Edge more intense than we had often found during the past winter.

On Fourth-day, the 29th, we witnessed the performance of the last offices for our dear departed friend. A sense of holy solemnity attended the committal of the remains to their kindred dust. Many testimonies were borne to the blessedness of redeeming love, through which we had the consoling assurance that the spirit of our beloved sister was among the saints in light. We drank tea at William Hoyland's with several friends and relations of the deceased, and were again favoured with the overshadowing of divine goodness in a season of retirement. Solemn supplication, offered by B. S. closed the service of this memorable day.

Remaining over First-day [5 mo. 3] was, I believe, in right ordering, my dear companion and I feeling in our place at Bradford meeting, renewedly led into sympathy with the mourners, and solicitude on behalf of different classes to whom the present seemed a time of fresh visitation. In the afternoon a precious sense of heavenly love was afforded, and somewhat of a holy rest in the divine will, which, we had reason to believe, had united us in this gospel embassy.

5 mo. 4.—Accompanied by dear M. Hustler rode to Leeds, where my sister and I entered the Union coach for London. The return to our own little dwelling, after an absence of nearly ten months, excited mingled emotions in my dear sister's and my heart; but I trust gratitude was a predominant feeling in contemplation of the many mercies which we had partaken of.

On Third-day, the 12th, was our Monthly Meeting, at which I returned my certificate, and gave an account of the service for which it had been issued under a feeling of sympathy and accordance that I often remembered with comfort when far distant in person. I was sensible of help when

describing the various engagements which had occupied me so long, and could testify that there was, through unmerited mercy, a rest known, under which the acknowledgment was made, The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me.

## CHAPTER XI.

JOURNAL, ETC.—JOURNEY THROUGH WALES—THE CHOLERA—  
CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.

TO MARY STERRY.

3, 3 mo., 1829.

. . I much regret thy not seeing poor — near the close. It is a mistaken view in relatives to suppose that the excitement of religious feeling is injurious to invalids, and I often wish that amidst the abundant care bestowed upon the poor body, there was more attention to what might benefit the mind, being persuaded that in many instances it is a relief, a blessing to the sick, to be greatly incited to serious reflection. . . . .

JOURNAL.—11 mo. 26, *Fifth-day*.—In our very small meeting a precious sense of divine mercy was afforded, under which I believed prayer was raised in individuals present; and I had to encourage in the great duty of lifting up the heart to God.

*First-day, 29th*.—A public meeting at Gracechurch Street, appointed by Sarah Grubb, very interesting and satisfactory, and to my feelings a solemn conclusion to a favoured day.

The Yearly Meeting was, I believe, to many a season of spiritual advantage and comfort. There was a solidity of demeanour among the young people which tended to the encouragement of those who feel the loss of such as may be termed the ancient and honourable, very few of whom now remain; whilst the successors of this class are many of them

sensible of deficiency in qualification for acting as pillars in the church. In having feelingly to apply this sentiment to myself, I am inclined to suppose that similar views have been taken by those who preceded us, and that it is a necessary part of our probation to feel totally insufficient and unworthy, whilst persuaded that this knowledge may be abused, and is so if made a plea for inaction.

The sittings of the Select Meeting were rather unusually solemn, especially the one wherein Hannah Backhouse opened her concern to visit America. The sweet feeling of Christian unity under which Friends encouraged her to enter on the important service, as well as the sanction given to her valuable husband in his call to accompany her, will, I hope, be recurred to by them as a means of comfort, when far separated from their relatives and native country. - Thomas Shillitoe and Anna Braithwaite returned accounts of their visit on the American Continent, and both expressed thankfulness and peace being their possession in the feeling of release from arduous labour. Our aged friend, T. S., mentioned his apprehension that if life were prolonged he should have to visit New South Wales, in the love of the gospel, and wished his prospect to be made known, in the belief that some fellow-labourer would be provided for him.

Near the close of the Yearly Meeting we heard of Isaac Stephenson having departed this life at Moyallen, after lying two days under the effects of apoplexy. He was on a religious visit to Ireland, when thus suddenly taken to his everlasting rest.

#### TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 10, 8 mo., 1830.

. . . I am glad, my dear Lucy, that thou art called upon to visit thy brethren and sisters at a distance from home, and also that thy worthy husband proposes to accompany thee in the work. May the Lord bless and prosper you in the undertaking, and so grant the assistance of his grace as to encourage in future acts of dedication, giving you thankfully to acknowledge that no Christian soldier is sent on a warfare

at his own charges, or employed in service for which he is not furnished with weapons suited to the occasion.

The renewed conviction that divine "strength is made perfect in weakness" has comforted me this day, when, under a sense of poverty and total helplessness, I thought it right to inform my dear fellow-members of my being attracted, in what I deem gospel love, towards Friends in Wales. My friends entered feelingly into the concern, and have given me a certificate of their accordance and sympathy. My dear Mary is inclined to accompany me, which I feel a great comfort. . . I kept the matter to myself till just the last, and indeed felt very undetermined even within a few days, many discouraging things being in the way; but a little clearness and strength were vouchsafed when the Monthly Meeting approached, and now I feel quiet, though very sensibly without purse or scrip or any storehouse of my own to resort to.

TO ANN STERRY.

Bryn-y-Mor, near Swansea, 20, 8 mo., 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . We travelled with more speed than I liked on leaving London, and competition with another mail caused a racing which at one time put us in considerable danger. Just after leaving Cranford Bridge, a cart on the wrong side of the way, and the driver not with it, came in contact with one of our leaders, and the shaft forcing itself into his chest killed the poor animal at once; giving a violent spring, he fell dead in his harness. Happily the other horses stood quietly, and drew us the remainder of the stage, and we had no more racing on the journey. Indeed the circumstance was serious, and the preservation from injury such as demanded humble thankfulness. . . .

We had a sweet ride through some of the most beautiful parts of Monmouthshire to Cardiff, where we dined about four o'clock, Mary just running to see the famous old castle before the horn summoned us to proceed. The country was equally fine

as we rode through the fertile vale of Glamorgan to Swansea; the cornfields, some standing and others with the yellow grain prepared for removal, gentlemen's seats, richly covered hills and flowing streams, presenting a scene well fitted to raise the thoughts and contemplation "from Nature up to Nature's God." It was past nine o'clock when we reached Swansea, where Robert Eaton and his brother Henry Knight were waiting with a comfortable car to bring us here, a mile from the town, on a high hill in view of the fine Swansea bay. All that kindness and affection could devise awaited us in this hospitable mansion, whose owners are among our very early friends.

A good night's rest in air which may be termed health-giving, fully overcame the fatigue of the journey, and I felt able to accompany my friends to the Monthly Meeting at Neath next morning. There we found John and Martha Yeardley, and five men Friends of the Yearly Meeting's Committee. The interview with me was unexpected to John and Martha, though I was aware they intended being here, and it was mutually comforting to meet in this remote spot.

The Half-year's Meeting, which assembled yesterday, was smaller than we often have at Peckham on a First-day. Several not Friends attended, and through the renewings of divine help we were refreshed together. . . . Finding that my dear friends, John and Martha Yeardley have taken but a few of the meetings, and that our views are similar, I am induced to unite with them, instead of remaining a little while here, as at first thought of; and the weather being so favourable for travelling, it seems important to make use of it.

#### TO HER SISTER MARY.

Aberystwith, 14, 9 mo., 1830.

. . . . The journey of fifteen miles to Llanidloes proved a pleasant one. Being fair-day, the town was much crowded, and the inn very noisy to a late hour, with poor accommodation, but the people were civil and ready to give us their best. We went to tea at Richard Brown's, he and his wife being

the only Friends in the place. They were very glad to see us in their humble dwelling, where peace sweetly prevailed, and the sacred declaration is instructively verified, that "godliness with contentment is great gain." R. Brown has been blind since he was a boy at Ackworth School, and his wife is a good deal deformed; but they are bright, intelligent characters, and in seeing Richard walk about and employ himself, one can hardly imagine him to be totally blind.

#### TO HER SISTER MARY.

Ruthin, 24, 9 mo., 1830.

. . . We had lovely weather for our visit to Llyn-y-guil. Caroline Morgan sent two horses and a car, which proved very helpful after we had walked a mile over rough stones. R. and J. Eaton trotted sociably on their nags, while we three felt more easy in the cart accustomed to carry live stock, and wherein bundles of straw and some carpet made us good seats. We were most hospitably entertained, and felt much sympathy with C. Morgan. We had a meeting with the family before dinner, and parted in much love. . . . Our tarriance at Barmouth was very interesting, though productive of much mental suffering: I believe our being there was right, but we felt excused from inviting the people. . . .

Here [at Ruthin] we soon found it would not do to move hastily, the few persons who are the object of our visit being of a very interesting kind, and likely to introduce us to some others of the same description. Their simple account of being attracted to what they call the *inward principle* was very sweet and instructive, and the firmness and sincerity they manifest amidst many trials, proves that they are taught by this blessed principle.

*Llangollen, First-day, 26th.*—The meeting at Ruthin was large, and the people evinced much serious attention. Indeed, a precious solemnity prevailed, not only while the truths of the gospel were proclaimed, but in time of silence, and we were comforted in believing that many knew the power of



religion in their own hearts. . . We came on here to dinner, only fifteen miles, but it took us four hours. . .

*Second-day.*—We feel in the way of our duty among a little company, who have for several years met together for the purpose of spiritual worship, and are Friends in principle. . . The oldest man of the little band, named John Pugh, was in the army, and first attended Friends' meetings at Clonmel, twenty years ago. Our hearts were humbled and contrited together under the feeling of heavenly love, and the meetings yesterday were, I believe, in kind, if not to the same degree, such as our early Friends described by saying, "The power of the Lord was over all." . .

To ———.

[9 mo. ? 1830.]

. . Thou wilt believe it is no small comfort to me, for the religious prospects of my valued relatives, J. and M. Y., to have been so in accordance with mine as for us to be united in service in these remote places. . . J. Y. proved an efficient helper in the public meetings, and dear M. has also been well engaged in all. It is evident they are both in their right place; and our joint strength is not more than enough for the occasion: indeed, if left to ourselves, we should be utterly insufficient; but it may be thankfully acknowledged that He who impresses the sense of infirmity, with this grants ability to confide in his power and goodness, and renews the strength to run the ways of his requiring with alacrity. I had thought of *rest* to recruit a little; but I find *rest* consists in prosecuting the work of the day. . .

TO HER SISTER MARY.

Coalbrookdale [4 to 7], 10 mo., 1830.

. . Here we are cordially, I may say joyfully, received, for the whole circle seemed delighted to welcome us. The venerable mother, Rebecca Darby, though feeble and failing

in memory, is bright and cheerful at seventy-eight. The public meeting at Wrexham proved truly solemn and comforting ; many present being, I believe, prepared to assent to the declaration, that, "what is to be known of God is manifest *in man*." The practice of silent waiting for the discoveries of His will in religious assemblies might be little understood, yet the close reminded me of what we are sometimes favoured with in the concluding pause at Yearly Meeting. One sweet-looking young woman said to Jane Eaton : "Some of us will have cause ever to be thankful and rejoice that you have called us together."

#### TO LUCY MAW.

Glenvellyn Cottage, near Neath, 8, 11 mo., 1830.

. . . . . We visited Madeley, and enjoyed seeing the abode of John and Mary Fletcher, whose places are now occupied by persons apparently acting under the same influence which made them useful and honourable in their day. The vicar, Thomas Cooper (husband of the Mary C., whose memoirs are published), is spoken of as indefatigable in the performance of his important duties, and much esteemed by Friends at the Dale ; as is Mary Tooth, the companion and successor of Mary Fletcher. She keeps together a little congregation, whom she exhorts and cares for in different ways.

Visiting Coalbrookdale produced some mournfully interesting recollections in my mind ; and the vacant seats of several who were conspicuous as way-marks, and justly beloved for their work's sake, when I was there above thirty years ago, could not be viewed without sadness, especially as the prospect of a succession is not very bright, and the burden now falls heavy upon a few. Coalbrookdale seeming to be the right place of separation, our dear J. and M. Y. went thence into Cheshire, and we to Leominster, Hereford and Hay. It was mutually trying to part, and I sensibly felt the absence of such helpers in the prospect of public meetings. The first after losing them was at Hereford, and I had cause thankfully

to acknowledge that every loss can be supplied by Him in whom "is everlasting strength." . . .

Dear Anna Price and her daughters affectionately urging their claim to a social visit, we came here last Fifth-day evening, and are enjoying their society and that of other Friends in this neighbourhood ; though, being still sensible of some heavy burdens, I cannot rejoice as those who put off the harness. On First-day evening, there was a large public meeting in the Town Hall. It was a time of much favour, and I felt it an encouragement to have the company and help of such a mother as A. P., who spoke very sweetly near the close. . . .

This engagement has occupied more time than I expected, and has been one of more interest and satisfaction. The openness towards Friends, and crowding to appointed meetings, is very striking ; and my faith has been strengthened that the spirituality of the gospel dispensation is increasingly understood among the various denominations of professing Christians, and that many are taught the value of true stillness who may never be called openly to unite with us as a body. It was remarkable on several occasions of circulating notices, that they were received with expressions of thankfulness, and repeatedly with the observation that such a thing had been desired and looked for, and surprise that Friends were not more often engaged to call people together. The harvest is indeed plenteous, and much do I long that many who are dwelling in their "ceiled houses" would bow under those humbling baptisms, which prepare for the call to lift up the eyes and in faith enter the fields. . . . .

TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 21, 1 mo., 1831.

Being bound to stop at Cowbridge and Cardiff, several Friends accompanied my sister and me. We set forward from Neath on the 17th of Eleventh Month. The meetings at both places were very satisfactory, that at Cardiff rather

**LEAD**

~~January~~ - The Government was... Village...  
~~February~~ - The Ministry of...  
~~March~~ - The Ministry of...  
~~April~~ - The Ministry of...  
~~May~~ - The Ministry of...  
~~June~~ - The Ministry of...  
~~July~~ - The Ministry of...  
~~August~~ - The Ministry of...  
~~September~~ - The Ministry of...  
~~October~~ - The Ministry of...  
~~November~~ - The Ministry of...  
~~December~~ - The Ministry of...

[illegible]

THEY ARE NOT TO BE USED IN ANY MANNER AS TO WHICH  
THEY ARE TO BE USED IN ANY MANNER AS TO WHICH  
THEY ARE TO BE USED IN ANY MANNER AS TO WHICH

746—Monday Morning in School (Continued) (continued)

**W. E. B. DUBOIS**

My dear Father is very kind to think me worthy  
his service, and we have at the same time and place  
fort we can wish: very different from what is represented by  
many poor missionaries in various parts of the world with  
some of whom I often contrast my own situation but  
desire to be humbled under the contemplation of their  
denying labours, privations and difficulties, which would put  
our love and zeal to a severe test.

## TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 16, 5 mo., 1831.

Our [Select Yearly] Meeting this morning opened under a very precious covering of solemnity. . . Elizabeth Robson opened her concern to visit the Continent in much Christian simplicity, stating that she had been under it for several years, and though sensible of many discouragements and probable difficulties, yet in putting those into the scale, the concern weighed heavier. It brought much tenderness over the meeting, and a stream of sympathy and encouragement flowed freely; no discordant feeling being manifested. The full unity expressed will, I hope, prove strengthening to the mind of this dedicated friend, who has been much depressed in the prospect. It was very satisfactory that she could mention her husband's willingness to accompany her, which seemed to meet cordial approbation. . . . .

JOURNAL.—10 mo. 4.—Travelled by coach to Tunbridge Wells, and got settled into lodgings on Mount Sion in the evening. A feeling of quiet trust seems like a sanction to this change.

16th.—A Sabbath, at the end of which my heart can thankfully acknowledge, "There is a rest for the people of God;" and humbly desires an increase of faith and love.

18th.—An interesting conversation with a religious man, at whose cottage we called to rest on the way to Speldhurst.

21st.—Visited a poor insane girl, on whom the comforts of religion seem largely bestowed. Severe bodily suffering brought her to deep repentance for her youthful sins, before her senses were impaired.

11 mo. 3.—Spent an hour with a pious man named Robert Russell, in a little dwelling like a hermitage, called Providence Hall. He is eighty-four years of age, and seems to look with humble confidence to the end of his pilgrimage, having known and loved the Saviour from early life.

In the Tenth Month of this year the Asiatic cholera, which had slowly made its way from the mouths of the Ganges, across the continents of Asia and Europe, appeared in England for the first time. The progress of this fearful epidemic excited in Elizabeth Dudley the liveliest sympathy, and when the pestilence reached her own neighbourhood, which it did early in 1832, she did not suffer her strong natural fears to prevent her from personally ministering to those who were attacked by it. Surrounded by death, she was not insensible to her own danger ; but the time for her release from her Lord's service was not yet come. Her warfare was far from being accomplished ; her work was only half done. Seventeen years later, when the pestilence was again sent forth, to alarm sinners from a false security, and to give to many a mourning child of the kingdom a swift exchange of the burden of mortality for the garment of light, she was found to be fully ripe for the harvest. It was then, as many who read these pages will well recollect, that she received the awful summons, for which, happily, she was prepared ; and, although not without anguish of body, yet sustained by heavenly peace within, she was, in the short space of a few hours, safely gathered into her everlasting rest.

11 *mo.* 5.—Heard to-day of the cholera having appeared at Sunderland. May the Lord humble and instruct us under this visitation of his providence ! It seems to bring death very near to view, and I desire to make it a stimulus to watchfulness and prayer.

[*Peckham*], 30*th.*—Affecting accounts of continued illness at Ackworth and the cholera at Sunderland. The rod seems shaken over us.

1832, 1 mo. 15.—*First-day*.—A day of much exercise, but not devoid of comfort. The burden of the word is often heavy, even though it may be faithfully proclaimed.

2 mo. 26.—In our afternoon meeting to-day, the divine assurance, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," was impressed upon my mind with such power and comfort as melted me in thankfulness before the Lord.

3 mo. 2.—Several cases of cholera are said to be ascertained here.

3rd.—A cholera hospital is taken in this parish. May this awful visitation be sanctified to the end designed.

24th.—Went with — and several others to the convict ship in very rough weather; an interesting time with more than 130 women, some but little alive to their awful situation.

4 mo. 19.—To feel the soul anchored on God amidst agitation and trouble is a mercy demanding humble gratitude.

20th.—Weak and languid, but favoured with quietness of mind, and desiring that patience may not fail under the trials now attending us.

28th, *Seventh-day*.—Closed the week under a feeling of sadness. Things around, as well as what intimately concerns us, wear a gloomy aspect; but the Lord is worthy to be trusted in, saith my soul.

5 mo. 5.—Under a thankful sense of providential care and goodness, I desire more implicitly to trust in the Lord, and turn from weakening fears. Doubt and discontent are my easily besetting sins.

21st.—Yearly Select Meeting, solemn and interesting. Stephen Grellet, John Wilbur, Christopher Healey, and Charles Osborne, all with us.

23rd.—Again chosen as clerk, and permitted to trust in divine sufficiency, while feeling weak in body and mind.

6 mo. 26.—Dear S. Grellet awfully engaged in our Quarterly Meeting, as if under a view of increasing trials.

30th.—Accounts of cholera in various places call for seriousness, and remind one of Moses' pious desire, "Oh, that my people were wise," &c.

## TO LUCY MAW.

Clapton, 5, 7 mo., 1832.

. . . We should have cause for thankfulness if more of our fellow-members were exhibiting the true missionary spirit, in a life of devotedness, self-denial, and love to the souls of men, which forms the preparation for service in the Lord's vineyard, whether at home or abroad. The principles we profess are certainly no bar to diligent persevering labour for the good of others, but on the contrary, when rightly understood and applied, altogether favourable to such an object, whilst they and the discipline by which we are connected and governed present a salutary check and guard to the effects of over-zeal and a warm imagination.

Far is it from me to condemn the active endeavours of those good persons who see not with myself the necessity of moving under an intimation of individual duty, as to the place and line of religious engagement. Many whose stations are allotted by the combined views and discretion of their Christian brethren, are successfully labouring in various parts of the world, with such evidence of the divine sanction and blessing as demands thankful acknowledgment. Others, I believe, there are, who have undertaken work for which they had not the necessary qualification, and whose example has caused the way of Truth to be evil spoken of; whilst some who might have spent a lengthened existence in promoting religion among their own people, have found an early grave in unhealthy climates, or fallen a sacrifice to hardships which there was little or no evidence of their being rightly exposed to.

Still, I would by no means judge respecting this latter point, nor uncharitably condemn those Christian communities which may be at times deceived in their selection of agents; but I do greatly value our own peculiar sentiments on the subject of gospel missions, and trust that as a body we shall never be betrayed into any dereliction or compromise of the sound principle; while I lament the continuance of that worldly-mindedness and love of ease, which has so prevailed



in our little church, as to prevent the succession of faithful dedicated labourers to anything like the extent for which there is occasion and scope. . . .

If we had had a suitable opportunity, I should have whispered to thee that I think of mentioning at our Monthly Meeting an attraction which at intervals I have very long felt towards the meetings in Norfolk. . . . Yet impediments of various kinds so rise to view, that I feel rather peculiar difficulty in avowing such a prospect, and I believe should not do so, had not the way seemed to open by my friend Rachel Fowler telling me of her feelings, and that for many years, when the subject presented to her, I had also been in view as a designed associate. This was very unexpected information, and at the same time striking, because, though often glancing at the service, I had never thought of a companion, which on other occasions has been the case. But since the conversation with R. F., I have not seemed able to turn from the subject, though I cannot say it presses very heavily, nor is the season for entering on the work fully perceived. . . .

7 mo. 6.—Visited Newgate, and was renewedly sensible of divine mercy being extended towards sinners of every class.

10th.—Informed my Monthly Meeting of an attraction in mind towards Friends in Norfolk and Norwich.

11th.—Wrote to Rachel Fowler of the step taken yesterday. Rest of body and mind mercifully afforded, though in sadness.

23rd.—William Wilson\* spent an hour with us in sweet religious conversation.

24th.—Heard before bed-time of William Wilson's death.

25th.—Attended the burial of our venerable friend William Wilson.

26th.—The affecting circumstances around us tend to our having solemn meetings.

28th.—Spent an hour with the children of our dear deceased friend William Wilson, to comfort. It was refreshing to see

\* Of Hawick. E. D. was his guest during her journey in Scotland in 1828. See ante p. 166. He was on a visit to his daughter who resided at Peckham.

the calm resignation of those who most keenly feel this irreparable loss, and to be sensible of divine mercy and love to console and heal the afflicted spirit.

TO HER SISTER MARY.

[7 mo., 1832.]

. . Little did we think, when conversing of our dear and devoted Hannah Kilham as probably drawing towards the shores of her native land, that she was for above three months an inhabitant of that country where sin and trouble are forever excluded. A letter to Warwick Weston from an official character in Sierra Leone, states briefly that they were all feeling much grief at the loss of this Christian philanthropist, whom he concluded we had already heard of, as dying at sea on the 31st of Third Month last, ten days after she left Montseredo, which I believe to be a seaport near the colony of Liberia; but whether on her way to England or Sierra Leone is not stated. The symptoms of disease observable to those around her were extreme irritability of stomach and constant vomiting for two days, which they attributed to sea-sickness. . . .

7 mo. 29.—Richard Richardson, who was ill about two days, died about noon. Awfulness is indeed spread over us.

TO SUSANNA CORDER.

30, 7 mo., 1832.

. . Thou art often in affectionate remembrance, my dear friend, and the opportunity for personal intercourse would be greatly prized at moments when I feel to want some kindred mind to participate in feelings and burdens not to be shared with every one, even among the number of intimate and dearly loved friends.

I hope G. A. is better, and that she does not give way to much alarm on the subject of illness. Our dear elderly friends are objects of especial sympathy in this season of calamity, though we have affecting proof that no age or cir-

cumstance exempts from the mysterious disease which is so evidently one of the Lord's messengers to the children of men, calling to humiliation and penitence, and the increased consideration of what we are all so prone to forget,—our latter end and the uncertainty of life. . . .

31st.—The interment of Richard Richardson took place about six o'clock in our ground, after which we sat a short time in the meeting-house, where our deceased friend had met with us last Fifth-day.

8 mo. 4.—An anxious day, and feeling far from well. Went to see Sarah Richardson, whose patient resignation was instructive.

12th, *First-day*.—An interesting solemn day. Much vocal labour fell to my lot in the forenoon, and the evening was a season of sweet rest under the ministry and supplication of J. S. and C. H.

13th.—Heard before breakfast that our dear friend, W. N., was attacked with cholera. Went to the house speedily.

14th.—An account, last evening, of W. N. being out of danger, was cheering; and its confirmation this morning truly comforting. We had a good Monthly Meeting.

23rd.—Enabled to commend myself and my dear friends to the care of the great and good Shepherd, in the prospect of separation.

24th.—Cholera prevails within our borders, and has taken off many in the Asylum.

## CHAPTER XII.

### VISIT TO NORFOLK.—LETTERS AND JOURNAL.

ELIZABETH DUDLEY received the Monthly Meeting's certificate for her proposed visit to Norfolk, the 14th of the Eighth Month; and about the end of the month she left home accompanied by Rachel Fowler.

#### TO HER SISTER MARY.

Leiston, Suffolk, 4, 9 mo., 1832.

. . . . First-day at Ipswich was one of much interest, and not without refreshment. Both meetings were solemn, and, I trust, instructive; the wing of our Heavenly Father's love being sensibly vouchsafed. My dear companion was well engaged in each meeting, and Dykes Alexander in the second. . . .

Yesterday morning we set out in the carriage, with D. Alexander for companion, to this place. We spent two hours at Woodbridge in our way, part of the plan being to visit some old and dear Friends in that well-known place, where our beloved father is always brought peculiarly to recollection, and the few who remember him are objects of especial regard. We took early dinner with Martha Jesup, who, at eighty years of age, exhibits the brightness and energy of that undecaying principle, which, having sustained her through many deep and complicated trials, is now her solace and spring of humble rejoicing. All in her neat habitation and garden looks the same as when thou and I visited there seven years ago.

## TO HER SISTER MARY.

Pakenham Grove, 18, 9 mo., 1832.

MY BELOVED SISTER,

From the house of our dear friend Jane Gurney I now address thee, where my valued companion and I came last evening to spend two or three nights. . . Since despatching my last letter to thee we have gone on steadily with our work, and I am thankful to say it is at least half gone through. . .

Sixth-day we came to this abode, where a most cordial welcome was given by the dear widow of one whose name and memory must ever be precious to me. . . Very fresh in my recollection are the time and circumstances of our visit here thirty years ago; and vivid to my view are the objects and persons connected with me at that season, which are at the present time remembered with peculiar encouragement, as a stimulus to trust in that unchangeable Father and Friend, who was the "strength and song" of those that have gone before us.

*Third-day, 19th.*— . Our first sitting yesterday was in this house, directly after breakfast, with dear Jane Gurney, her niece, E. C., and grandson, E. B., and we were thankful for such a commencement of our daily labour; the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit baptizing into a precious sense of the peace and rest prepared for the people of God, and which are known in fulness by those beloved ones who were brought so near in spirit as to make their absence from the body not the subject of selfish regret, but of joyous hope. It is striking to me that of eight individuals who were together in this house, and united in religious feeling, when I was here before, but three remain on earth:—Jane Gurney, Lucy Maw, and my poor self. In alluding to that period, after our sitting yesterday, dear J. G. said it was a time she could never forget; I believe it was one of deep importance to her, and as the season of solemn covenant; our precious mother being an instrument of spiritual help and instruction to her in a remarkable degree. . .

To ———.

Earlham, 25, 9 mo., 1832.

. . I have many companions, no doubt, in the path of toil and conflict, however secret the trials and inconspicuous the labour of some to whom "it is given, not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for his sake." I am thankful to say the visit to families here is likely to be completed to-morrow, with little exception. This engagement has been so signally marked by the care and goodness of Him who condescends to go before and graciously guide in the path to which he is pleased to point, that we have no reason to doubt as to the time or way of its performance.

At no time that I recollect has the life and death of my precious mother been so constantly present with me as since coming to Norwich, where it has occasionally seemed as if the work to which her mind was drawn might in degree devolve on one very inferior in qualification. "Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours," is, I believe, fulfilled in every age of the Christian church. . .

To LUCY MAW.

Earlham, 25, 9 mo., 1832.

. . Sitting in the families of Norwich meeting is no light thing. It was heavy in prospect whenever the glance turned that way for many years past, and the reality has confirmed my long-cherished view that such engagements are peculiarly serious, involving humiliations and conflict of spirit beyond what attends more general service.

Poor and scattered, indeed, may the little flock under our name be termed in this quarter, and yet we have found something to cherish and feel with in every place. My dear companion and I have moved on in much harmony of feeling, and I believe the benefit of her future visits to this place may be materially enhanced by present dedication, for she has been signally helped in proclaiming the gospel message entrusted to her, both publicly and from house to house. . . .

## TO HER SISTER MARY.

Earlham, 8, 10 mo., 1832.

. . . . . We went as intended last Fourth-day morning to North Walsham, a little meeting sixteen miles distant, accompanied by dear Mary Gurney and her sister Rachel. We dined at a Friend's house, and proceeded to Northrepps, about twelve miles, where at a cottage occupied by Anna Gurney, and her cousin Sarah Buxton, we were most cordially received, and spent two nights to the refreshment of body and mind. But I must not enter upon any description until I can verbally explain to thee the peculiarly interesting circumstances of these dear women, to whom my heart is very nearly united, though we are not of the same religious profession. Their residence is about two miles from Cromer, whither we went on Fifth-day, Anna G. driving me in her pony-chaise first to see their school-house; one where she keeps apparatus invented by herself for the rescue of shipwrecked mariners, who often claim sympathy and attention on that coast; and the little church where they go to worship, and into which I went to see the tablet in memory of poor Henry Buxton, with some sweet lines written by his sorrowing father. We afterwards dined at Fowell Buxton's, where A. G. and S. B. met us in the evening; a social interesting party, where a season of religious retirement was a comforting conclusion to the day.

Yesterday was a Sabbath which I contemplate with thankfulness. The forenoon meeting was solemn and favoured, and at its close J. J. G. queried whether we should object to that in the afternoon being deferred for an hour, and a few neighbours informed of it. This rather according with my views we allowed him to propose it, and at four o'clock the house was filled with a company who for the most part I should expect were not ignorant of spiritual worship, and the season was one of instruction and comfort, an open door being found to produce a free current in the line of utterance, and the canopy of divine love was mercifully over us from beginning to end.

## FROM LUCY MAW.

Needham, 12, 12 mo., 1832.

. . . . I am making a little effort to stir up some of my *poor neighbours* to the pursuit of the only enduring good, by inviting them once a week to our little meeting-house to hear the Scriptures and other instructive books read; my view being principally to aged and middle-aged females, some of whom are quite unable to read and very ignorant both of the letter and spirit of the gospel. I have had but two opportunities of the kind at present; but a considerable number attended and behaved with seriousness, divers of them expressing themselves in a manner which implied they considered it a privilege. A few, I think, are serious persons, and these claim sympathy and encouragement. . . . .

## TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 23, 12 mo., 1832.

. . There are but few towards whom I feel such entire openness, and scarcely one within these borders to whom I could so disclose my sentiments respecting some matters of importance. And among other subjects for regret and whence I imagine loss and injury have been sustained, is the backwardness and undue caution fostered in our society with regard to free and frequent interchange of views amongst those in conspicuous stations on the great and momentous business of religion. Had the gospel privilege been more fully recognized, and "they that fear the Lord spoken often one to another," I believe an anxious inquiry into the lifeless condition of many meetings, large and small, throughout this land, might have led to some attempt in the line of instruction or union of numbers favourable to that revival of true godliness which we must all see to be greatly needed. A time once in every week when the Scriptures should be publicly read in our respective meeting-houses, not as a substitute for religious worship, but as a specific avowal of our belief in their divine authority, and that they are profitable for the



various purposes described by an apostle, and an authorized means of preparing the heart to draw nigh unto God, would I have often thought be beneficial to our young people, and open the way for exhortation and teaching on the part of some to whom talents for these services are committed and would be found to brighten and extend by salutary use.

The account of thy Christian efforts among your poor neighbours has renewed this idea in my mind. What a bright thought it was to collect persons who probably seldom sit down for the purpose of serious reading, and even did they, are less likely to profit than by hearing from one who could give some explanations calculated to increase the interest and advantage. Sincerely do I desire that the blessing of the Lord may attend this labour of love, and it will be grateful to think of thee my dear friend when so engaged. Many are the ways in which a watchful lively-spirited individual may promote the best welfare of those around them. . . . I have thought it may be well for dear Samuel sometimes to share in the reading; and you would find it an advantage occasionally to introduce a hymn, the attention being caught by a little variety, and metrical composition being usually acceptable to persons of simple habits, and a profitable means of impressing sacred truths. . . .

(25th.)—Mary and I are each spending our evening at the pen, not I trust in a manner inappropriate to this day, which ought to be marked by feelings and employment favourable to the thankful remembrance of that inestimable blessing which the word Christian denotes. For however the term may have originated in superstition, and its observance be perverted to suit the corrupt inclinations of man, the *thing* is not to be forgotten, and we may profitably *use* an annually-occurring period for the especial recollection of what should indeed be contemplated with adoring gratitude every day of our lives; that “God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.”

I was much surprised on entering [Devonshire House] meeting-house yesterday to see John Wilbur sitting there,

having thought of him as in your county. William Forster, Daniel Wheeler, and George and Ann Jones were also with us ; the three former on their way to Norwich. In the prospect of this Quarterly Meeting, I have felt some pressure of mind respecting the younger class of our members, thinking it might be well to have them collected together at a time when many are peculiarly at liberty, and children at home from school. The sight of so many strangers yesterday made me hesitate on the subject, thinking it possible some of them might have such a view ; but I was not easy to omit mentioning it, though without the avowal of an individual concern, suggesting that if any other had felt similarly, the matter should be named in the men's meeting, and to-morrow forenoon proposed. It was cordially met by several of our own friends, and Ann Jones stated that if such a meeting were appointed she should like to attend it. . . The meeting is appointed for eleven o'clock, and I trust the great Head of the church will mercifully guard his own precious cause, and enable the poor frail instruments who at times attempt to advocate it, to see their calling and keep their respective places. The knowledge that without our holy Helper "we can do nothing," seems to quicken while it humbles the spirit ; for the abasing sense of insufficiency is I believe what especially prepares for the experience to which Paul testifies, "When I am weak, then am I strong." . .

## TO A FRIEND.

Peckham, 29, 12 mo., 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Sympathy and near affectionate interest are not new emotions as it regards thee and thy dear husband. My heart has been warmed with them from our first acquaintance, and though our personal association has for many years been infrequent, I am not sensible of lessened regard, and can truly say that every recollection of you, separately or together, is attended with a love which, however it originated, is I believe more than what appertains to the natural feelings,

for it desires your spiritual welfare, and is solicitous for the highest and lasting advantage of yourselves and your dear children.

It could not therefore be matter of indifference, nor heard as a common event, that one of those whom an All-wise Providence has entrusted to your care, gives proof of being awakened to religious thoughtfulness, and is among the number who happily admit the all-important inquiry, "What shall we do to be saved?" This is not the spontaneous or natural language of any human mind: where it is excited and produces serious reflection, the Holy Spirit has begun to work, "the day-spring from on high hath visited" the soul, and there is cause for reverent thanksgiving and humble trust. The state of thy dear daughter as described by her father fully indicates that she is thus drawn by heavenly love, while the anxiety and fears which agitate and distress her may proceed from various or combined causes. Little or no good will result from too closely scrutinizing their source, but real advantage to herself will consist in simply clinging to those "great and precious promises" which meet the eye of the humble believer in almost every page of the inspired volume. Temptations assail the Christian traveller during every step of the wilderness journey. Some are more tried on first setting out than others. The Lord knows what is best for his dear children, and never leaves them in the hour of conflict, though they may suppose him at a distance and unmindful of their sufferings; nor will the Enemy fail to suggest that so it is, that He has cast off for ever and will be favourable no more. Satan is very jealous of God's work and seeks to frustrate it in the hearts of believers; but his power is limited, and that of the Saviour omnipotent. He who condescended to endure temptation when in our nature he sojourned on earth, is now a High Priest, touched with a feeling of our infirmities and able to succour them that are tempted. In his severest anguish, when suffering for a guilty world, he *resorted to prayer*; "being in an agony Jesus prayed more earnestly." Here, as on many other occasions, "he hath left us an example that we should follow his steps;"

and whether we have an immediate answer to our petitions or not, the exercise is acceptable in the divine sight and salutary to our souls. By it the Enemy is repelled, for if we have faith to approach the throne of grace, his fiery darts are quenched, while every effort in our own strength would only increase their force.

My affectionate desire for dear C. is that she may cherish and dwell under the contriving influence of heavenly love, that her convictions of sin and the humbling sense of inherent evil, instead of discouraging or affrighting her, may increase love and gratitude to Him who paid the penalty of sin for us, and deepen the dependence on such mercy and grace as the tongues of men or angels would fail adequately to set forth. The Holy Spirit will in due time be to her the Comforter, and as she bows submissively to the yoke of Christ, he will teach her and give strength to practise those lessons of meekness, patience, self-denial and humility, which it is the business of our lives to learn; and under the instructions and care of this blessed Master, she will find *rest* unto her soul, whatever be the burdens she may have to bear, and know the fulfilment of the cheering declaration that, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

I have written what presented without premeditation, and leave thee, my dear friend, to make any or no use of this sheet as thou think'st proper. It may perhaps be merely as some encouragement to thyself under the pressure which must attend witnessing the mental conflict of a dear child; and much do I desire that sympathizing with her may prove a means of help and strength to thy own mind; that besides the tenderness of affectionately participating in her sorrow, thou mayst know some capacity to minister to her wants, and be made a spiritual mother to her and the rest of thy beloved family. I am thy truly affectionate friend,

E. DUDLEY.

JOURNAL.—1833, 2 mo. 12.—A visit yesterday afternoon to Joseph Binns was cheering in the prospect of his being raised up from alarming illness. This day our Monthly Meeting

acknowledged this dear friend as a minister, under a solemn evidence of the divine sanction, and a sweet feeling of unanimity.

*First-day, 17th.*—A time of comfort and encouragement under a lively testimony from Joseph Binns, who ministered to the state of our meeting in gospel power.

*21st.*—Poorly in body, and depressed in mind. Worldly losses in prospect excite more thoughtfulness than my heart acknowledges should be bestowed upon things which perish with the using. Lord, deliver me from unhallowed carefulness.

*25th.*—Select Quarterly Meeting—a time of favour; J. J. Gurney and Richard Burlingham attended with certificates.

*27th.*—Met again this morning, and had a favoured termination of Q. M. A testimony respecting dear Hannah Kilham caused much tender feeling.

*4 mo. 2.*—A large and interesting Anti-Slavery Meeting. O, that the Lord may arise, and speedily deliver the oppressed!

*15th.*—Accompanied our dear relatives\* to the ship in which they sailed for Ireland.

*20th.*—Flatness and sorrow marks the termination of this week. Anxious forebodings about our dear relatives now on the sea keep us sad, and all around seems gloomy.

*21st.*—Some capacity to pour forth prayer in our morning assembly was accepted as a symptom of life. John Yeardley ministered sweetly.

*26th.*—No tidings yet from Ireland, and our uneasiness great.

*27th.*—Dear J. and M. Yeardley spent the day here, which tended to cheer us. Their present circumstances are very interesting, and their dedication instructive.

*30th.*—Attended the burial of Joseph Brown, who sank under influenza; and went to see M. Lidbetter, who is ill in London with the same.

*5 mo. 1.*—Yesterday's post brought tidings of our dear relatives reaching Waterford on the 26th, but that S. was

\* Her brother William, his wife and family.

unable to leave the ship's cabin, where she had been ten days in a high fever ; the doctor calling her complaint the London influenza.

5 *mo.* 4.—Busy in getting petitions for Negro Emancipation, signed by females only.

10*th.*—A busy day in London, on account of the Ladies' petitions against slavery : heartless, because of feeling no confidence in the professed intention of our rulers, while believing that the Lord himself will arise and deliver the oppressed and sorely wronged negroes. O, that the time may not be far distant !

20*th.*—Two sittings of the Yearly Select Meeting occupied seven hours : a good feeling prevailed throughout.

21*st.*—Two sittings more ; and much discussion on the proposed alteration in Queries and Advices, yet a good feeling throughout.

28*th.*—Went to Clapton to lodge, wearied in body and mind from the complicated exercise attending this Yearly Meeting.

29*th.*—A solemn meeting at Devonshire House, William Forster being much favoured in a copious gospel testimony.

6 *mo.* 12.—William Lloyd Garrison dined with us, and gave an affecting account of slavery and its consequences in America.

24*th.*—A trying meeting from diversity of sentiment among those who have the same object at heart.

25*th.*—The gospel communications of Joseph John Gurney were peculiarly acceptable and comforting at our Quarterly Meeting.

To ———.

Clapton, 1, 7 *mo.*, 1833.

Thinking of thee very sweetly this morning, I pleased myself with copying some papers for a place in thy book. . . . An evidence of being remembered by those who love us, even if they have little to offer besides the bare proof, is not unwelcome, and I sometimes derive comfort from feeling nearly united to those whom I can undoubtingly believe to be sincere

in their attachment to our common Master, even when my own love and service may be beheld as so unworthy that in self-abasement the inquiry is suggested ; Have I ever known and followed him ? Many are the trials of faith and patience through which the work of sanctification is carried forward in the believing soul, and happy is it that we have “ great and precious promises ” upon which to depend. When, under these trials we should faint and grow weary, but for the blessed Comforter, the Spirit which helpeth our infirmities, gratitude for the privileges so richly provided should indeed be the clothing of our minds, whether to suffer or to rejoice, to feed or to be hungry, be seen fit by Him who cares for our spiritual health and knows how to preserve or restore it. . . .

7 mo. 3.—Lost my purse in London yesterday, I believe by pickpockets. It contained between six and seven pounds, which I can ill afford to lose, but wonder that I feel so little uneasy about it.

4th.—Busy in packing for our removal to South Grove.

5th.—Left the habitation where we have lived nearly twelve years and experienced many sore trials, but where also we have seen much of the Lord’s goodness, and witnessed the triumphs of gospel faith.

21st.—Dear cousin Francis Eveleigh died this morning of cholera. The shock is indeed great ; eighteen hours’ illness succeeded to apparently good health, but there is hope in his death, which overcomes natural sorrow.

25th.—A solemn time at Bunhill-fields, and in the family, towards which divine goodness is evidently extended in this season of affliction.

27th.—My brother Charles left us this morning, and we feel the great distance at which we now are from all our near relatives. May the circumstance draw us more closely to Him who sticketh closer than a brother !

28th.—A quiet Sabbath, wherein rest of body and mind was mercifully experienced.

29th.—Another death of cholera among our friends : Sarah Cook, who was ill only a few hours.





the comfort and relief of my own mind ; I believe also for the sake of some present with whom I felt near sympathy.

24th.—William Ritchie, lately come from Sierra Leone, spent some hours with us, giving much missionary information, and evincing a devotedness to the cause of Christ, which was instructive and animating.

26th.—A quiet day at home. John Fell and Margaret and Sarah Sterry took tea with us. The suffering state of my dear friend Rachel Fowler is much in remembrance, and the support and resignation granted to her are matter of thankfulness and encouragement.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE—RELIGIOUS VISIT TO DEVON- SHIRE AND CORNWALL—JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

**JOURNAL.**—1833, 9 mo. 1.—My fifty-fourth birth-day. Increasing infirmities remind me that the earthly tabernacle is coming to decay ; and through infinite mercy some renewed faith is given that “a house not made with hands” does await the immortal spirit when its encumbering bands are laid down. But never was the sense that salvation is a free gift of unmerited grace and love, more deeply impressed upon my heart, nor the feeling of unworthiness more self-abasing, than at the present time. If ultimately beheld by a God of purity and goodness, as without condemnation, it must indeed be as “in Christ Jesus ;” for frailty and sin are so prevalent within me, that the prayer of the poor publican feels best suited to my condition, and as a sinner I crave forgiveness, and rely on the atoning sacrifice once made for guilty man.

**2nd.**—On reaching home found a letter from J. J. Gurney, announcing the peaceful death of my beloved friend Rachel Fowler, of whom it is sweet to think as released from all conflict and sorrow.

**9th.**—Heard, on going to Monthly Meeting, of dear Hannah Whitaker’s decease in cholera ; found my old servant very ill when I got home.

**20th.**—A quiet day, which seemed salutary for mind and body.

The Quarterly Meeting at Hitchin on the 18th was a season of spiritual refreshment. My dear friend Robert Jowitt was well engaged ; his company and united exercise were a strength and comfort to me. I also much enjoyed

some free intercourse upon subjects of deepest interest with my valued Ann Lucas, who, though long known and loved, it has not often fallen in my way thus to meet with in social life. Two or three communications in the line of ministry from this dear friend, were also very instructive: but I was concerned to see her in obviously impaired health. As *our* generation is swiftly passing away, it would be cheering to behold those in younger life more generally bending under the humbling baptisms of the Holy Spirit, and evincing a sense of their responsibility for the light and favour bountifully bestowed upon them.

21st.—Took a ride to W—— with our kind friend Ann Sterry, and visited poor —— on her sick bed. I was renewedly struck with the vast importance of having the “one thing needful” uppermost in time of health.

22nd.—Two exercising meetings, wherein the love of Christ constrained to hold out the invitations of that blessed gospel which brings life and peace.

#### TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 27, 9 mo. 1833.

. . . We came in to our own Quarterly Meeting on Third-day morning. We had John Wilkinson and Daniel Wheeler, who, with William Allen, had the chief service. There was some little clashing of expression, if not in doctrine, but I thought we closed under a good feeling; and I do more and more long that those who may see things a little differently would endeavour to set forth simple truth rather than appear to be combating error. There is I think danger of extremes on what may be termed both sides, and need to draw nearer and nearer to the Source and Fountain of all good; in doing which we shall be sure to get near to one another, for the place of true safety, and what all devoted hearts must be pressing towards, is this blessed centre. Christ is not divided, nor can he ever sanction or approve divisions among his followers. . . .

10 mo. 2.—Went to see poor V. C. in a very suffering state of body and mind, but evincing spiritual life, however this is hid from her own view, which is one of unmixed gloom and sadness.

4th.—Went to see poor Cicely at the hospital; thought in looking about the streets, This world is a great hospital.

6th.—A comfortable Sabbath and quiet family reading in the evening. What a privilege to cease from our own works!

8th.—Recurring to the text, Rom. viii. 28, seems often as daily food to my mind.

#### TO ANN STERRY.

14, 10 mo., 1833.

. . . I sometimes find it hard to realize that 1833 is so near its close; and the consideration that this space, whether improved to the great purpose of existence or not, is gone for ever, feels solemn.

An object of peculiar interest at the present time is the sending out a young woman who is wishing to have a school for black children in the island of Jamaica. She was there a short time during the persecution of the missionaries. Her name is Lucy Kingdon. A missionary and his wife attended our committee last Fifth-day, and gave much interesting information. If thou canst do anything towards raising funds it will be serving a good cause. There is a heavy debt due to Negroes, and it cannot be better liquidated than by giving scriptural education to the children of our colonial bondsmen. . . .

13th.—A flat Sabbath. Had felt attracted to Southwark, but gave way to discouragement.

20th.—A comfortable Sabbath, wherein trust was mercifully renewed in Him who died for us and rose again.

22nd.—An interesting interview with Lucy Kingdon, on her going out to educate black girls in Jamaica.

31st.—Shocked by the sudden information of my dear young friend M. Hoyland's decease. My cotemporaries are

fast removing, and I feel as on the verge of another world. O for grace to live above this, and press towards redemption from its spirit!

TO A FRIEND.

Peckham, 26, 10 mo., 1833.

. . It has pleased the Lord by the interruption of health and disappointment of some fondly-cherished hopes, to confirm in your experience the well-known truth that this life is a scene of mixture, none of its comforts being *perfect* or *enduring*, and that uncertainty attaches to every mundane possession. The knowledge thus painfully acquired has I believe been made a means of inciting and strengthening the desire for "durable riches and righteousness," so that trouble is not appalling to the mind, nor productive of agitation and inquietude, but I trust in degree met as a *friend*, and acknowledged to be the fruit of heavenly regard and goodness. We should not solicit the visits of this friend, nor if left to our own choice ever find a convenient season for trial and sorrow, but the time which our Heavenly Father chooses must be right and convenient, and when he sends trouble it is assuredly for purposes of compassion and mercy, though the messenger may come in a very gloomy disguise. . . .

The prayer of my heart, as I lay and thought of you all last night, was that the gift of holy resignation might be bestowed upon you. Truly we know not what to ask, because ignorant of what is best for us, and those for whom we are most intensely concerned. . . .

11 mo. 6.—Indisposed with cold, and feeling the effects of fatigue and mental exercise. The flesh and heart seem ready to fail, but God is the strength of my life. O! may I cling to him as my portion for ever.

9th.—My dear sister indisposed with cold. Irritability and impatience under suffering afford very humbling views of my innate corruptions, and were it not for "hope in Christ," I should indeed be miserable, for in me there is no soundness.

24th.—A quiet though rather low day. The account of dear Mary Alexander's decease is affecting; she was one I dearly loved. An hour's illness on the evening of last First-day preceded her entrance upon an eternal Sabbath.

12 mo. 5.—A comfortable meeting. Lucy Kingdon came to see us and lodged. After supper, felt drawn to pray for her.

14th.—Closed the week with a thankful sense of unmerited mercy. Though weakness and depression prevail, yet Christ is precious to my soul.

25th.—A good meeting appointed by J. J. Gurney, wherein he was much helped to advocate the whole truth as held by our society.

30th.—Breakfasted with Josiah and Rachel Forster. Our communings were sad with reference to things now happening amongst us.

31st.—Returned to Peckham in the afternoon; and this morning parted with my dear friend Lucy Maw, who went by coach from London; the last day of the year being thus marked in recollection. It was very wet and stormy throughout, and my dear sister and I are both rather indisposed, but I trust not wholly unmindful of the many blessings mercifully continued to us; for truly the Lord's "favours are new every morning, great is his faithfulness!"

1834. 2 mo. 7.—Spent an hour by dear Susan Tindall's bedside, where the texts sweetly revived, Isa. xlviii. 10, and Zech. xiii. 9. She evinced much tenderness of spirit.

8th.—Two sittings of the Committee respecting J. J. Gurney's work.\* He shows exemplary condescension, and the interchange of views is both interesting and instructive. Our religious opinions bear the test of Holy Scripture.

10th.—Morning Meeting a time of comfort, under the sense of that fellowship which is with the Father and the Son.

11th.—Omission of duty through want of simple faith has marred my comfort this day, and made poverty and regret mark its close.

16th.—Elisha Bates was largely engaged on the subject of

\* The "Peculiarities," afterwards entitled "The Distinguishing Views of the Society of Friends."

the Resurrection. He and four other Friends dined with us ; an interesting conversation after dinner was prolonged till after the hour of our Meeting.

25th.—Dear Susan Tindall died at three o'clock this morning. I went to the house after dinner, and found the mourners calm and mercifully supported. It is sweet to think of her as entered into rest.

3 mo. 1.—The close of this rapidly flown week is marked by sadness in contemplating the solemn duties of to-morrow, when our late lovely S. T. is to be buried in the ground adjoining Peckham meeting-house.

2nd.—The burial of dear S. T. very solemn, and the day one of deep feeling throughout ; the mercy of the Lord being signally manifested towards the mourners, and a sweet sense of his love comforting in the midst of tribulation.

#### TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 4, 3 mo., 1834.

. . . . Elisha Bates attended the meeting and was well engaged in testimony. His ministry is of a striking character, clear and sound as respects Christian doctrine, and embracing points not often made prominent in our galleries. Each time of his being here, and when I heard him at Newington, the subject of the Resurrection was particularly dwelt on, being brought to bear upon the accountability of man, in a very instructive and beautiful manner. He quotes largely from the Sacred Writings, making them interpret and illustrate the truths of divine revelation, with comparatively little comment of his own, and in describing the fall and sinfulness of man, with the unchangeable love and power of God, he strongly enforces the necessity of faith, as exemplified in all generations to be the appointed duty of mortals, the righteousness of the Lord's children, and source of all acceptable obedience. . . .

4 mo. 5.—This week closes under a renewed sense of divine mercy and goodness, which keeps in quiet trust, and even sweet peace, amidst trials of faith and patience.

10th.—Our dear friend Erasmus Simon \* came to Elm Grove this evening, very unwell. We went to sup with him.

TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 25, 4 mo. 1834.

. . . . . It is, I am fully aware, at times the *business* of ministers to sit in silence, either as an example of solemn waiting before the people, or in submissive suffering under the burden of the word, which He who gives can alone strengthen to proclaim; and their privilege, in either case, is to rest in the will of their Lord. But surely, if silent meetings had been the most effectual method of converting souls, and producing a growth “in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,” these blessed consequences of faith in Him would be more apparent in places where our fellow-professors assemble together, from childhood to old age, without hearing vocal ministry, except when occasionally visited by strangers. Every thing good is liable to abuse, and I am persuaded our testimony to that free unfettered influence of the Holy Spirit, which qualifies to perform acceptable worship, apart from or aided by outward ministrations, has been abused to purposes of indolence, self-love, and an increase of that carnal-mindedness which is death. . . .

5 mo. 11.—Stephen Grellet excellent in our forenoon meeting. He came to us, and we greatly enjoyed his sweet instructive society, until Second-day morning, when he and I went to London together to attend Morning Meeting. He came quite unexpectedly to pay this little visit to my dear sister and me, and adverted with much tenderness to the close gospel fellowship which he had enjoyed with our precious mother, whose translated spirit seemed very near during our Christian intercourse on this solemn day. He went with us to see dear E. Simon, and ministered words in season to his afflicted mind. We parted from the latter before our evening

\* A Polish Jew and Rabbi, and an experimental believer in Jesus.



meeting, not expecting ever to see him again in this world, but with the comforting persuasion that the Lord was mercifully near to him, under which prayer was poured forth on his behalf, and we could commend one another to Israel's unslumbering Shepherd. R. S. took him in a fly to Dr. Hunter's; and he was to sail for America on Second-day, but it seems very doubtful whether he will live through the voyage, or again see his dear wife who is waiting at New York to receive him.

In a memorandum made at the close of the year, E. D. adds:—

In the 8th month I received a letter from Barbara A. Simon, informing me that her beloved husband had died four days after embarking for America, and while in the English Channel; the vessel being off Falmouth, when his spirit was released from its suffering tenement. The captain who conveyed to her the sad tidings of her widowhood, informed her that she was an object of tender interest and love in his closing moments; when, praying for her support and consolation, he committed her to the gracious care of Israel's unfailing Helper, who has been mercifully near to succour and comfort her in the season of sore trial.

6 mo. 11.—Joseph and Mary Gurney's visit to my sister and me a time of spiritual refreshment and strength.

15th.—A solemn Sabbath throughout; J. J. G. largely engaged, and M. Bragg acceptably uniting in the exercise.

TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 11, 6 mo., 1834.

. . . We have had a tolerable share of those who attend different meetings during our annual convocation, and I think the meetings for worship, both here and in the city, have been times of solemnity and favour. Thy uncle [Dykes Alexander] was well engaged in both meetings on First-day, and we enjoyed a tea visit from him and Martha. . .

At the last meeting of Ministers and Elders some little diversity of view was manifested, and we had excellent counsel conveyed, in a way which proved that danger was perceived on the side of raising the Holy Scriptures to a level with the Spirit, though great prudence was shown in the terms made use of by our dear aged friend Jonathan Hutchinson, who touched the subject wisely, and deprecated any discussion. Dear Stephen Grellet, in great love, gave us a parting exhortation of a close and searching character, while he stated his hope that the affliction now endured would tend to profitable humiliation, and by earnest persevering prayer be so overruled for good, that we might escape the threatened danger, and be more firmly united as branches of the true living Vine. . .

On the succeeding Second-day, Elisha Bates had a meeting for young Friends, which was very largely attended. He entered fully into the origin of our discipline, and gave a luminous description of its bearing upon the various points of Christian doctrine, clearly proving the Scriptural views of our early Friends, and enlarging on the consequences of that spirituality which they saw in the gospel dispensation. J. J. G. had said a few words, inviting to solemn waiting and having the expectation upon God ; and Sylvanus Fox offered comprehensive prayer before E. B. rose ; and at the close Anna Braithwaite appeared in supplication. It was a solemn meeting, and, I should think, very informing to a large proportion of the audience, as well as confirming to those who were the peculiar objects of concern. . . . .

TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 7, 7 mo., 1834.

. . . . S. A. would, I think, give thee a cheering account of Yearly Meeting, and I am inclined to hope Friends in the country will be somewhat relieved of the alarm and surmisings which have been entertained. The entire suppression of these most undesirable emotions does, I believe, greatly depend upon the subjects which have given rise to them not being much spoken about, and the cautionary language of our

printed Epistle, with regard to conversation and writing, struck me as judicious and seasonable. Indeed, that document, as a whole, seemed unusually instructive and valuable, being of a practical character, though the interest excited in hearing it would have been deeper if not fatigued by the want of compression. . . .

7 *mo.* 10.—A large company of friends to tea. I often fear our social visiting turns to but little account in the best sense.

22<sup>nd</sup>.—Anna Braithwaite spent the day with us, I believe to mutual satisfaction. It is sweet to converse freely on heavenly subjects.

8 *mo.* 1.—A bright day to the poor Negroes, and of thankfulness to many who have mourned over their wrongs.

3<sup>rd</sup>.—A sweet Sabbath. Dear ——— revived the text, “Remember them that are in bonds;” sweetly enforcing the importance of spiritual freedom.

12<sup>th</sup>.—Informed my dear fellow-members of the attraction I feel to Devonshire and Cornwall. Much tender sympathy was evinced; and our Monthly Meeting throughout was solemn and strengthening.

14<sup>th</sup>.—Suffering from the effects of fatigue, but quiet in mind. “When He giveth quietness who then can make trouble.”

22<sup>nd</sup>.—My dear sister indisposed. Much illness around us; three of one family taken off with cholera.

25<sup>th</sup>.—Be thou my hiding place, and preserve in the midst of trouble, seems the soul’s breathing to its Beloved.

30<sup>th</sup>.—A kind and brotherly visit from Josiah Forster felt refreshing. Quietness of mind mercifully attends the prospect of leaving home, though faith is not strong.

Elizabeth Dudley was accompanied in this visit by William and Mary Binns of Poole. They attended the meetings of Friends in the two counties, and had meetings for worship with the inhabitants in general, in

several towns and villages ; one being held at St. Just, near the Land's End. On the way to Devonshire, E. D. visited some relations at Midhurst. A little notice of the latter part of the journey is contained in some of the letters which follow.

To —.

Midhurst, 10, 9 mo., 1834.

. . . . Thou dost not tell me where your lodgings are at Brighton ; that they front the sea must be pleasant. This sight is always richly sweet and calming to my spirits. The view of wave succeeding wave as the white foam dashes the shore has often tended to tranquillize agitated feelings ; and the ocean in all its variations affords an instructive emblem of human life, leading also, at happy moments, to contemplate with comfort the end of all change, when faith and hope shall have their fruition in the fulness of a love which, like the mighty deep, has to our perception neither beginning nor termination. . . .

How much need have thou and I to remember that if faith and patience are maintained, the promise of complete redemption will be inherited. When, by reason of weakness and temptation, we are ready to make shipwreck of faith, and lose our patience, ah, were it not for having to do with "the God of patience," as well as "of all grace," what would be our condition? where our hope? . . The Enemy of our souls stirs up innate evil, which joining with his suggestions produces undesigned conflict by giving him temporary advantage. Thou art not ignorant of Satan's devices, and wilt be enabled to detect and escape them, in proportion as thou follow'st in "the obedience of faith" that course of devotedness to which thou hast been clearly called, simply relying on the renewed influence of the Light which maketh manifest, and refraining from those reasonings which, having their origin in self, tend to weaken and bewilder. . . .

It was a bright quotation of our dear aged friend, Jane

Harris, “‘leaning on her Beloved,’ no one else;” and much do I desire that thou mayst lean only on the Beloved, making the frailty or removal of any who are permitted to convey occasional help, a fresh incitement to cleave more entirely unto Him whose promise is immutable to every one of his disciples, and especially to those who have part in the ministry of reconciliation; “Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.” . . .

FROM LUCY MAW.

Needham Market, 23, 10 mo., 1834.

. . . . What a little handful are Friends in comparison with others! And yet I believe we occupy an important station in the visible church. But, as my husband expressed, when we were going from one small meeting to another in Hertfordshire, &c., we had need to be *all salt* to do any good. Well, I believe something of the right savour is still retained amongst us; and though I consider the present a very trying and sifting time, I am not without a hope that it may tend to deepen and establish some on the sure foundation, and enlarge the views of others who may be too much contracted, though in many respects valuable and exemplary. May prayer and watchfulness be maintained, for I believe they were never more necessary. O, for the spirit of grace and supplication, that fervent importunate prayer may be acceptably offered to a prayer-hearing and answering God! . . . .

TO LUCY MAW.

Barnstaple, 1, 11 mo., 1834.

. . . . Truly we live in a day of turning and overturning, and when the mercy of being taught not to rely on human agency for the great business of adoration and praise, either in private or public assemblings for religious communion, is indeed to be highly appreciated. Never did it seem to me more important that we should firmly maintain and in our various stations and duties exhibit those views of

spiritual worship and gospel ministry, which so clearly accord with Scripture testimony; for in this day of general excitement, many are I believe preparing to enter into the rest consequent upon ceasing from their own works, and to depend more simply upon the great Head of the church, who only knows the times and method of feeding, while he commands to wait and ask for supplies of wisdom and strength. O that the Enemy of our souls may not be permitted to gain his ends, by dividing and scattering in that little community, where belief in the perceptible influence and direction of the Holy Spirit is acted upon, and the freedom of gospel ministry maintained, in a manner not recognized by any other body of professing Christians, while the zeal of many among these may well stimulate us to query why the light is so much hidden. . . . .

To ———.

Charmouth, 19, 11 mo., 1834.

. . . . . We reached Shaftesbury in time for the Meeting of Ministers and Elders. Depression and sorrow prevailed in recurrence to scenes and persons connected with my former visit twenty-two years ago; yet some strength was granted to discharge apprehended duty, and the solitary and tried could be saluted in the sympathy and fellowship of the gospel. . . .

Sixth-day afternoon we went to Marnhull. Here again I was strongly reminded of former years, and seemed to see the dear friend recently taken to her eternal rest, coming from the door of her simple habitation, as she then did, with a quick step and affectionate greeting, to fold in her arms my beloved mother, saying, with tender emphasis: "And have I got you!" I lodged in the same bed we then occupied, and just by the chamber where dear Rebecca Byrd exchanged the sore and protracted sufferings of a most distressing malady for the rest and blessedness of a heavenly mansion; and sweet it was to think of those two, with other redeemed ones, as now swelling the notes of those eternal praises which resound,

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,” who hath “washed us from our sins in his own blood.” A sister and niece of dear William Byrd live in his house and attend upon him with tender assiduity. His bed is down stairs, and we sat beside him to our comfort several times; the peace and quiet confidence resulting from a mind staid upon the Lord, being his blessed portion amidst the weakness of nature and those humble views of himself which attend true poverty of spirit. . . .

I did not feel easy to omit acknowledging an attraction towards the inhabitants of this interesting village, and soon found there was a particular readiness to come to meeting. The house was so full that numbers remained in the burial-ground and about the door. Help was mercifully afforded to proclaim the message of salvation, and it proved a time of peculiar relief and solemnity for which our hearts were united in thankfulness. . . .

I joined my dear companions, W. and M. Binns, in a fly to Blandford, and there we parted; no pleasant thing to any of us; but we separated in much affection, being sensible of increased love and union from our recent engagement, and mutually satisfied with the manner of its termination, having to trace the Hand of our Heavenly Father in leading about and instructing us, often when blind and ignorant as to the path of duty. . . .

To ———.

Charmouth, 3, 12 mo., 1834.

. . . The allotment of suffering and sorrow is, in itself, a proof of heavenly love; and grace to see and receive affliction is indeed to be appreciated as a further blessing from the Fatherly Hand. May all cast themselves into the arms of Infinite Mercy, remembering that the Lord doth not afflict willingly, and “although he cause grief, yet hath he compassion.” . . . How sweet it is when we are in pain and sorrow to think of Him who bare our infirmities, by whose stripes, bruises, and inconceivable anguish, the gift of pardon

and peace is procured for us, and our lighter afflictions made blessings, as drawing us to look from the things which are seen and temporal to the things that are not seen but are eternal. . .

I am by no means in the heights, and the flatness thou speakest of will not surprise me or dismay. My own experience qualifies me more for sympathy with the poor, the blind, and the ignorant, than with a state of abounding, or where light and knowledge seem to mark the path. Contentment in the former condition is, I believe, attainable, and I desire to seek after it, having learned in some degree to appreciate that lowly humble trust which is produced by stripping and desertion, yea, under the sentence of death to all wherein flesh can glory. . .

JOURNAL.—12 mo. 3.—The guidance and power of the Holy Spirit, as recognized by Friends, does not seem understood by those deemed most pious in other denominations; and yet it would be wrong to judge these as unfaithful. Still we must acknowledge our privilege; and never did I see more reason to use it with reverent thankfulness. To cease from man and really depend on Christ, demands continual subjection of will, and much inward attention to the working of that faith which purifies the heart.

16th.—Favoured to reach our own habitation this evening, after an absence of fifteen weeks, in safety and peace.

26th.—J. and M. Yeardley and dear S. and R. Savory spent the day here. It is sweet to mingle again in social intercourse, and we have all much of mercy to acknowledge in tracing the events of the last eighteen months.

To ———.

[No date.]

. . Having a little more to say, I blot for thee another sheet; and the first thing which presents is to mention that the memoir of P. H. G.\* occupied our few first evenings, and

\* Memoir of the Life, &c., of Priscilla Hannah Gurney, written by herself, 1834.



excited peculiar interest. Whether as a whole it would be extensively useful is, I think, a question, though her most painful experience can be understood by some, and the deep instruction conveyed by a short sentence might help to encourage many in a wilderness travel often made more dreary and difficult than He who leads into it wills. Still there are evidences of a constitutional tendency and physical peculiarities, which heightened some sufferings and impeded her acquisition of solid comfort in the hour of distress. This may in degree be traced to a defective education, of which she was herself aware, and also to the excitement and variety of association to which she was exposed, when powerfully drawn to seek spiritual communion. . . .

To ———.

Peckham. [No date.]

. . . May the coming First-day be to thee and to me, in our different allotments, one of peace and comfort, when, being really gathered into the Spirit, we may know it to be the *Lord's day*; and whether we mourn or rejoice, feed or fast, cleave unto Him as our rest and hope, for the promise is: "My people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation . . . and in quiet resting-places."

To ———.

[No date.]

. . . No advantage from a visit anxiously desired. So it is with our fondest expectations, that disappointment attaches to everything human; and the mediums of occasional help and comfort are often made the instruments of inquietude, and used to detach us from themselves, enforcing the most important charge of: "Cease ye from man." Happy is it when the subsequent blessing and command are fully recognized and cleaved to: "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is."

To ——.

[No date.]

MY DEAR ——,

I was feeling last evening fatigued in body (with Monthly Meeting, and the walking thither and from, part of the way), and as to the mind, nothing! a state I am often in and am generally content with, though another condition looks desirable. May it be thine and mine in the appointed seasons: "Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds. Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

### DISSENSIONS IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS—FUNERAL OF MARY GURNEY—LETTERS.

ELIZABETH DUDLEY'S was a character fitted to shine in times of dissension and trouble. To an ardent faith in Christ, she joined a deep-founded belief in the continual, though often unseen, progress of the Church towards a higher and better state. That anxiety of disposition which sometimes shaded her otherwise bright mental temperament, seemed never to reach her buoyant hopefulness for the cause of the gospel. Her mind also was truly catholic. She habitually regarded the community to which she belonged as a small portion only of the one great whole ; and, as the best and purest churches are liable to error and decay, her first inquiry, in all questions of doctrine and conduct, was, What is the plain teaching of Christ and his apostles in the New Testament ?

Her perception was rapid, and her judgment uncommonly sound. This often preserved her from errors into which others fell ; and the decision with which she chose her course, and the candour as well as steadfastness with which she maintained her opinions, showed that her understanding equally with her heart had been well instructed in the gospel. She also possessed the virtue, invaluable at all times, but especially so when brethren

disagree, of imputing to others none but honest motives, however their actions or opinions might differ from her own. She hated religious controversy, and it was a favourite maxim with her that the cause of the gospel is always better served by the simple and loving declaration of the truth, than by attacking and combating error.

Reference has been made in several of the letters contained in the last chapter, to differences on religious doctrine in the Society of Friends. We are now arrived at the time when these differences became most apparent. As is well-known they led to the secession of a large number of individuals in 1835 and subsequent years.

#### TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 31, 12 mo., 1834.

. . . . . I long for our beloved brother William Forster to be more known and engaged as a minister of Christ in this day of sifting and trouble; and very much regret that the fears and jealousies afloat in various parts of the nation, should operate, as I believe they do, to hinder Christian intercourse and openness between such as sincerely desire to promote the same cause. From what I have seen since returning home, I am very apprehensive our trials are not near an end, if they have reached their height; nor can I perceive a remedy but in a determined fast from strife and debate, letting what we cannot fully receive or comprehend pass away, and repressing excitement in ourselves and others. . . . .

#### TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 28, 7 mo., 1835.

. . . . . I took tea with Richard Phillips, and much enjoyed half an hour of his conversation, which is more like that of an inhabitant of heaven than earth, the employment

and happiness of glorified spirits being his favourite theme, while love and goodwill to man fills his heart. He entered feelingly into subjects of present uneasiness, and showed a lively zeal for the cause of his Saviour, wishing also that love and harmony might be preserved within our fold. . . .

It seems almost too much to expect a speedy and peaceful issue to the excitement now prevailing, while it is especially desirable that all patience and long-suffering, with the charity that "thinketh no evil," should be exercised in cases where resorting to the *discipline* of the Church is at least *questionable* . . . What have we so much to desire, my beloved friend, as that the Lord whom we all profess to love may graciously undertake for us, and cause this heavy affliction to prove a salutary chastening and means of refinement to our Church, within which, we must be aware, there does exist much of an offensive and reprobable character. O, that instead of a *fainting* or a *despising* temper of mind, we may accept rebuke and treading down as an evidence of Fatherly regard, and be thankful that we are not left to our own waywardness, and deemed unworthy of the scourging which denotes being recognized as children. . . .

If the Friends who find fault with our creed and practice, without stating what change they wish for, incline to try the effect of any other, or to unite in systems of belief already adopted by fellow-professors of faith in Christ, I for one could shake hands with them, as conscientiously seeking the path of duty and peace, even though respecting some I might with sadness of heart be ready to adopt the inquiry made in Gal. iii. 2, 3, for I do perceive in this theorizing, speculative unsettlement, what may imperceptibly draw to observances once rightly considered but as "beggarly elements." . . .

To ———.

Peckham, 3, 8 mo., 1835.

. . . My dear, justly valued, and fatherly friend, John Fell, is no longer an inhabitant of this world. . . . I went up in the evening, and from that time was not long out of his

room until the scene closed, just as the clock struck eleven on Seventh-day night. Nothing could be more tranquil than the last hours of this ancient Friend. A peaceful sense of divine love and mercy marked the occasion. . . .

In the Ninth Month of this year, Elizabeth Dudley was called upon to sympathize with her friend Joseph John Gurney and his family in the decease of his wife, Mary Gurney, after a short illness. E. D. was invited to join the company of mourners at Earlham ; and the interment could not be to her other than a deeply affecting and interesting occasion.

#### TO HER SISTER MARY.

Earlham, First-day night, 4, 10 mo., 1835.

. . . I had a comfortable night at Plough Court, and was kindly escorted to the stage in the morning. It left the "Flower Pot" about a quarter past seven, quite full. At Clapton Gate, Josiah Forster mounted the outside, where his brother William was before seated, having travelled all the preceding night. The afternoon and evening were wet ; I was glad when the loss of our female passengers caused me to have W. F.'s company.

We got here about half-past seven, and found a large party already in the house, mostly of near relatives, with whom it was deeply affecting to meet. A most cordial reception was given me, and I spent some time with dear Rachel in the room adjoining the chamber of death, which I visited before joining the party down-stairs. Sweet and lovely looked the remains of my precious young friend. Joseph was calm and able to enjoy the society of his friends, though at times overcome by the sense of his loss, and yielding to depression, which I found had been much his case from the first.

This morning all assembled in the room where the coffin was placed. Francis Cunningham read the 4th chapter of 2 Corinthians from the 6th verse to the end. A season of

solemn retirement ensued, wherein Joseph poured forth his heart in prayer and thanksgiving; and there were some other offerings. We left the house soon after ten; a great number of carriages, and more persons than I can venture to say. At the ground Joseph said a few words expressive of entire resignation to the Divine Will; dear Elizabeth Fry spoke sweetly; Lucy Aggs knelt, and Joseph offered a short prayer. On retiring to the meeting-house, a precious stillness preceded vocal labour, which however was considerable, through different instruments, and I trust under right authority. It was between three and four when we dined, and I should think above forty were at the table. In a sitting which succeeded, Francis and Richenda Cunningham each spoke to the young people; the former prayed, and Joseph bore a sweet and striking testimony to the virtues and Christian character of his departed treasure. Before tea we had time for a little rest, and at eight o'clock there was a very large assemblage in the dining-room, the household and poor neighbours being as usual added to the parlour company for reading. Josiah Forster read one of the Evangelists' accounts of the Resurrection, and his brother William preached the gospel with life and power at some length.

Many kind inquiries are made for thee, and messages of love sent. Joseph said to me at dinner, "Dear Mary is thinking of us," to which I could undoubtedly reply, I knew thy mind was in the scene. . . .

Ever thy fondly attached,

E. D.

#### TO HER SISTER MARY.

Earlham, 5, 10 mo., [1835.]

. . . . . Our bereaved friend had a restless night; but the Reading this morning was a time of renewed comfort; and after breakfast Fowell Buxton read from the Wisdom of Solomon some striking passages, which, though "apocryphal," seemed to bear evidence of inspiration, and were appropriate to the memory of her who seems constantly

present, and is often spoken of amongst us. Some sweet and serious remarks were exchanged before we separated for the morning, and I believe there is a general feeling of its being good for Christians to meet and mingle on occasions like this, wherein the same source of consolation, and the one hope of a blessed immortality, are seen as alone important by the true believer, while different administrations of the same Spirit are evidently owned by the one glorious Lord. A sweet influence prevails in the household, and cheerfulness is not wholly restrained, while the chastened look and feeling are not long absent. . . .

TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 29, 10 mo., 1835.

. . . It was comforting to think of thee and thy dear T. M. as willing to go on gospel errands and show your love and zeal in this day of treading down and perplexity, when I believe it will not do to lie as with the head wrapped in the mantle, yielding to unhallowed fear and depression; but rather to watch for opportunities to cheer and help one another, and whilst studying to be quiet, as it regards unprofitable disputations and weakening arguments upon subjects beyond human comprehension, do our own business with diligence and in season. O, how much have we to remind us that the season of doing and suffering is rapidly passing over, and to impress the great importance of working while it is called day.

I seemed to look for meeting you at Norwich, knowing your attachment to dear J. J. G., and the long intimacy between the families. Little did I contemplate such a claim on sympathy and sorrow as likely to be made on me, for it never entered my thoughts that I should survive the lovely young Friend who is thus suddenly taken from a large and interesting circle. The first week in last month she and Joseph came to attend the burial of Elizabeth Barclay; on which occasion I spent a day with them at Upton, and peculiarly enjoyed some hours of intimate association with dear



Mary, to whom my heart has been very closely knit since the death of her beloved mother, and I often rejoiced in observing some of the particular excellencies which characterized each parent combined in her.

TO JOSIAH FORSTER.

Peckham. [No date.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I sincerely feel for thee and thy colleagues in the prospect of fresh trial, unconnected as this is with much cheering hope of a speedy termination to our present causes of anxiety. And I do, indeed, respond to thy desire that the wisdom which is from above may be bestowed, and so actuate your proceedings as to counteract the danger of unworthy fear or an approach to compromise of principle, on one hand, and of the zeal which would promptly "hurt or destroy," on the other. O that the meekness, patience, self-denial, and willingness to bear, of Him whom we call Lord and Master, were more conspicuous in all who seek to promote his cause and glory. Not for this, most assuredly, have we to fear. The decree is gone forth, the word is settled in Heaven, and in the appointed season He to whom all power is given, will have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. But for the effects of our own frailty, the ignorance and mixture which so often mar our best services, and the insidious nature of self in its multifarious workings, we have need to fear, and, with salutary caution in asserting the absolute rectitude of views which satisfy our own minds, to crave earnestly that we may be preserved from judging hardly of others, and patiently learn the lesson which every trial offers to the humble waiting soul. "Not as though I had already attained, or were already perfect," are words which convey encouragement and warning. Let us be thankful for every stimulus to press forward, and shun those disputations and controversies which tend to lessen spirituality of mind, and weaken Christian love. I am glad thou dislik'st controversy, and wish it may be more discouraged amongst us. . . .

To ———

[No date.]

. . Our poor Society must bear even "cruel mockings," without retorting, and I crave that the remembrance of "*Who* was oppressed and afflicted yet opened not his mouth," may seal the lips of many to whom it would be an easier thing to answer and refute misrepresentations, than quietly to bear being charged with that for which their hearts do not condemn them. . .

Surely our own experience and what we know respecting others are perpetually confirming the blessed truth that "we have an unction from the Holy One," and, where this is believed in and dwelt under, "know all things," have clear and safe guidance even with regard to our every-day concerns and duties. How much to be deplored that this doctrine should ever be weakened in the view of young and inexperienced persons. The practical benefit of such belief has not been small from generation to generation; nor is any abuse of it with which we may be justly charged, a reason for neglecting its right and intended use, with that sobriety and humbleness of mind to which, as long as I can remember, we have been exhorted both publicly and in private. . .

Dear Mary is far from well, and I feel at times very thoughtful about her; the more so from perceiving increased preparation for the pure and happy society of heaven! while, alas! earth and her bars are often about me, drawing down and fettering the mind which still hates the vanities which assail it. . .

To LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 3, 1 mo., 1836.

. . Fruitful of incident and painful occurrences as has been the past year to many of us, its flight has seemed unusually rapid, and with myself the termination marked in a peculiar degree by unfinished performances and recollected omissions. Perhaps as we advance in age, there may be an

especial wisdom and need for the oft renewed knowledge of deficiency and unprofitableness, yea, for the abiding sentence of death in ourselves, that we may not trust in ourselves, or cease to feel the want of quickening power; while whatever any are called to experience, to do, or to suffer in their Christian course, there is nothing to rely on, for pardon and peace here and final acceptance hereafter, but the unmerited mercy of God in Christ Jesus. In this every added year confirms my belief, as I doubt not is the case with thee, my beloved friend; and, if I know the views recognized by us as a body, it is true Quaker doctrine, as well as that of the New Testament.

Equally clear, and alike deducible from Holy Scripture, is the precious doctrine of spiritual influence, as held by us, the powerful independent agency of the Comforter, described by the blessed Lord as the consequence of his intercession with the Father, to come when he departed from the earth, and abide for ever with his believing people, teaching, guiding, and governing in the Church and individuals. How fully was this admitted and acted upon in apostolic days; and can we not testify to the same blessed gift, as manifested in directing, controlling, bringing to remembrance what was written aforetime for our learning, and strengthening for service and suffering in the cause of Christ. Surely it is designed that Gospel light, life and freedom should be more known among professing Christians, and the anointing which teacheth all things so believed in and expected, as really to prevail in their public assemblies, instructing those who speak rightly to divide the word of truth, and causing such as hear to be edified and refreshed. That a distinct community, acting upon these views, has had its use in various ways, and influenced the thinking public, not only as it regards us, but in looking, with diminished prejudice and a desire to learn, at the great Scriptural doctrine thus recognised, may be safely believed without arrogating anything to ourselves, and apart from all self-complacency, which is indeed ill-befitting. . . .

I cannot clearly recollect whether I have written to thee since the very acceptable account of the journey to North-

amptonshire, and therefore wish to express how interesting it was to me, and that I rejoiced in thy dear husband and thee being so engaged ; also, that you found an open door, though of this I think we rarely or never find any lack, or even a rejection of unpalatable truths. It is well to yield to such attractions, and go in the love of the gospel to see how our fellow-professors fare in their distant and often lonely allotments. . . . .

And now, my dear friend, let me tell thee, that while the clouds seem still thick over our horizon, and the manner of their either bursting or being dispersed is much concealed, I feel far less anxious respecting the diversity of sentiment existing amongst us than I once did, and able to believe that present trial will be overruled for good, if all parties are but willing to receive instruction to bear and forbear with one another. In this view I often wish that elders may be faithful to their duty as burden-bearers and watchers, and ministers on their guard against that excitement wherein they may unduly judge and condemn one another. Whoever lives to another Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders will, I hope, see more of this care in Friends who occupy each station, and some renewed enforcement of those valuable advices which so fully recognize human frailty, and warn of mistakes and danger which some amongst us seem hardly to allow themselves liable to. I do believe it is time for this point to claim attention, and trust the wisdom which is from above may be vouchsafed in the endeavour to check creaturely zeal and imagination, without in the least weakening dependence upon the clear and safe direction of the Spirit of Truth, which assuredly teaches when and what to speak. May the sentiments we entertain respecting gospel ministry be never lowered, nor any who are called to the sacred office forget, that in order to speak of what they know and feel, renewed instruction and baptism of spirit must be waited for and experienced. . . .

## TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 14, 7mo., 1836.

In times like the present it is surely good for those who fear the Lord and deem his service their highest privilege, to speak often one to another, and, in the spirit of Christian love and sympathy, seek to animate each other as fellow-pilgrims. I believe we as a body, especially those in prominent stations, have suffered for want of this, and that if more of brotherly freedom in exchanging sentiments, and an open disclosure of view upon points of doctrine and established modes of expression, had been encouraged, we should have escaped much of the trial we are now enduring. Our good practice of caution with regard to conversing on religious subjects has been abused; and the suppression of serious inquiry, the fear to exercise the understanding in perusing and comparing the Holy Scriptures, and thinking the language employed by our early Friends in describing divine truth and its openings to them, as the best calculated to convey the sentiments they held, holding them up as almost infallible, and attaching to their writings a sacredness which they never assumed, have, I believe, greatly contributed to the evil and suffering we now deplore. Happy is it for us and our standing as a distinct community, that these worthies so fully admitted the test of Scripture for their opinions and practices. I am quite of the mind that these will be more looked into, seen to accord with the doctrines of the gospel, and to the full extent we can deem essential, received by many within and beyond our enclosure who have hitherto taken things pretty much on trust, considering that what the pious and devoted in their respective connections upheld as Christianity, must be safe and sufficient for them. . . .

Our dear friend Anna Thorne was evidently in her place by attending the Quarterly Meeting, which was very generally acknowledged as a time of refreshment. Some Friends remarked in the evening that it had been like one of our old-fashioned Quarterly Meetings, and I believe with many it

brought past years to recollection, for we had not had such comfort and encouragement administered for a great length of time, nor anything so like the "one heart and one soul." In the Women's Meeting, also, sweet harmony and love so prevailed that the business went on easily, and an unusually long sitting was not complained of. It has indeed felt cause for thankfulness that this simple-hearted Friend was sent to us at such a crisis, and her being of a hopeful spirit will, perhaps, have a salutary influence on some whose vision has appeared to catch no bright ray amidst the gloom. But I do believe to lift up, heal, and strengthen, will now be in the ordering of that compassionate Father, who has declared he will not always chide, and most assuredly does not design that the spirit should fail before him, or in any wise relinquish that humble confidence and trust in his mercy, whereto we have such gracious invitation. . . .

I am glad thou wrote to our beloved brother J. J. Gurney, who has indeed a strong claim on the sympathy and grateful regard of his fellow-professors, and will I trust be preserved amidst the complicated trials to which he is exposed.

I have not read Wardlaw's work,\* but from what I hear of it, am assured that he, like some other good and zealous persons, attempts to correct and instruct respecting what he does not understand; and to those who are satisfied and thankful in the possession of a great benefit, it is utterly vain to argue about the impossibility of attaining it, or to tell them they are deluded by unwarrantable expectations. No train of reasoning could convince a man who was walking in daylight and at liberty, that he had to grope through unperceived dangers, surrounded by the glimmer of a waning moon, and with his limbs fettered; nor would it be possible to give him whose eyes are closed against the light, and who refuses to believe the report of others, any idea of beautiful colours, or the extent of prospect which may be made visible and contemplated with delight. Writing or speaking in condemnation of that dependence on the immediate perceptible

\* "Friendly Letters to the Society of Friends."

teaching of the Holy Spirit, so manifestly promised by our blessed Lord, and ratified from the day of Pentecost to this present time as the distinguishing privilege of the Gospel, cannot at all change the fact that he enjoined this reliance on his followers, that he assured them of his spiritual presence for ever, "even to the end of the world." Nor is this blessed doctrine in any degree disparaged by the circumstance of its being abused in various ways, and through human frailty at times perverted by the workings of the imagination, and what may be traced to ignorance or prejudice being called divine teaching and direction. The thing stands unchanged, as the blessing of believers in Christ, in their individual and collective situation, and according to the respective necessities of the body and its different members. . . .

To ———.

[No date.]

. . . Alas for me, if *works*, or the *want* of them, were the source of hope, or allowed to destroy it! The plea of the poor publican may well be mine in life and in death; and while the desire for mercy continues, "He who is just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus" will never turn away the humble suppliant. . . .

To ———.

Peckham, 6, 9 mo., 1836.

. . . I lodged at Bayswater, had recreation in the Gardens with dear C. E. Parken, and went with her to see a precious old woman, named Clarissa Christian. She is a Primitive Methodist, who, at eighty-four, has the full possession of her intellect, sight, and hearing, with spiritual perception and enjoyment not often witnessed to the same degree, or so abidingly vouchsafed. According to her faith she possesses a constant rejoicing in her Saviour, and, living in the sunshine of his presence, wants but little food or sleep, and desires to stay

in the body only while she can *get* or *do good*. Her bright and happy countenance, with a cheerful loving demeanour that would attract those around her to seek the rest and peace she finds so satisfying, fully testify to the reality of her experience. This aged disciple [lives] in a single room, up three pair of stairs, having no certain income beyond three shillings a-week, but with every thing clean and sweet, and no wants or privations spoken of: the body, which had been recently much afflicted and confined to bed six weeks, being thought of as a servant to be cared for, not neglected, but still to be kept in subjection, and not occupy the chief place or thought. . . .

Fifth-day, when we were setting out for meeting, who should ring at the bell but J. J. Gurney. He felt inclined to attend week-day meeting with us. The company was small with which he had to mingle, but we were not wholly unregarded by Him who presides alike over the few or many who gather together in his name. Dear Joseph ministered and prayed under a precious sense of the Lord's anointing, and my heart and knees were bowed in grateful acknowledgment of unceasing mercy and love. After dinner the past was so vividly brought to remembrance that he gave vent to his feelings in a few broken expressions, with many tears, returning thanks for the many loved ones who are "for ever with the Lord," escaped from all danger, trouble, and grief. He has a certificate for service in the North. He was to leave on Second-day for Manchester. I know not whether the death of his dear sister\* may hinder, having only heard last evening of the event. . . .

To ———.

First-day Night, 28, 9 mo., 1836.

Before retiring to bed, I must just tell thee how fully my heart united in the feeling and offering of prayer this evening; not often have I been more sensible of the preparation and

\* Louisa Hoare.



call for sacrifice. The language to the church in trial and fiery baptism was closely in my remembrance while we were waiting in solemn silence, "They shall call upon me and I will answer them ; I will say unto them, Ye are my people, and they shall say, The Lord is our God."\* (I have looked at the text and find my quotation incorrect, a good reason for avoiding to copy from one another in repeating Scripture.)

Prayer or praise, any more than the ministry of the word, should not be restrained, but in simple childlike dependence allowed to flow, when and as He who giveth power to the faint, mercifully renews the strength for his own service. I have increasingly seen this day that there is much advantage in timely using the life and strength which accompany an impulse to move in the sacred office, and I believe it would tend to our benefit as a body, if silence were in general less prolonged in the commencement of our meetings, and more dwelt under when, through gospel ministry, life has been in any degree raised, and the baptising power of Truth is felt over an assembly. Somewhat of this blessed influence has attended in the morning and evening of to-day, and I trust, my beloved friend, thy language at its close may thankfully be, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 10, 12 mo., 1836.

. . . . . We are not warranted in neglecting to *face* the difficulties and causes of complaint which exist amongst us at the present day. . . .

Sectarian distinctions are not in themselves desirable, and must have their root in human frailty, so that while they are permitted to exist, condescension, forbearance and charity are especially called for on the part of those who differ in opinion, whether such are members of the same religious community or not. "He that is not against us is on our part," was the language of Him who, knowing all hearts,

\* Zech. xiii. 9.

saw who really loved his blessed name and were desirous to promote it and thus checked in his immediate disciples the readiness to quarrel and condemn with decision then, as on other occasions he reminded them of their own frailty and slowness to believe and learn what they were privileged to hear from his sacred lips.

That such as have known whom they have believed, and ought to be established in the faith and practices of the Society to which they belong, should be of wavering and doubtful minds, is indeed discouraging. Still great tenderness is due to such characters as, having been deemed by their fellow-mortals to rank among fathers and pillars in the church, acknowledge themselves to have but recently learned "the first principles of the doctrines of Christ," and, however humbling to individuals, these instances do offer instruction in various ways, and will, I trust, produce it. . . .

To ———.

[No date.]

. . . Instead of stickling about perfection and infallibility, we may say with the Psalmist, "Man at his best estate is altogether vanity;" while this admission gives increased value to the knowledge that, "in the Lord we have righteousness and strength." Oh! that the writers of the present day would cease to feed the unhallowed desire for opinions and creeds. . .

Mary J. Graham \* is too strong in her views of election and assurance for my Quakerly expansiveness, and seems to overlook numerous Scripture assertions bearing on universal grace and love. The spirit which breathes through her writings is, however, sweet and heavenly, and to her own mind there might, perhaps, be no injury in the full persuasion of perseverance to the end; but the doctrine altogether is not, in my apprehension, adapted to the purpose of awakening the careless, or drawing sinners to Christ; neither do I believe it was preached by the apostles. . .

\* Memoir of Mary Jane Graham, by C. Bridgen.

To ———

[No date.]

MY BELOVED ———,

Thy thinking aloud, or rather the avowal of thy thoughts, is always acceptable to me. In response, I would now say that feeling very small, or even as nothing, is not of itself sufficient to keep back; and if the wind blowing where it listeth point in a direction, however gentle the breeze or comparatively indistinct the sound, I advise thee to follow it, for, like the tremulous needle, the mind which has known the attraction to Him whose service is freedom, has no settlement but at the one point; nor is meat and drink of a satisfying kind obtained, but in the way of that Will which is designed to be the delight.

I am low, small, and weak, whether enough so I cannot tell; but I do not feel distressed, and these stirrings are not often in recollection but when brought by fresh proofs of excitement, and reluctance to sit still.

Mary and Charles have been amusing themselves with the idea of my continuing an *undertaker* all my life, and assuring me of what the poor Irish call “a fine funeral” when I die. If not wet I mean to go to the burial to-morrow, and shall be pleased if I see thee bending thy way in a similar direction. . . .

The note from ——— is not unexpected, and I feel prepared for losing many of our *nominal* members. O that we may be all more and more alive to the vast importance of being united to the one living Head, and then we shall be joined to and have blessed fellowship one with another. In much love, thine nearly,

E. D.

## CHAPTER XV.

ELIZABETH DUDLEY HOLDS PUBLIC MEETINGS NEAR LONDON—  
IS AFFECTED WITH A PARALYTIC SEIZURE IN THE FOOT—  
LETTERS—VISIT TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT IN COMPANY WITH  
EIGHT OTHER FRIENDS.

In the early part of 1837, Elizabeth Dudley again went through the Meetings of Friends in the London Quarterly Meeting; and in several places, under the influence of Christian love, she caused invitations to be given to the inhabitants in general to assemble for divine worship.

TO JOSIAH FORSTER.

Peckham, 8, 3 mo., [1837].

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I wish thee to know it is concluded for notices to be circulated at Westminster for next First-day. . . I feel it a very serious prospect, and desire that the importance of such concerns may never be diminished in my view, believing that an humble confiding trust in Him who putteth forth and goeth before his dependent ones, is perfectly compatible with a deep sense of utter insufficiency, and of the awfulness of avowing religious concern for any particular place or persons. Having thee or any other friend whose sympathy and prayers are in unison with the heavenly anthem, heard when the good tidings of great joy were announced to shepherds in the land of Judea, would be very cordial on the impending occasion. . . If not present, I shall believe thy heart is with us, and engaged in desire that the Saviour we love may not be dishonoured through the weakness of any frail instrument. . .

To ———.

Staines, 10, 4 mo., 1837.

I wish thee, my beloved ———, to know where and how I am situated when absent from home, that thou mayst be with me in thought, and remember that “bonds and afflictions” (of various kinds) “abide me ;” under which the sympathy and *prayers* of my friends are, I fully believe, helpful. Nor do I fear to desire these while there is such a repetition of charges to the primitive believers on the subject of *asking*, and even the peculiar want in some instances named—as, not only “pray for us,” “helping together by prayer for us,” but, “and for me that utterance may be given unto me that I may open my mouth boldly,” &c. Blessed be the name of the Lord, “his word is not bound ;” and he does, time after time, in great mercy loosen the fetters which would otherwise prevent its having free course and being glorified. Desire, then, for thyself and for me, that the Author of this grace, even Christ, may be magnified in the view of the people, and under whatsoever sufferings or service we may be called to ; however painful the strivings felt—“whether in life or in death.” Deaths of baptisms many—“stripes,” though not obvious—pressures and infirmities—have been and continue the experience ; while “nakedness, peril and sword,” are not without their parallel in a spiritual sense, though clothing, security, and much tender care are afforded, far beyond real need to the poor perishing body. . . .

The evening meeting was deferred till six, and notice given beyond our pale. It proved a time of favour, and I trust of some encouragement to others besides my poor self. To me it was a season of renewed strength ; for never was the language “things that are not” more completely applicable to the heartfelt nothingness under which I spoke, than when simply confessing the attraction of gospel love which had been the means of bringing us together. . . .

I felt very thankful, on retiring, that the *gentle impulse* was not resisted, under the specious plea of weakness and desire for a more clear pointing. . . .

In the Fourth Month, Elizabeth Dudley went to Isleworth, to Elizabeth Kidd's, intending to have a meeting for worship with the inhabitants. On the day appointed for the meeting, which was to be held in the evening, whilst attempting to set her foot to the ground, she felt that the limb had become suddenly powerless. She could not walk or stand; and as the affection continued, she was obliged, instead of going to the meeting, to pass the evening on the sofa. Though naturally anxious and sensitive to appearances, she was preserved under this trial of her faith in a patient and confiding state of mind. The meeting was not set aside. Two other Friends took her vacant place, and the gospel was preached to the company who assembled.

The effects of this seizure remained with Elizabeth Dudley during the rest of her life. In a few months, indeed, she so far regained the use of her foot as to walk without much difficulty; but, to use the remark of one of her friends, "her stately gait was gone," and she never again enjoyed the same freedom and activity to which she had been accustomed. Previous to this occurrence, she had often taxed her bodily powers in walking, especially about London, on errands of kindness and charity; and when she returned home, she would describe her weary condition as that which belonged to "the heel of a London day." After this, her personal exertions of benevolence seem to have been more confined to her own neighbourhood, and her attention more singly concentrated on the work of preaching the gospel.

Before her recovery she wrote as under to Josiah Forster, who, like herself, was prevented by indisposition from attending the Yearly Meeting.

## TO JOSIAH FORSTER.

Peckham, 31, 5 mo., [1837].

. . . How frequently are we reminded that the Lord's ways are not as our ways ; and what an unspeakable mercy it is to *know* that these are all true and righteous, just and equal, not merely from an unquestioning *assent* to the sacred words, but by such a *sense* of his love and goodness as produces filial acquiescence with his dealings towards us. Not only wise and unerring, but infinitely gracious, is our Heavenly Father, mindful of his poor frail children in all their varying circumstances, and showing his compassionate regard and care for them, alike in the inflictions of his providence, as when he makes their way prosperous ; and perhaps there are few, if any, who cannot acknowledge that their most profitable lessons have been taught in seasons of affliction.

While, through his merciful kindness, I can testify to his faithfulness and love in the present humiliation of bodily weakness, I trust, my dear friend, thou art similarly favoured, and, under thy trials, canst believe that there is mercy in the dispensation, which, whether fully developed during this mortal existence or not, will be known hereafter as an occasion for adoring praise.

In the retirement of my own dwelling, and the few instances in which I have assembled with my friends since the Yearly Meeting commenced, faith and hope have prevailed over fear and discouragement, with regard to the ultimate effects of present agitation, and in trustful reliance upon Him who "will work," and in his own way and time counteract all that would "let (or hinder) it," there has been an entire absence of anxiety, though not of sadness and mourning, for which I see and feel there is cause. A cloud so covers us that we are called to humble ourselves together in deep abasement before the Lord, who does very graciously encourage us to do so, by giving evidence that the spirit of supplication is poured upon us ; so that instead of the lamenting language, "He shutteth out my prayer," we have reason

thankfully to adopt that of the Psalmist, "Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me."

I have thought that in thy unexpected, and I doubt not very trying, detention from the scene of active engagement this year, there may be much of real mercy and goodness, which in my own case I have been enabled to perceive from the first, and so liberated in mind respecting what had habitually claimed such deep concern and interest, that if suffered to question the nature of the peace and quiet confidence experienced, I might suppose insensibility had taken the place of gospel solicitude. It has been a time of rest to body and mind in no common degree; and in looking back upon recent engagements, my whole soul can appreciate the designation, "unprofitable servant." He whom I desire ever to call "Master and Lord" has not frowned upon or forsaken me, but granted tokens of his unfailing love, and given contentment with a low and empty state. Several weeks ago, as I read the chapter, 2 Sam. xxii., my attention was rivetted to the first part of the forty-fourth verse, and many times since has the expression, "Thou also hast delivered me from the strivings of my people," occurred with fresh comfort and instruction to my remembrance. It has been again the case while writing, and before I conclude this salutation of sisterly love and sympathy, it seems as if I might invite thee to share the benefit conferred, in exemption from excitement and trouble. . . . .

To ———.

Peckham, 9, 7 mo., 1837.

. . . . — and I had much conversation respecting the gifts of teaching, exhortation, &c., and fully united in regret at the want of that "liberty" which, "where the Spirit of the Lord is," should be not only known but acted on, wherein elders might so greatly promote the spreading of truth. . . But I fear whether the restrictive influence of overstrained views will be overcome in our poor disjointed



community while she or I live ; though thankful that there are amongst us those who, with a just appreciation of our distinguishing tenets, and willing to bear their portion of the reproach so unsparingly cast upon our name, have a sober, enlightened, and comprehensive understanding of the gospel and its practical effects. . . Ignorance is often combined with sincerity and real holiness of life, but is not therefore to be deemed preferable to clearness of perception, which it is good both to possess and to be ready to impart, under the influence of the love that edifies and admits not of *seeking our own* in any sense of the word. . . .

#### TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 24, 8 mo., 1837.

. . The improvement in my general health has been progressive, and I have also at times greater freedom in the weak limb ; nor do I seem to suffer from exertion which is beyond my strength in every sense of the word, but when called for in the line of duty there is no lack ; and as the power is not my own I do feel bound to accept it when the requiring to exercise faith is clearly made known. I may thankfully acknowledge that the consequences of yielding to what presented in this way a few weeks ago has tended to renew that confiding trust which is the best preservation against discouragement and fear.

An attraction to the spot where I had been so suddenly arrested last Fourth Month, drew me to Isleworth on the 15th ult., and in the succeeding eight days there were three public meetings—at Brentford, Hounslow, and Drayton ; besides the same number with Friends at Brentford and Uxbridge, and calls on invalids and others. After getting through that engagement, I felt relieved from further pressure respecting this part of the vineyard, and quite easy to return the minute my friends had given me in the First Month.

After doing so I was not easy to omit telling them how I felt in the prospect of leaving home on account of health ;

and thou, my beloved friend, wilt not be surprised at hearing that my mind is drawn in gospel love to the Isle of Wight; though my getting there, if ever, will not be for some time to come, as the shampooing baths are so strongly recommended that we are intending for Brighton in a few days. My beloved fellow-members entered very feelingly into the subject cast before them, and seemed to unite with me in the exercise of faith. . . .

In returning the minute, as above mentioned, Elizabeth Dudley informed the Monthly Meeting that her service about London had been in part only accomplished, and this under the pressure of much bodily infirmity. She left home towards the end of the month, and after spending some time at Brighton to the great benefit of her health, she proceeded to the Isle of Wight. She was accompanied or joined in this journey by a number of other Friends: Thomas and Lucy Maw, Margaret Pope, Thomas and Carolina Norton, William and Caroline E. Parken, and her sister Mary.

*JOURNAL.*—8 *mo.* 25.—Busy in preparation for leaving home, Low in body and mind.

26<sup>th</sup>.—A week of close occupation and some perplexing cares closed with an abasing sense of frailty and of the abounding goodness of Him who deals not with us according to our deserts.

*First-day, 27<sup>th</sup>.*—Simeon and Anna giving thanks in the temple for having seen the child Jesus, was spoken of this morning under a lively sense that all who look for redemption may be invited to the one ever-living Saviour. It was a solemn meeting, though in some degree marred through the undue withholding of some.

9 *mo.* 1.—The entrance on my fifty-ninth year is attended by a thankful sense of abounding mercy, and some fresh

capacity to trust that He who hath loved and given the desire to love and serve him will do so to the end, renewing the ability still to utter; "I am thine, save me."

To ———.

Chichester, 1, 10 mo., 1837.

. . We got here on Fourth-day; and on First-day morning we met, about twenty. "Sitting where the people sit" was remembered, and deep poverty of mind known, while the language occurred with comfort, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion."

Poor, flat, and empty did I go to the place appointed on First-day evening, and the crowd through which I was led to my seat caused awful seriousness to overspread the mind. The numbers gradually increased, and it is said 700 were within the Council Chamber, while many went away for want of room. Prayer was early poured forth, and the quiet solemnity felt precious. A sweet silence prevailed for a short time; and then the object for which we met was a little alluded to; nothing prepared to offer; and the warrant for inviting, under the influence of gospel love, to sit down with us, taken from our blessed Lord's language, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The opening address to the Hebrews then came to remembrance, and introduced to a wide field of Christian doctrine, wherein spiritual teaching, growth in grace, and an ever-present Guide and Comforter, were held out as the abiding consequence of living faith in Christ, whose atoning sacrifice had terminated all typical observances. His own words, "Like as Moses lifted up the serpent," &c., and, "I, if I be lifted up," &c., were used in proof of universal redemption.

The quiet attention, with increasing solemnity, which prevailed, gave evidence of openness to receive what did not accord with the avowed sentiments of many present. . . .

I must not omit to mention my health, which is not more impaired than when we were together. Thy designation of the "unwilling foot" is strikingly appropriate. It does not act

according to my will, but I get it along when needful. May I, with yet greater submission of soul, habitually breathe the language, "The will of the Lord be done." . . .

*Ryde, 10 mo. 13.*—A public meeting in the Town-hall, owned in no common degree by the presence of our gracious Master, who thus granted a token for good in commencing the service on this island.

TO MARY STERRY.

*Ryde, 17, 10 mo., 1837.*

I can truly reciprocate thy words, my beloved friend, for thou art not only "not forgotten," but frequently so much thought of that I feel thee near in spirit, and believe our fellowship is of a kind which personal separation does not diminish, or even prevent the enjoyment of. . . .

It was very pleasant to our whole band to see T. and C. Norton come from the packet on Sixth-day; such an accession of numbers being very seasonable in the prospect of a public meeting appointed for six o'clock in the Town-hall.

We had two satisfactory meetings on First-day at the little towns of St. Helen's and Bembridge. . . . The congregations consisted chiefly of the working class, among whom there were many prepared to receive the gospel message, and some I believe under the teachings of the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to "lead into all truth," with whom we were comforted and refreshed together. Again were we alike favoured, though in an increasing degree, at Brading, in a room erected by a pious man, by trade a shoemaker, at his own expense; where a few calling themselves Arminian Bible Christians meet on First and week-days, having among them men and women who speak and pray as they feel called so to evince their love. It was filled by persons of various denominations, and solid serious attention prevailed, while one after another of our little band had to minister.

*Ventnor, 19th.*—Gospel love so binds to these parts long contemplated with interest and solicitude, that I do not yet

see a termination to the present service, and desire to move on in simple devotedness and with a thankful believing heart as strength of body is vouchsafed. The provision granted in the way of helpers is truly encouraging, and every want is so abundantly supplied, that I feel as if the watchword is: "Be careful for nothing." There are none too many for the different objects, while the sweet harmony in which we are together proves a mutual strength. . . .

10 mo. 21.—A visit from Jane Gardiner, twenty-three years of age, who travels from village to village, chiefly on foot, to hold meetings.

To ———.

Shanklin, 24, 10 mo., 1837.

. . . . The Independent minister [at Whitwell] freely offered his chapel, and with, I believe, most of his congregation, attended the meeting, speaking very cordially to us afterwards; though I imagine that silent waiting, the universality of divine love in the offer of salvation to all men, and women having any part in proclaiming the gospel message, were things understood as anti-scriptural. The *practice* of stillness was not easy, but He whose honour we desired to promote gave strength for it, and to testify that blessed truth that Jesus Christ gave himself a ransom for all; and the ministry of females was shown by using our liberty in the gospel. . . .

We arrived [here] yesterday previously to a meeting appointed for half-past six, and found a goodly number of solid-looking persons, and many came in afterwards, while others stood about the doors. We laboured in harmony, and the meeting ended under a precious sense of heavenly love, wherein prayer and thanksgiving were poured forth. Some of the dear people showed their accordance, with a fervour we did not expect, by singing a hymn, to which we quietly listened. Our leave-taking with several was in near unity of spirit. At the close another place presented, and I was not a little struck

when W. W., who I did not know was at the meeting, came to shake hands with me, and just queried, "Do you not feel about Sandown?" I had said nothing of it to my friends, and merely told him in reply, that I could not say I did not. . . .

*Newport, 25th.* . . . I set out [for Sandown] flat in mind as well as poor and empty; but, on reaching the Methodist Chapel, we found many pews occupied, and as the company quickly augmented, a sense of divine solemnity prevailed to the comfort of our spirits. The burden of the word was to such as knew the Shepherd's voice and were desiring to follow him; so that watering the flock and encouraging to go forward in faith and faithfulness was more the line of service than breaking up the fallow ground. Thomas Maw's expressions on leave-taking were sweet and appropriate, as they always are. . . .

The heart seems so enlarged in love as we go along, that I sometimes think there might be a traversing the length and breadth of the land, almost without distinction. Nor shall I be surprised if "the fields" which in these parts are "white unto harvest" spiritually, should be not only looked upon by many whom their Lord may call to "lift up their eyes," but entered under his holy commission. . . .

We may say of the nine meetings already held in this island, they have been owned of the Lord, and each more or less crowned by the sensible evidence of his love. . . .

*27th.*—At Rookley this evening a refreshing time with a lively-spirited seeking people, mostly of the poor. . . .

*28th.*—A large number of serious females came to our inn, conducted by an aged disciple, who said she had watched for the morning light lest we should be gone. A sweet season of Christian communion and love.

*31st.*—A sweet meeting at Newbridge with about 200 persons in Zion Chapel, the largest belonging to the Bible Christians on the Island. It seemed like watering the Lord's plantation; and while praying "with them all," I believe our souls were refreshed together. ●

*Freshwater*, 11 mo. 1.—A violent storm prevented our going to Brixton. Never did I behold so terrific a sea; the waves as mountains tossing themselves in fearful grandeur.

*2nd.*—A sweet meeting at Brixton this evening.

*5th.*—Meetings at East and West Cowes, the last in the Town-hall; an overflowing number, and hundreds said to go away. The power of the Lord was indeed over all, and our souls were prostrated at his divine footstool.

#### TO LUCY MAW.

Staines, 22, 11 mo., 1837.

. . We very sensibly missed you at Cowes, and when, before the steamer could have reached Southampton, we were called upon by some Methodist friends to urge another meeting being held that evening, I did long that you were beside me. During the day some sweet-looking young persons came, one from East Cowes, and another who was suffering in consequence of her father's opposition to any dissent from the Church, while he seldom went there. . .

In the evening we had an assemblage similar to the one at Newport, except that the husband of one and the brother of another were added to twelve or fourteen females, all more or less connected with the Wesleyans; and one sweet woman told my sister, at the close of a sitting marked by long intervals of silence, that she could have enjoyed it much longer, and that she believed their people suffered loss for want of more stillness, both in public and private assemblings. . .

A little intercourse with Joseph Taylor, the Wesleyan minister, next morning, was of a refreshing kind, and the unity of spirit in which we met and parted was strengthening at the time, and is sweet to think of.

To ———.

Alton, 14, 11 mo., 1837.

. . It was trying to part with one after another of the little band, which had been united in love and labour. At the

General Meeting at Southampton I felt desolate, and in the midst of abounding kindness was often sad at heart from the want of devotedness amongst my own people, to whom "the things of others" in a spiritual sense are too generally less interesting than those "own things" which involve neither the cross, nor self-denial, nor humbling baptisms of spirit; again and again am I persuaded that we must be yet shaken and brought low, if helped and made helpful to the degree designed by Him who has dealt very graciously with us, and long waited for the fruit of oft-renewed culture. . . .

Many serious persons, similar to those on the island, are about this neighbourhood, and very useful among the working class, having lived down great opposition. They now possess a meeting-house and the avowed esteem of some above them in rank and influence who were at first among their persecutors: a clergyman said they had done more towards reforming the profligate and idle than he could effect. . . . I think the people here must be called together to-morrow; but I seem stripped. Pray that the Great Name may never be dishonoured through me, nor sparks of my own kindling be mistaken for the fire of heavenly love which can alone warm the heart so as for what is spoken to profit those who hear. . . .

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Some notes of the progress of the party through the island in their interesting tour, and of the visit of some of them to Southampton, have been kindly supplied by another of the company.

First-day we assembled with an interesting company at the little village of St. Helen's, where the gospel flowed towards a "people prepared for the Lord." A most refreshing meeting. E. D. in the flowings of gospel love was long engaged, and again at the close in a few words of thankful acknowledgment, almost a song of praise.

*Bembridge.*—After tea, we sat down to wait upon the Lord. E. D. spoke of the favours vouchsafed to us that day, and



called our attention to the communings of the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, comparing our communings to theirs, although ours had not been in sadness. — was engaged to exhort those present on the subject of general conversation, desiring we might inquire of ourselves, "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another," and see whether they are such as to profit one another. In conclusion the men Friends of the company were reminded of the language: "Help those women which labour in the Gospel."

16th, *Brading*.—We were introduced to W. W., one of the Bible Christians, or Bryanites, who has erected a small chapel in which he preaches. His wife has been one of their travelling preachers. She is in poor health, in consequence of often having had to stand or sit in wet clothes, walking sometimes many miles in inclement weather to attend different meetings. She is from Cornwall; and some years ago she believed it her duty to visit in the love of the gospel the people in the Isle of Wight. She came to Brading, and W. W., seeing her nearly worn out, offered her his heart and home, which were gratefully accepted by her as a merciful provision in divine ordering or permission.

At the little chapel we met an interesting group, chiefly of the working class, who sat with much solidity, evincing by their behaviour that they were endeavouring to wait upon the Lord. The gospel flowed freely to them. E. D. stood for some time proclaiming the truth as it is in Jesus, and handing encouragement to those who were in affliction. We shook hands with some who felt dear to us in the love of Him who died for them and us.

*Ventnor*.—We found a particularly interesting woman, Maria Smith, who had been a preacher amongst the Bryanites, but was now much worn, and was labouring under a complaint of the chest. She had passed through many trials, and in younger life had been sorely tempted in her seasons of dejection. E. D. addressed her in a comforting manner, as did also Lucy Maw. We met at the Independent chapel at half-past six. It was pretty soon nearly filled, and a truly

favoured season it was. E. D. rose soon after the meeting settled, and stood about an hour and a half, preaching the gospel in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. L. M. had a short testimony in full accordance; — a few lively words; and E. D. closed the meeting in solemn prayer, thanksgiving, and praise. We heard next day of much satisfaction having been felt with the meeting; a person who appeared to have gone from mere curiosity said he never before heard the Christian religion so set forth by any *man*.

*Whitwell.*—We sent a note to James Wood to request the loan of the little chapel belonging to the Bryanites, which was cordially granted. A truly precious meeting we had. It was composed of different classes and different denominations. Though the outward accommodation was very poor, the chapel having been originally a barn, and only earth for the floor, the love of our Heavenly Father did, we believe, overshadow, and continue with us.

We proceeded to Niton, where we met a large congregation in the Baptist chapel. This was another favoured meeting, though of a somewhat different description. E. D. opened it in supplication, and she also long exhorted and pleaded with the people. The meeting was closed with thanksgiving; and Thomas Maw, on bidding the people farewell, sweetly exhorted them in a few lively words.

*26th.*—The weather cleared before we set out [for Sandown], and it turned out a beautiful starlight evening. We had a precious meeting, the people appearing to know what it is to wait upon the Lord. E. Dudley appeared in supplication; and through her, Lucy Maw, &c. much counsel, comfort, and warning flowed. E. D. had to address those who might be persecuted for righteousness' sake. The meeting was closed in thanksgiving and praise to Him whose banner over us had been love. We shook hands with some of the people, many of whom appeared to bear the mark of grace in their countenances.

*28th.*—E. D., M. P., &c., took a ride to Rookley. After seeing a small chapel, we had some interesting conversation with a young man just recovered from a fever, who was

brought, whilst on a bed of sickness, to a sense of his awful situation. When suffering from extreme thirst he was led to consider the torments of Dives, for it seemed to him that if he were doomed to endure for ever the thirst he was then suffering, it would be intolerable, but how much more intolerable would that be which is described in the parable. He told us he dreaded going again amongst his old companions lest he should yield to temptation, for "there was not a wickeder lad on the whole island" than he had been.

We rode back to Newport, where a meeting was held in the evening at the Methodist chapel. Four or five hundred people were collected. It was a heavy laborious time (though I trust favoured), very different from some of the meetings held in the villages.

*Rookley.*—T. N., &c., took tea at David and Mary Morey's cottage; the rest of the party at James Dennis's, one of the local preachers. When we stopped at the door of D. and M. M. there was no fire in their cottage, but they soon kindled one on the hearth, with furze for fuel. We had some of their home-made bread, which they make only once in three weeks, except in summer. Just as we sat down to tea, D. M. came in from his work, he being a day-labourer, and welcomed us with simple honesty. He queried if we were going to stay the night with them, fearing he could not comfortably accommodate us all, having asked a friend to lodge whom he had just met with; but said we were welcome to the accommodation they had, if we could contrive it for ourselves. They had but one bed-room, in which were two beds, so that it was no doubt his intention for themselves to have sat up, or slept as they could down stairs. I was ready to query whether many of us would be as willing to turn out for our *friends* as he was for *strangers*. At the close of the meal, D. M. returned thanks in a solemn manner, desiring also that our souls as well as our bodies might be nourished. We had a truly favoured and solemn meeting.

At Freshwater, E. D. rose as soon as the meeting was gathered, and stood about an hour and a half. Invitation, counsel, warning and encouragement, flowed very freely

through her to the people ; and L. M. and —— were engaged in the same line.

We went thence to Yarmouth, to which place T. Norton preceded us to prepare the way. At the chapel E. D. was engaged for nearly two hours.

31st, *Newbridge*.—We each took some of the notices to distribute amongst the inhabitants of the village. On going into one clean-looking cottage, I was informed by the woman that she had a sick daughter upstairs, and was asked 'if I would like to see her. I went in quest of C. E. P., and we visited the young woman. She had for some months been nearly confined to bed, and appeared to be in a very sweet state of mind, patiently waiting her Lord's time for dismissal from her earthly tenement. Whilst sitting by her bedside in silence, a precious feeling of solemnity was granted, under which she was addressed ; and prayer was poured out that strength might be granted to her on the bed of languishing to invite others to " come, taste and see that the Lord is good."

We had a comforting meeting. E. D. rose as soon as it was fully gathered, and stood nearly an hour. L. M. and —— were also engaged in ministry ; and E. D. closed in supplication, after which there were a few minutes of precious silence. Some of the dear people seemed in a prepared state. Jane Gardiner was present, whose *plan* (to use the phrase of these people) it was that night ; but she was glad to give way to Friends.

11 mo. 2, *Brixton*.—We requested our friends the Jackmans to invite some of the Bryanites to meet us in their cottage [previous to the meeting for worship]. A dozen or more assembled ; and we were interested in hearing some of them relate the persecutions and difficulties they had had to endure before their little chapel was erected, which was built on a piece of ground given by —— Jackman. They had been used to meet in a barn. Turned out of this, they assembled under the hedges, sometimes during very inclement weather.

The little chapel in which we met had only been opened about three weeks. Here peace was felt, and the God of

peace was pleased to commission his servants sweetly to administer to the interesting group, most of whom were of the labouring class; and of many of whom I trust it might truly be said: "Blessed are ye poor." I particularly noticed one young man, William Blanchard, dressed, as many of them were, in a smock frock; and found he was one of their preachers, though himself illiterate. Surely these 'are' of the poor to whom and by whom the gospel is preached!

Some of us called on an interesting female of the name of Corrie, mother-in-law to Charles Pitman, missionary to the South Sea Islands. We also saw the little native girl, a Rarotongian, brought over by — Corrie's daughter. This person (Corrie) had been an invalid for two years, and wholly confined to the house. In the course of conversation she told us that before the chapel was built, she used (though herself a member of the Establishment) to invite some of her neighbours to meet for worship in her parlour, till a message was issued from the clergyman, that there was to be "no preaching or praying except in the church." She meekly said, (though I did not quite understand whether she made this reply to those who conveyed the message) that when thus met together they were a little church.

On the way to Newport, T. M. and T. N. made inquiry about the little Methodist chapel at Gunville, to invite the people of Carisbrooke to meet there. This was readily granted, but some little impediment arose in the minds of Friends, in consequence of a meeting of the Bryanites being appointed at another little chapel very near. But it seems they gave up their meeting, for soon after we were settled many of them joined us, and we had a truly comforting meeting, though on this occasion E. D. had looked to the more genteel population of Carisbrooke, very few of whom appeared to have accepted the invitation.

*4th, Cowes.*—At half-past six we attempted to assemble in the Town-hall. The crowd was so great it was some time before we could make our way into the room, which was up some steps from the outside of the building, and the confusion was such that E. D. feared we should be obliged to forego the meet-

ing. But soon after *we*, and before *many others* were seated, Lucy Maw appeared in supplication ; and although such an engagement amidst so much unsettlement might at first seem unseasonable, it had the effect of quieting the meeting, and a crowning one it proved. After the distinction between John's and Christ's baptism had been set forth, and the people had been invited to come into the latter, E. D. was long and powerfully engaged in ministry ; and she closed in long and very solemn supplication, near the close of which she petitioned for our youthful Queen, that her reign and government might be righteous, that she might be preserved amidst the many temptations incident to her exalted station, be blessed herself, and become a blessing to the nation. Some of the people shook hands with us, and seemed very loath to leave.

On our return to the Fountain Inn, we had a sweet cementing season together in the prospect of some of the party leaving the next morning. L. and T. M., E. D., and C. E. P. were engaged to minister, and M. P. in praise, in the language of, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." T. M. spoke of how when the cloud abode on the tabernacle, the language was : "Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel ;" and when it moved forward, "Arise : O Lord, let thine enemies be scattered."

7th.—Marianne Pinhorn, and — Walker, one of the Wesleyan ministers, came to our reading. A precious season of solemnity ensued. Praise and prayer were first offered, under a belief that the Lord had a people on that island ; and the petition was put up that the heart of the labourers there, of whatever denomination they might be, might be gladdened by seeing the seed which had been sown spring up and grow to the "full corn in the ear." E. D. and — addressed those present very sweetly, and E. D. appeared in solemn supplication, in accordance with that which had preceded, for the labourers in the vineyard. Immediately on her rising we were informed that the packet was waiting for us. We hastened to it, and as soon as we were on board, set sail, whilst several of those who had been with us watched us from the shore.

*7th, Southampton.*—This night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, broke out the truly awful fire in High-street, which has caused the loss of so many lives. We were up several hours, and watched from the windows the raging element.

The next morning we attended the Monthly Meeting. The first meeting was deeply exercising, in which plain truths were proclaimed. E. D. and Barnard Dickenson were engaged, the latter commencing with: "If the righteous scarcely be saved," &c. At the close thanks were given, in the belief that the *invitation*, sealed with the *promise*, was graciously extended: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

*Sixth-day.*—E. and M. D. and I called on the widow of —, who had perished in the conflagration. E. D. had to hand very suitable counsel to the afflicted widow, the two fatherless children, and their grandmother (the mother of their father), who resided with them; and on behalf of all of them a petition was raised to the Father of the fatherless and Friend of the widow.

In the evening we attended a public meeting appointed by E. D. Soon after the meeting was settled, the language was uttered: "Suppose ye that these Galilæans," &c. Some time of silence then ensued, when E. D. rose, and after commenting on the benefit of silent worship, she dwelt largely on the nature of true repentance, showing that "all had sinned and come short of the glory of God," and that all were called to repentance, and all had need of a Saviour.

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To ———.

Staines, 21, 11 mo., 1837.

. . . Can we wonder that the communings of Christian friends should often testify to the solemn truth, "In the world ye shall have tribulation"? Whilst it is not always obvious, even to individuals themselves, whether what they suffer is on their own account, or to fill up what remains of their Lord's afflictions, for the body's sake, it is alike good and acceptable

to remember the sacred charge, "Be of good cheer;" because in and through Him we have the assurance of overcoming all evil, and that, though sorely beset and grieved thereby, it shall not even here prevail against us. . . . The charge is immutable, and with it power to obey, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

To ———.

Staines, 23, 11 mo., 1837.

. . . It is sweet to contemplate, if it may be so, mental rest continued, a season of quiet settlement with less of personal change and action than during the last three months. Home looks attractive, and I am thankful to perceive it with more of clearness than when approaching this place, where, for a day or two, the cloud was dense, and I was ready to apprehend the not going home direct from Southampton might be a mistake. But as the baptism was endured, one step after another presented, and I now trust that He who has hitherto proved so gracious, is directing and will mercifully own the latter engagements of this never-to-be-forgotten journey. . . .

To LUCY MAW.

Staines, 25, 11 mo., 1837.

On this day week we came hither, and were truly glad to reach such a quiet resting-place. . . . Two places which I had thought of when here in the Spring again rising up to view, I feared to turn from it, and Friends here readily uniting in the proposal, a meeting was held on Fourth-day evening at Bedfont, and one yesterday evening at Chertsey. Both proved solemn, favoured opportunities. At the former place no meeting of the kind had ever been held, and the population consists of church-people, no dissenting place of worship being in the neighbourhood. The vicar cordially gave his countenance, coming with his wife and family to the meeting (held



in a large room at an inn), and afterwards speaking to me in the most cordial manner, and expressing satisfaction that the barriers were breaking down which kept Christians aloof from one another, and his hope that a blessing might attend the labour that evening bestowed. The meeting last evening, held also at an inn, was equally satisfactory.

*First-day, 26th.*—Silent in the forenoon. The text, Rev. iii. 10, was remarkably sealed upon my mind. A large and solemn meeting in the evening was a precious conclusion to the service ; and I felt quite ready to return home, which we reached this day, 27th, to dinner. Bless the Lord, and forget not all his benefits, saith my soul.

## CHAPTER XVI.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS—JOURNEY THROUGH CAMBRIDGE AND  
HUNTINGDON, BEDFORD, HERTFORD, SOMERSETSHIRE, ETC.—  
CORRESPONDENCE.

ON her return home, Elizabeth Dudley concluded her gospel labours in the neighbourhood of London, which had been interrupted by her illness in the spring.

TO SUSANNA CORDER.

Peckham, 1, 12 mo., 1837.

. . . . Never was I so sensible as within the last few months, that as the putting forth of the Great Shepherd is attended to, he is found to go before, making a plain path, and fulfilling all his gracious promises to such as rely on his blessed direction and invincible power. To the want of humble watchfulness on our part, and maintaining this in the obedience of faith, are to be attributed all mistakes and causes of humiliation; while these are not seldom the sources of salutary discipline. With Him who condescends to call us by name, and employ us in his service, there is verily no slackness; and we are warranted in expecting the line of duty to be marked out, and successive steps in it defined, while soberly exercising that faith which He who bestows may see fit to try, commanding to stand still or go forward, when to human wisdom a contrary course would appear better. Precious however is the trial of this blessed gift, because that crucifixion of self, so essential to real peace and

rest, is connected with *experimental* belief in the Saviour, who "loved us and gave himself for us."

JOURNAL.—*First-day, 12 mo. 31st.*—A solemn and good day, though one of close engagement and much mental exercise. With Friends at Southwark in the morning, and a public meeting in the evening. In each I trust it may be said Truth was in dominion; the power of the Lord being present to heal, as well as to strengthen, and to convince of sin. Glory be to Him who has crowned this year with his goodness, and whose paths still drop fatness. Amen.

TO JOSIAH FORSTER.

Carshalton House, 13, 1 mo., 1838.

. . The meeting [at Woolwich] was large, and as concerns the class of persons present, fully relieving. But as I found at Greenwich, and have repeatedly found in different places, the attendance was more confined to such as regularly meet there, or are disposed to embrace opportunities for religious benefit, than meets that expansive desire which, under the prevalence of gospel love, would invite *sinner*s to turn from the error of their ways, and come to the Lord Jesus Christ in full confidence of his pardoning and cleansing power. My mind is now at rest, thankful in looking back upon the seven meetings recently held, for the help received, while the sense of being and "having nothing" was never more deep or abiding—nor the blessedness of the experience, towards which I desire to reach forth and press even amidst abasing weakness, of "yet possessing all things." . . . . .

TO SUSANNA CORDER.

Peckham, 26, 8 mo., 1838.

I got home well and seasonably, glad of having made the effort of getting to Newington, and refreshed in mind by the opportunity for a little free interchange of thought with thee, which I had long wished for. . .

Not being aware thou hadst any thought of removing, I abstained from expressing my idea that thy house is not favourably situated for health. . . . I believe thou wilt not attempt to set the bounds of thy own habitation, and that it will be chosen for thee by Him whom it is thy choice and desire to serve for ever, whether this service, while on earth, be most in doing or suffering. In heaven it will be without weariness, mixture, or the fear of failing in duty, and the fellowship with saints and kindred minds unalloyed by misgivings or suspicion; nor will praise be interrupted, where all alike recognize the debt of gratitude "unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

Farewell, my very dear friend. Think of me for good; and always freely impart counsel, caution, or reproof, to thy sincerely attached friend,

E. DUDLEY.

To ———.

St. Leonard's, 11, 10 mo., 1838.

. . . The object of being here seems best attained by being a good deal out of doors. We ride or walk from soon after breakfast to near dinner time. Mary walks at other intervals, greatly enjoying her rambles and opportunities for conversing with sailors, &c., to whom she is a large dispenser of tracts; our benevolent companion being a most bountiful provider of these little messengers; and we have found in every direction when travelling, a general readiness and even desire to receive them. . . .

TO JOSIAH FORSTER.

St. Leonard's, 22, 10 mo., 1838.

. . . The report of your proceedings as a Committee is especially pleasant. I trust those upon whom the service devolves will have grace so to evince the wisdom, prudence and love, which are the genuine fruits of the Spirit, as that no harm may be done in any quarter, whether the knowledge of

actual benefit is such as we might rejoice in or not. Our work must at all times be that of faith; and perhaps there never was a season in the experience of some of us, when the exercise of this Christian principle, and encouraging one another not to be faint-hearted, was more obviously called for. I feel this so much as often to be very desirous that we who have passed the meridian of life may guard against weakening the strength of any for the work to which they are appointed, remembering that it is in the "obedience of faith," and a state of believing expectation, that enlargement of heart and deepening in the root of life, are known. He who allots the diversified labour of his servants, will not fail to order the discipline he sees needful, and correct the mistakes of his frail yet dependent ones, whose desire to please him he most graciously accepts, judging not as man judgeth, but by the dedication of the heart, which he alone perfectly sees. . . .

To ———.

First-day Night. 1839.

Never was I more sensible than this day, that, "Praise waiteth for God in Zion," and that in unutterable goodness He waiteth to prove himself gracious, and once again show of his mercy to the poor, weak, and helpless of his little flock. "Perplexity in the valley of vision" is sometimes experienced, without the Lord's servants being permitted to comprehend the cause, and is among the trials which may deepen in humility and self-distrust. The present day is rather peculiarly fraught with occasion for this trial, which we may unconsciously bring upon one another.

Should these observations meet an accordant feeling in thy mind, let the experience be turned to good account. Not, my beloved friend, by casting thyself down, or listening to the Accuser and cruel one, but in humble confidence accept the gentle inquiry, "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" and should reproof for want of faith be added, thankfully believe that this will increase according to the submissive use of the portion possessed. I wish thee not to give grudgingly, or be

an unwilling servant unto that blessed Master who has freely bestowed upon thee the desire to love and follow Him, sealing also upon thy heart the comforting truth that his service and commandments are not grievous. . . .

To ———.

[No date.]

. . . It is one of Satan's devices to suggest wickedness of heart as a warrant for disobeying the divine command to warn the unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, &c., when this is renewed under the constraining love of Christ. Those who through infinite mercy, instead of *regarding* iniquity in their hearts, *hate* it, who, amidst weakness and frailty, desire to do their Lord's will, and that he may search out and subdue the evil which is their grief and burden, are not the "wicked" (habitually and of choice) unto whom he saith, "What hast thou to do to declare my statutes?" And there is need to guard against dwelling upon views, which, while perfectly correct, may prevent from duly perceiving what is the brighter prospect and privilege of the humble believer, and thus give our cruel enemy occasion to keep in bondage, when liberty, peace, and rest are the rightful inheritance. Well do such know that except the branch abide in the vine, it is fruitless; and equally are they aware that to free unmerited mercy will be ascribed final acceptance. . . .

In the summer of 1839, Elizabeth Dudley engaged in a more extensive gospel journey than she had undertaken since visiting Wales. She passed through several counties north of London, and spent some time in Bristol and the adjoining districts, returning home through Oxfordshire and Berkshire. One part of her errand was "to appoint meetings with others in places where Friends are little known."

## TO HER SISTER MARY.

Cambridge, 30, 7 mo., [1839].

. . On First-day morning we went in a fly to Ashwell. The meeting-house is in a retired spot, surrounded by fields, and the way to it a steep ascent. Many were sitting when we reached, and it was very grateful to see people coming in until the place was completely filled. A large number of "Sunday school children," with their teachers, walked in with becoming seriousness; and nothing could exceed the attention and good order maintained to the last. Through mercy a solemn sense of divine love and power was superadded, and it might be said the Lord was with us to the tendering and refreshment of many souls. The pastor of an Independent congregation sat near us in the gallery, having given up his own meeting. I have seldom been so heated on such an occasion; the sun shining strongly at windows which could not be opened to admit air; and the doorway was completely blocked up with people, as was every space and avenue. There was no haste to leave when the meeting closed.

We rode on to Royston, seven or eight miles. On reaching the meeting-house, we were surprised to see numbers of people coming from it for want of room; and it was with some difficulty our men Friends made way for us to our seats, whence it was affecting to see that more had gained entrance than could be at all comfortably supplied with even standing room, and that others were outside pressing to the windows. The heat was intense, but the settlement was greater than could have been expected, and it proved a precious meeting. The Independents and Methodists had both given up their meetings, which accounted for the throng. Thou wilt believe, my beloved M., that this scene brought Cowes to recollection, which it really did; nor was the feeling and favour vouchsafed dissimilar. . . .

## TO HER SISTER MARY.

Chatteris, 1, 8 mo., [1839].

MY BELOVED SISTER,

After writing the inclosed yesterday we made a call on my old friend, Margaret Crouch, and her daughter. A poor woman came in to thank them for notice of the meeting, and, with an overflowing heart and many tears, to say how much she had been helped and comforted while sitting there *in silence*, though on entering the place she was in great distress of mind, and hardly knew for what she had gone there; but the cry for mercy was raised in her soul like that of the poor publican, and while amongst us the sense of pardoning grace and love was granted so that thanksgiving and praise succeeded. She remained with us a little time, when such counsel as arose was offered, and we took leave in much love, recommending her to the kind notice of our dear friend M. C. . . .

## TO HER SISTER MARY.

Amphill, 9, [8 mo., 1839].

. . We had a pleasant ride in company with M. Townsend and T. Christmas, the country being very beautiful and the weather lovely. On reaching Neots, we found William Lucas and John Ransom of Hitchin, and had time for a comfortable tea and a little quiet. The town is much larger than I expected, and there was a very numerous assemblage in a commodious chapel of the Methodists, who freely offered it. We were favoured with a good meeting, a sense of heavenly love being prevalent from the first assembling together, and not lessening to the close, which was remarkable for solemnity and stillness. An unusual number of children were present, and as they sat on the front form and very near us, the sight was interesting, and their quiet attention very grateful, while they continued hovering about us after the meeting ended, and eagerly pressed forward to be spoken to. The minister of the chapel sat near us, and sweet Christian fellowship was felt; I believe to the strength and comfort of many. . . .



We reached Potton the next morning. The people met in a room used as a school by an old clergyman, who freely lent it, and attended, expressing much satisfaction at Friends being drawn to the place, and saying when we parted he hoped a blessing would rest on the labour. He told the Friends who went to ask about a place for the meeting, that his first religious impressions were in a meeting appointed by some Friends; and the text was fresh in remembrance, though many years had passed away, for he is now I think above eighty. It was, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord; but he that doeth the will," &c. . . .

Had a pleasant ride in a postchaise with our kind friend Samuel May to his hospitable abode, where his wife received us with sisterly affection. They both accompanied us yesterday morning to Cranfield, seven miles. There are a few Friends there, but the meeting-house is so small that one belonging to a Baptist minister was used; and though crowded (with respectable solid-looking people, many of the working class and such as must have left their occupations in the fields, as well as many who appeared like farmers' daughters), a precious sense of uniting love prevailed throughout, and I trust many of us could acknowledge it was good to be there. The old minister kept near me, and, although our views of Water Baptism were distinctly stated, he was as cordial after meeting as before, urging us to take refreshment at his house, where we went for a short time, and on shaking hands he expressed strong desire that a blessing might attend the labour. . . . .

#### TO HER SISTER MARY.

Ampthill, First-day afternoon, 11, 8 mo. [1839.]

. . . The meeting at Bedford was held in the chapel once belonging to John Bunyan, and just now without a stated minister; one named Hillier, who was much valued for many years, having died a few months since at an advanced age. His widow and a sweet-looking daughter came up to speak to us, and with many others expressed great satisfaction at having attended. Several Moravians were present, and

some remarkably interesting little girls belonging to that Society. . .

Yesterday evening we had a very interesting assemblage from two or three villages, a mile or two distant from each other, held at Pollock Hill (five miles hence) in a simple chapel recently built by a pious man named Whitbread, who believes it his duty to speak on a First-day morning to such as incline to meet with him, having no prescribed form, nor does the congregation assume any name. He freely gave the room, expressing much pleasure at Friends being attracted there. And truly we had cause to be thankful for it, the people seeming to be fully prepared to unite in waiting with us, as well as to receive what was spoken. It reminded us of an Isle of Wight meeting, both in the simple appearance of place and people, and the solemnity prevalent throughout. Many spoke to us afterwards, and the Friends who had spread the invitation were thanked with expressions of real satisfaction. It is thought no meeting of Friends has been held there for forty years; the place is named in George Fox's journal as one he had visited. Most of the few Friends living here accompanied us, and although we had a late ride and were weary, I believe it was to none of us a bad preparation for this Sabbath.

We met about fifteen in number this morning, I trust not without profit, a sweet quiet feeling being known, and some confirmation of faith in the Lord's goodness to such as wait for him. We called to see William Morris. He is eighty-six years old, very deaf and dim-sighted, but upright in person. He has a sweet, subdued expression of countenance, and great tenderness of spirit, the mercy of which he is given to partake producing gratitude and love with humiliation of heart. . .

#### TO HER SISTER MARY.

Luton, 17, 8 mo., 1839.

. . . We came here with Lydia Brown, our kind hostess, who met us [at Dunstable] to attend a public meeting held in

a commodious room close by the church, which was freely lent by the clergyman ; and a very large attentive company we had, towards whom our hearts were drawn and united in much Christian love. Many of the more genteel inhabitants, as well as of the working class, were present, and the solemn stillness in which we were together felt refreshing, being rather increased than at all lessened under the preaching of the word. . . .

The meeting at Woburn was large. Many young persons of the upper class sat near us, to whom such an occasion would be perfectly novel, for we were told no meeting of Friends had been held there for thirty years, when William Forster had one. It was a time of close feeling, the subject of death and eternity being especially dwelt upon, with the uncertainty of this life and all its enjoyments. Great attention and seriousness were evident ; and we heard afterwards that a young lady had that day died at a school in the town with no previous illness, which might account for some being peculiarly affected at the meeting who were probably her companions. . . .

Lucy Howe and Maria Corder accompanied us to Leighton, staying to drink tea with the dear old Friends, John and Hannah Grant. . . . J. G. is in his eighty-seventh year, and looks shrunk and aged, but his bright eyes still retain good sight ; he hears well, and his memory and faculties are unimpaired. The sense of smell is lost, so that the abundant beauties of an unusually large flower-garden can only regale the eye of their owner, who much enjoyed walking among them before breakfast with us yesterday, and descanting on the industry and skill of his active little wife, who, at seventy-eight, devotes much of her time to gardening, though she is also diligent in caring for her poor neighbours. This aged couple are a fine specimen of conjugal affection in its pristine warmth and tenderness, after a union of almost sixty years. They took me to and from meeting on Fourth-day evening in their carriage, being glad to have their neighbours invited to attend ; and the dear old man said a few words to them at the close. . . .

## TO CAROLINE NORTON.

Peckham, 5, 9 mo., 1839.

. . . . After being at Hemel-Hempstead, Berkhamstead and Alban's, we went to Hitchin, where was a very large meeting on First-day evening. We subsequently had three others before reaching Hertford, whence we took Hoddesdon and Ware, concluding with a large assembly at the latter on Sixth-day evening, which made forty public meetings during the five weeks. . . . It was often wonderful to myself how easily the work seemed got through, and now it is like a dream to look back upon, while quietness of mind respecting it continues, and my health is better than when I last saw thee. . . .

To ———.

Bristol, 28, 9 mo., 1839.

. . The select meeting on Third-day was a time of baptism; the sea and the cloud being in some degree renewedly understood.

Last evening there was a large assembly in the meeting-house in Temple Street. It was a good meeting. For tomorrow, notice is given for the Friars meeting-house. . . .

[29th?]-Through great mercy we had a good day. It was looked towards with unusual pressure. Pouring out the heart in thanksgiving and prayer soon after we assembled in the morning, tended to quiet confidence, under which feeling ability was given to labour, and the gospel message flowed freely. . . . The evening meeting was very large, no space unoccupied. Much solemnity prevailed; and as the words, "all with one accord in one place," were spoken, there was a very precious sense that the spirit of grace and supplication was poured upon many. On sitting down, after repeating the text, "Now the God of peace," &c., our silence was remarkable. Samuel Capper knelt in thankful acknowledgment of the Spirit's power being known amongst us. . . .

To ———.

Sidcot, 6, 10 mo., 1839.

. . I found a meeting was appointed at Axbridge. The town-hall was filled by a mixed company, and the solemnity at intervals was remarkable; the readiness to come is striking, and extends for miles. In this day of division, murmuring and complaint, the *whole gospel* seems in a wonderful manner to gain entrance among people generally; many of the auditors at Axbridge were supposed seldom to attend any place of worship.

. . I have again found that *planning* will not do for me, and hope to become more willing to live that life of faith which does not burden one day with the concerns of another. Cheddar, and the people of this place seem to hold me so that Street is out of view for the present.

*Bath, Fifth-day.*— . We went to Cheddar to an early tea with William Tanner, who has an extensive paper-mill. A meeting in the Baptist chapel was fully attended. Many who rarely go to a place of worship were present, and gospel love flowed towards all classes, while solemn warning seemed called for. . . In the afternoon we came on hither, and yesterday was the Monthly Meeting, and one for the people at seven. The first meeting was a time of close exercise, but solemn and even refreshing, through the sense of heavenly compassion and renewed offers of mercy and restoring love. United labour was a strength, both then and in the evening, where we were again mercifully owned, and the people very solid. It was not so large as the feeling of love would have craved. . . .

To ———.

Chew Magna, 21, 10 mo., 1839.

I have been longing to tell thee that our dear relatives, J. and M. Yeardley and I were together at Bath on First-day, where a very large public meeting, after sitting with

Friends in the forenoon, proved to the relief and comfort of all. . . We met again on Third-day morning, when J. Y. broke the silence of the meeting with the words, "We then as fellow-workers with Christ," &c., preaching the gospel and inviting to partake of its privileges in the renewings of life and love. M. Y. followed in a similar strain; and D. P. Hack knelt in harmonious prayer and praise.

We went to Portishead on Sixth-day, ready for a meeting at six o'clock. The house is not large, being the same as when George Fox frequently attended there. The readiness of the people to come filled the room quickly, and a tent was provided near one of the windows, holding fifty or sixty men. The words which first presented on sitting down were these, "To make ready a people prepared for the Lord," and very comforting was the belief that we were together in his will, and to the refreshment of many seeking souls. Our separation was marked by peculiar solemnity, denoting that prayer had been *with* as well as *for* the people.

*Seventh-day.*—We rode ten miles to Burrow, and on to this place, being cordially welcomed by Hannah Thomas, &c. At six we had a crowded house, chiefly church-people. The rector, an old man of eighty, was there, and shook hands cordially afterwards, as did others. I am much alone in many of these meetings; but in abounding goodness deficiency has been supplied, and strength most mercifully proportioned to the need. . .

*Third-day.*—I resume the pen to tell my dear — that a meeting was held last evening at Hollatown, a place seven miles hence, where was once a meeting-house, but now no vestige of Friends, nor a place to be obtained except a large kitchen, which it was thought accommodated two hundred persons. The Baptist minister and his wife were there, who had been active in arranging, his own chapel being too remote. The "one fold and one Shepherd" was instructively brought to remembrance, as what may be rejoiced in by all who are humbly seeking to follow Him in the regeneration. We separated under much solemnity, men, women and children waiting till we entered the carriages.

It is now Fourth-day. Yesterday H. Thomas took me to see a Friend's family at London Wick, a populous village, to which attraction being felt, notice was circulated, and a little chapel filled. The people gathered slowly, men coming direct from work. There was a great mixture of feeling; some doubting and ignorant; yet love and solemnity prevailed. It was thought that the inhabitants of Peneford, two miles off, would have come to this meeting; but while together I felt that it was not so, and the attraction to them was so renewed as to make it relieving for a message to be received from a lady, stating that a place was in readiness for any evening, and wishing our party to take tea at her house. It was at once fixed for Sixth-day.

I desire thankfully to acknowledge that with every opening of duty, faith is renewed; and so far strength has been according to the day, though we have had neither minister nor elder of late to sit beside. When will our brethren so arise and shake themselves as to be prepared for those gospel bonds which would have been ere now laid upon some who yet hesitate at loosening themselves from what hinders the Lord's work? . . .

To ———.

Bristol, 18, 11 mo., 1839.

. . . Seventh-day to Street, where we met Friends the next morning, and the people in the evening. The day was one of divine favour and solemnity, demanding renewed thankfulness unto Him who made the Sabbath for man, and continues to bless its rest and services to all such as love and fear him. Third-day evening a meeting was held at Glastonbury. When I knew it forty years ago, a company of Friends and a meeting-house were there. We had the Town-hall; 560 were counted. It was a good, relieving opportunity.

First-day proved one of deep interest. In the forenoon we had a Methodist chapel at Somerton, where a few Friends reside; and those of Long Sutton came, with such a concourse of others as made it difficult to get in. The blessing

and promise to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness was signally vouchsafed, and the offering of prayer and praise was indeed with the people, from many of whom the audible *Amen* was in sweet unison of heart. A large meeting-house of Friends at Long Sutton, three miles further, was filled in the evening; a good time; several came from Somerton, in pouring rain. . . .

Third-day, went with a party to Monthly Meeting at Taunton, where the evening was occupied like First-day, and strength graciously proportioned to the need, for the body seemed hardly sensible of fatigue. We parted with Sylvanus and Mary Fox next morning, in near uniting love, which this intercourse has strengthened; and very acceptable was the share they took in the public meetings. Sixth-day, travelled to Brent, for a meeting in the Bryanites' chapel; an interesting solemn time, to my relief concerning a place I had often thought of without seeing how it was to fit in. . . .

My dearest Mary is poorly. I desire to leave the future in thankful dependence upon Him who so graciously leads and supports from day to day. . . .

To ———.

Cheltenham, [3, 12 mo.], 1839.

. . . The evening assemblage [at Bristol] was very large, and a solemn covering to be felt on entering proved a token for good. Many hearts were united in thankfulness and praise, while to poor dust and ashes it was truly a season of deep humiliation. . . . It is indeed a privilege to believe that we are given to see our path of duty, however gentle the direction of that Eye which mercifully guides. Here we very unexpectedly met with our dear friend Margaret Pope, who was going homeward by the route I had glanced at from the first. She came to Clifton, hoping we should meet. I could but deem this a providential opening.

At Gloucester, the people were gathered in the meeting-house on First-day evening. There was some comforting



evidence of being together in the divine will; 800 were supposed to be present, and many went away. . . .

Here a little recess will be salutary; the words are sweetly remembered, "Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile." . .

Elizabeth Dudley returned the certificate she had received for this journey, to the Monthly Meeting on the 10th of the Twelfth Month.

To ———.

25, 4 mo., 1840.

In thinking of thee since we parted, it has occurred to me that reading Solomon's Song, with Scott's notes on it, might do thee some good, my beloved friend, by acting as a *mental tonic* which thou seem'st to need. Of course I do not unite in all his views, nor confine the sensible participation of divine strength and comfort to the use of *means*, as this worthy man appears to do; but the spiritual tendency of his remarks, and making the whole bear upon the experience of individual believers, as well as the Church of Christ, is very instructive. It is well for us to be drawn from ourselves, and more singly to look to and dwell upon Him, in whom we not only have redemption by His blood, even the forgiveness of sins, but access into that grace which is ever sufficient, and the renewal of a strength made perfect in our weakness. Perhaps this truth is often most cheerfully impressed when there has been a season of peculiar humiliation and self-abasement.

I feel for and with thee in thy sense of being unduly affected by the little cares and encumbrances of life, but believe we are more helped by endeavouring to turn the attention another way, than in yielding to what may seem proper regret at the prevalence of infirmities and frailty. How wisely did the Psalmist seek to overcome his doubts and despondency, by calling to remembrance the loving-kindness and mercy so abundantly displayed towards him in past years; and surely we, each of us, have much in this

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line to recollect with feelings of thankfulness, whereby to strengthen our confidence in God, of whom let us say—

“Each bright Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.” . . .

FROM LUCY MAW.

Needham, 30, 4 mo., 1840.

. . . I suppose we must yield to the infirmities of age, and endeavour to be satisfied with shorter communications than we have been accustomed to hand and receive one from another. But I hope we shall not love each other the less for it. “To every thing,” says Solomon, “there is a season. . . . .”

## CHAPTER XVII.

### SECOND VISIT TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT—VISIT TO BERKSHIRE AND OXFORDSHIRE—LETTERS.

IN the Sixth Month, 1840, Elizabeth Dudley re-visited the Isle of Wight, accompanied by her sister and Margaret Pope, and by John and Martha Yeardley.

To ———.

Peckham, 15, 6 mo., 1840.

. . . . . There was a full expression of unity with the proposal [at the Monthly Meeting] for holding meetings on the Island, and other service in going or returning, as well as within the limits of our own Quarterly Meeting; some places not seen when I was similarly engaged more than two years ago being now in view, should life and health be given. We had very unexpectedly some strangers, whose company proved helpful and comforting; and the first sitting was a time of much favour and solemnity. Thy dear sister came to the conference from a secret sympathy with me, though wholly ignorant of how I was circumstanced; as were Sylvanus and Mary Fox, whose communications were strikingly encouraging. . . . .

To ———.

Dolphin Inn, Southampton, 4, 7 mo., 1840.

. . We reached Alton, where it was very pleasant to see J. and M. Yeardley on the meeting premises, and Grover Kemp, who had travelled ninety miles [to join us]. Eight men and

seven women formed our little assembly, and we could say it was good for us to be there, the extension of divine love being such as to refresh our souls, which J. Y. sweetly acknowledged in thanksgiving. The meeting on Fifth-day was one of close exercise, in much unity of spirit; and a public one at half-past six, which was largely attended, notwithstanding heavy rain. J. Y. took a full share in the vocal service, and very acceptably; and I felt thankful for the evidence that "the thing was true," though the time since it has been seen and felt "was long." . . .

To ———.

Ryde, 11, 7 mo., 1840.

. . . . First-day morning Margaret Pope and Mary arrived for meeting in the new room, with several other Friends visiting the island. A feeling of quiet settlement was, I trust, general, under which prayer and thanksgiving were offered.

We rode to Wotton. The chapel was crowded; and upon entering it, there was such a sense of divine love and mercy, both to impart and receive, that but a short silence preceded the language, "The Lord hath risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." Much gospel liberty as well as love was felt, and dear J. Y. took a very acceptable share in the labour. . . .

*Third-day.*— . . . How freely can we subscribe to the truth, "There is none good;" so that our wisdom is neither to measure nor judge ourselves or one another, but seek more humbly and devotedly to walk before Him who seeth and judgeth all things. Farewell, my endeared friend. Always thine,

E. D.

To ———.

Ryde, 21, 7 mo., 1840.

. . . . On First-day we went over to Newport, and found that a room had been obtained at Carisbrooke and the people invited to meet us at six o'clock. This was very

pleasant intelligence, as that place had long excited much feeling, without apparent opening for relief. J. and M. Y. and I rode to Carisbrooke, and found the pouring rain had not deterred the people, the room being nearly full when we got there. The flowing of Christian love caused the silence to be soon broken. A man near the door attempted to disturb us by demanding proof of what was said, and who were the eye-witnesses of our Lord's glory; but instead of interrupting, it seemed to increase attention, while help was mercifully given to proceed, without any chasm in the strain of communication, so as to answer his cavilling remarks; and after a little while he went off, uttering the words, "I will stay to hear this no longer." This produced no unsettlement whatever, though his departure was manifestly a relief to all parties. Dear J. Y. expressed his thankfulness that no notice had been taken, nor any excitement caused by what he properly termed, "a blast from the wilderness;" saying he rejoiced that such a character could not long breathe in the atmosphere then around us. Dear M. spoke on the solemn thought that some present might never meet again until arraigned before the Great Judge at the hour of final retribution, whence she pressed the infinite importance of being prepared to behold Him without dismay, who, having died for us, now waiteth to be gracious unto all. The meeting ended in prayer and praise, and our separation was under a very precious sense of divine love. A carpenter gave us the accommodation in his house, and, with much crowding, it was thought one hundred were within hearing: the heat was excessive.

We had a sweet ride home, the air mild, and some very bright clouds shining after rain, seemed to correspond with the mental feelings, as we passed swiftly along without exchanging many words. Some glow-worms on the path, to me a new object, gave thoughts it was pleasant to dwell on, and the sense of fatigue was counteracted by peaceful calm, in which past and future could be wholly left in the hands of Him who gave present rest, in poverty and humble trust. . . .

To ———.

Ventnor, 31, 7 mo., 1840.

. . . Our forenoon meeting on First-day [at Newport] was an instructive, refreshing season. At six o'clock a large company met at the Green Dragon Inn; it was said above 500. The throng at times was great, and the heat excessive; but solidity and attention prevailed, and the meeting was signally owned by the presence of the Lord. . . .

In passing through Arreton, we made considerable inquiry about a place of meeting, but without success; so we conclude they are not yet ready for us, and turn from what has been long felt, though not in a disposition to shake off the dust of our feet against them, but with gospel desire that love and freedom may ere long more fully mark professing Christendom in every place. . . .

To ———.

Newport, 5, 8 mo., 1840.

. . . We joined dear J. and M. this morning at their Reading, five being added to ourselves in the meeting-room; and we were mercifully regarded together. There is much bemoaning at the prospect of their going away; they have, indeed, seemed as an Aquila and Priscilla, seasonably provided for the further instruction of some, and building up of others in the way whereunto they had been happily turned. . . .

TO CAROLINA NORTON.

Newport, 8, 8 mo., 1840.

. . . . The meetings at Rookley and Wrexall were comparatively small, and very long in gathering. The time for country assemblies is now past until the harvest is gathered, and we are well pleased with having had the few held during our stay at Ryde, all of which were good and relieving meetings. . . .

High Church influence has, I imagine, rather increased than lessened in different parts of this island; and it may be that a wrong spirit given way to by Dissenters here and elsewhere has tended to arouse the same in their clerical opponents; but our grand source of encouragement is the blessed assurance that Truth will overcome error, and what is of man be brought to nothing, however firm and mighty in appearance. Here, in Newport, there is an open door; and I trust what has been done in providing a place to meet in, and, as it were, raising a standard to simplicity and dependence upon our great High Priest, may not only prevent this door from being closed, but prove a means of confirming some in those views of spiritual worship which have led to the earnest desire for this sort of help. . . . Some observed that they had wanted to see the exemplification of our principles in life and conduct; and one pious-minded neighbour told me it had been her earnest prayer at times for many years that some of our Society might come and settle here, for she remembered when there was a meeting, and also being edified in attending those occasionally appointed here, as well as in reading the writings of Friends. . . .

In some gospel service near London, in which E. Dudley was engaged on her return from the Isle of Wight, she was accompanied by Caroline E. Parken.

To ———.

Staines, 6, 9 mo., 1840.

. . . . My heart does crave for thee, dearly-beloved and longed-for in the Lord, that no clinging to the nearest earthly tie, no specious reasoning about weakness, ignorance, a state of childhood being unworthy of notice, &c., may deprive of the comfort and true liberty to which thou art called. In the entire surrender of thyself unto Him who hath chosen and ordained thee, will be thy peace and strength, which He only can give, and bestows in his own way. May

this surrender be so fully made as for the designed fruit to be brought forth and also remain; the effects of dedication being freedom from every yoke of bondage. . . .

The meeting at W. was a good beginning. Better truly did a gracious Master prove to us than fears and depressing weakness suffered me to expect; and a thing often contemplated with dread is now looked back upon with humble thankfulness, while the sacred inquiry does afresh come to remembrance, "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" and I can at this moment receive the words as my due, "O thou of little faith!" We have, I believe, been cast here at the right time, and an exercising one it is, yet not unattended by comfort of various kinds, and many confirmations of faith and hope, while going from house to house. . . .

We were at Windsor last evening, where a considerable number of genteel persons, and many of the working class, met us in the Town-hall. The stillness was marked by a feeling of life and power, which the mere cessation from words could not produce, and which the expression of those which were called for did not interrupt. Truth did, I reverently believe, rise into dominion, and our separation was attended by a very precious sense of uniting love, wherein distinctions as to name were lost in the fellowship of spirit, and thanksgiving, adoration and praise were offered to the One glorified and everlasting Head of his own church. . . .

#### TO MARY BINNS (OF POOLE).

Peckham, 16, 4 mo., 1841.

. . . It may, perhaps, not be an unseasonable confirmation of thy faith just to tell thee what I heard with peculiar interest from our friends Richard and Sarah Barrett, when recently with them at Croydon. With grateful acknowledgment of the abounding care and attention bestowed upon them and their invalid son, by thy kind-hearted husband and thee, they each mentioned being struck with the cheerfulness thou manifested under debility and oppression of body, calling thee a "happy Christian." Thus, my endeared friend, there is a



being "preachers of righteousness," in circumstances which to the individuals themselves may seem little likely to promote anything good. . . . As years increase, whether these be marked by augmented infirmities or diminished suffering of body, may thy confidence be unshaken that He who is the author, will in due season be the finisher of thy faith. . . .

TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 4, 5 mo., 1841.

. . . I take the pen to salute thee once more under feelings of near affection, as well as thankfulness for the mercy of being again raised from a bed of languishing. . . . When, at seasons, death presented to the view, it did not bring with it either dismay or gloom. Having the words brought with peculiar comfort to my remembrance, "Jesus Christ hath abolished death," &c., there was a restraint from dwelling on the thought, with such an absence from anxiety concerning the future as left nothing to desire but that the divine will might be done.\* . . .

To ———.

Peckham, 25, 7 mo., 1841.

. . . The passing away of mists often renders that clearer which has never changed its position, and what may have been fully believed as a reality is seen with fresh brightness, when the cloud is so lifted up as to indicate the season for moving forward. . . .

To ———.

[No date.]

The letter from our valued relations at Scarborough will call forth your renewed sympathy. Some sweet lines which

\* An intimate friend visiting Elizabeth Dudley during, or not long after, this illness, the latter said, at parting: "I seem to have nothing to do with death for a year past, nor indeed with life, but only with Him who hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

have come to me in the shape of food this day may, I am sure, be adopted in thinking of these dear devoted friends :

“ Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me ;  
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy apart from Thee.”

How dependent are these poor earthen vessels upon the elements of which they are composed, and what an inexplicable thing is their present close connection with that immaterial part which can never perish, and even now, amidst surrounding encumbrances and weight, is designed so to mount upward as to enjoy real union with uncreated Purity and Love. For the least degree of such fellowship what adoring gratitude is due unto Him who took part of that flesh and blood with the infirmities whereof He so graciously feels, as well as for every temptation and sin whereby his followers are assailed and grieved. With such a Saviour, Advocate, and unfailing Refuge, let us never despair of victory, nor fear to trust body, soul, and spirit to his beloved keeping. . . .

To ———.

Staines, 4, 5 mo., 1842.

. . . . We made a very interesting visit yesterday to the bedside of our beloved friend, Deborah Moline, who seems mentally in heaven, while the worn body still requires abundant care and patient submission. The latter is strikingly denoted in the sweet placid countenance as well as instructive expressions of the aged invalid, from whose sightless and closed eyes tears of contrition and thankfulness often flow. She acknowledged the Lord's goodness in keeping her in simple reliance on the one offering for sin, while she spoke of her own demerits as so vividly presented that the sense of “no condemnation” now granted, seemed too much to think of, and the sacrifice of a “broken spirit” was indeed evidently prepared, and as it were continually on the altar. We felt it no small privilege to partake of that fellowship with the Father

and the Son which this humble disciple largely enjoys, and to find how especially precious the name of Christ is to her at such an hour. . . .

*Fifth-day.*—I find the report of noviciate ministers in Yorkshire was exaggerated in its transfer to thee, twenty being the *true* number spoken of. John Hipsley attended T. P. in the discharge of his interesting service to these, when the counsel he had to convey, I hear, was peculiarly appropriate. *We* should certainly think *ten* preachers of a hopeful kind among the brethren of *our* Quarterly Meeting a bright spot in what sometimes looks a thick horizon ; but if the weaker sex is still to be most used, the acquiescent amen is more becoming than expressions of complaint or wonder. . . .

This summer Elizabeth Dudley again visited Berkshire and Buckinghamshire : she was accompanied by Carolina Norton. On her way to Reading she attended the interment of Deborah Moline.

#### TO HER SISTER MARY.

The Common, [Uxbridge] 3, 7 mo., [1842].

. . . We found dear Lydia Forster\* calm in spirit, while keenly alive to her irreparable loss. . . . It was a walking funeral. I never recollect a more precious silence than that in which we stood by the grave-side. I thought sweetly of the words, "Silence in heaven for the space of half an hour." Thomas Squire uttered a text of Scripture. Mary Fell spoke in prayer and testimony, and some other voices were heard. The company at table was chiefly of near relatives ; L. F. staid upstairs until tea-time, when she joined the large assemblage, and a time of solemn retirement ensued. . . .

#### TO HER SISTER MARY.

Wycombe, 21, 7 mo., [1842].

. . . . Thou judged rightly, my dearest, that Henley would bring the past vividly to remembrance, and very fresh

\* D. Moline's sister.

did the occurrences of 1816 seem, as the old places were again visited; and houses whose present occupiers are unknown called to mind some no longer in the body, and events, once deemed of great moment, but now thought of as a dream or less than nothing. . . .

To ———.

Bristol, 31, 10 mo., 1842.

. . . . Perhaps the time will come, which I often contemplate with desire, when the silence prevalent in our various meetings will either be less oppressive than it now often is, or be exchanged for more of such seasonable and lively offerings as would tend to produce true devotion; “spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ,” being the appointed means of edifying the body, and bringing glory to the one, ever-living Head. . .

TO SUSANNA CORDER.

Peckham, 22, 1 mo., 1844.

. . Thy full observations on the biblical subject are very acceptable. I wish ever to guard against a bigoted attachment to familiar expressions, and readily to admit that every human performance is more or less defective; though with added years I feel increasingly fearful of new interpretations, or what are termed *improved versions* of Holy Scripture, which, being “given for our *learning*,” should be *cautiously* subjected to the reasoning or literary investigation of which any are capable. . . .

Little did I think that before acknowledging thy well-filled sheet, we should have each sustained another and very affecting loss in the removal of one justly dear to our hearts. My heart has indeed sunk under this sudden blow, and it is yet scarcely realized that our precious Maria Fox is no longer here—not again to be seen in her sphere of usefulness, loving and lovely among her brethren and sisters, and with humble dedication of heart filling the rank assigned her in

righteousness, diligence and peace. Sweet indeed is the thought of her works of faith and labours of love, and very bright the path to be looked back upon (now that she has served her generation and fallen asleep in Jesus), as that of the just, who are eternally blessed in the kingdom of their Father. . . .

TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 20, 6 mo., 1844.

. . . . The unexpected death of William Backhouse would be generally affecting to those who attended Yearly Meeting. Concerning him we may all thankfully believe it is a dispensation of mercy, while, it seems probable, equally unexpected to himself as to those around him, so that I have thought it was like being surprised unto glory.

. . . . 25th.—I may give a favourable report of our Quarterly Meeting. The season was one of much solemnity. The brief and uncertain nature of this mortal life was much dwelt upon as a stimulus to the dedication of heart and will so justly due unto Him who hath purchased us with his own precious blood. J. J. Gurney made touching allusion to the death of our dear friend William Backhouse; the circumstance being probably afresh brought before him by the loss of the *Manchester*, in which places had been taken for W. B. and his nephew, an event in which we are painfully interested, our cousin John Dudley being the captain. The steamer was lost on the 17th inst., it is supposed by being driven on the Vogel Sand, which, it is said, always proves fatal when a vessel gets upon it in a storm. There were about six passengers on board, not one of whom, or of the crew, supposed to be twenty, has escaped to relate their sufferings. . .

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### JOURNEY TO THE MIDLAND COUNTIES—LETTERS—VISIT TO IRELAND—LETTERS—JOURNAL.

THIS autumn was spent by Elizabeth Dudley in a journey through the midland counties from Rutland to Cheshire, in which, as usual, she was attracted to hold many meetings with persons not of our religious Society.

To ———.

Mansfield, 20, 9 mo., 1844.

. . . . Having the company of John P. Milner seems a remarkable provision for me, being afforded when much cast down with the sense of loneliness, as well as continued far beyond expectation. The dear friend is evidently in his place from meeting to meeting, and proves a true helper in various ways. . . .

*Nottingham, First-day.*—This journey does not alter my previous conviction, that country employments and secluded habits are less favourable to a growth in vital religion than extended association with our fellow-professors, while this assuredly has its snares. And in every condition, real spirituality of mind is the effect of individual submission, watchfulness and prayer, and can only be maintained in the same course. We meet with abounding kindness everywhere, and a little confirmation of faith is sometimes granted in proof that the time and way are rightly ordered, and visits to persons and places seasonable, which, being apart

from my own or any human arrangements, is thankfully accepted as an encouragement to trust and refrain from carefulness, which has been remarkably my experience so far. . .

*Leicester, Fourth-day.*—First-day at [Nottingham] was one of much interest and close feeling with Friends in the morning, and a large assemblage in the evening: it was said 900. Great solemnity prevailed. Second-day forenoon was given to social intercourse, and a call, two miles distant, upon a dear woman Friend of above ninety, confined to bed, but clear and happy in mind, anticipating the joys of heaven in the society of those she had loved on earth. Her husband died two years ago, with whom she had lived sixty years in harmony. She spoke of my dear mother in lively recollection. . . .

I wish to tell thee, this last of the three Quarterly Meetings is over, and I feel thankful peace. A visit to the Men's Meeting tended to relief, and all were kind and loving. Help with thy prayers, my beloved friend, and whilst studying to be quiet, fail not to do thy own business. . .

To ———.

Leicester, 28, 9 mo., 1844.

. . Yesterday we rode seventeen miles to Ridlington Park, to a meeting composed of one family. It was worth the ride to sit with this little company, and partake of the refreshment mercifully dispensed from the Divine Presence, in some true stillness of mind, both when together at a meeting, and when about to separate after our dinner meal. . . .

To ———.

Birmingham, 8, 10 mo., 1844.

The meeting which impended when my last was finished, at Leicester, was held to relief and comfort. It was an assemblage which, for size and the place altogether, did make me literally a Quaker, when ascending the few steps to a platform fronting the music gallery, which was filled mostly, I think, by well-

dressed women, while the ground-floor thickly seated, and a great chandelier were in view ; Friends being on each side of me, and some among the people. Hundreds it was thought went away, and 700 or 800 within. Numbers of Unitarians were there, an influential class in Leicester, and many Baptists. More order and quiet settlement could hardly appear in a congregation of Friends than we were favoured with throughout. Help was very mercifully proportioned to the need, and our blessed Master did fulfil his own gracious declaration by being with and amongst us in the gathering together, which, I humbly trust, was in his holy will and ordering ; to him be all praise now and forever.

. . . There are many here I wish to see. I am at Birmingham not only for the first, but most likely for the last time, and it has been long thought of with interest. . . .

To ———.

Dudley, 12, 10 mo., 1844.

. . . Two or three days were occupied [at Birmingham] in calls on invalids, &c., some very interesting and instructive. An hour with our aged friend, Mary Capper, was mutually pleasant. Her anchor is in the Rock of Ages, while she speaks of desiring more sensible participation of his love, and sometimes fearing she has not known enough of tribulation to be the companion of such as have washed their robes, &c.

. . . At Coventry the public meeting was very full : dear Mary Lloyd a valuable fellow-labourer. We went to Wednesday next day, and had a public meeting in a large Wesleyan chapel, a solemn opportunity : many of the working class and colliers, perhaps from 600 to 700. The distance to Dudley is only three miles ; a small meeting, where Catherine Phillips was born, and first spoke as a minister, a hundred years ago. . . .

At Stourbridge, the people completely filled the meeting-house, a respectable structure built in 1680, and said to have been often used by George Fox. A measure of the same Spirit through which he laboured, did, I trust, help our infirmities :



great solemnity prevailed during the two hours we were together. . .

To ———.

Wood Green, 26, 10 mo., 1844.

. . . We went to Stratford, where many Friends met us previous to a public meeting held in a Baptist chapel, which was not filled, and the people came stragglingly, so that it was a less settled time than any other; but the gentleman who provided the chapel, and an Independent minister, came to our inn, and expressed much satisfaction, with desires that a blessing might attend the labour. On Fifth-day, we went twelve miles to Radway, where two aged sisters live. An old dilapidated house standing in an ancient grave-yard, was resorted to by many men and women, when we had a good, open time, preparation being wrought in some who are poor as to this world, to receive the gospel message. It proved a refreshing and grateful termination of the service in which dear Mary Lloyd and I have been united, so that our hearts could rejoice and give thanks while riding back to Stratford. . . .

On stopping at the Wolverhampton station this morning, we were joined by Barnard Dickinson, who came on purpose, and when arriving here (Stafford), found our old companion, J. P. Milner, waiting for us. . . . Having B. D. and J. P. M. feels cheering in this *desert* land. . . .

To LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 5, 12 mo., 1844.

. . . . My dear sister and I were favoured to reach our own habitation in safety last Sixth-day, after an absence of nearly twelve weeks. . . .

The three Quarterly Meetings prominently in view when setting out were attended during successive weeks in the Ninth Month; and in order to save time or returning journeys, smaller meetings taken from day to day in the

intervals, with so little rest that it was marvellous to myself the poor body held out so well. Many public meetings were appointed, for which openness was found, and in the larger towns very extensive congregations; while, almost universally, the quiet settlement and solidity of demeanour were encouraging to the belief that silent waiting on such occasions is not so unmeaning to religious persons as was the case in former years. . . .

Seeing Richard Cockin was one of my objects, and a visit to this long-known and dear friend is looked back upon with peculiar satisfaction. His brightness of eye as well as intellect, with lively interest in what concerns the best welfare of his fellow-beings, at the age of ninety-two, are instructive and animating. He is quite helpless on one side, and is wheeled from room to room in an easy chair, where he sits upright, with a venerable smiling countenance and flowing white locks; and having the free use of his right hand, he maintains an extensive correspondence with his numerous friends. . . .

In the next letter, Elizabeth Dudley refers to a visit which she, with her sister Mary, proposed to make to her brother William's family, near Wexford, the only occasion when she revisited her native land.

TO JOSIAH FORSTER.

Peckham, 16, 5 mo., [1845].

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thy kind brotherly salutation is an acceptable proof of regard and interest which I have long valued; and the expression of sympathy seasonable. Thou judgest correctly relative to present feelings, while I may thankfully acknowledge that as the time draws nearer, a journey, more than commonly formidable, is contemplated with quietness of mind, and what we consider a call of duty on the ground of natural claims and affection can be left to the ordering of Him whose

will it is, I trust, the chief desire to have done in and concerning us. . . .

Mercy and goodness have, indeed, been manifested towards me during every period of life; and the trials which marked different stages, though remembered as at the time grievous, and often ill-endured, are seen to have been good in their season—proofs of Infinite wisdom and a Father's love. . . .

To ———.

Peckham, 7, 7 mo., 1845.

. . . I quite appreciate thy desire to see a poor old friend, who, with a much reduced body, can also sensibly appropriate the name of "Feeble minded," at times thankfully remembering that *he* got safely over the river, perhaps without finding it either deep or dark, while beyond it all is bright, serene, and peaceful—no more feebleness to mourn over, nor pain nor death to fear! How sweet to think of the many we have loved who are for ever with this blessed company, and to have the assurance that for us also, through the one appointed way to the Kingdom, the same permanent happiness is in reserve, if, by patient continuance in well-doing, we seek for "glory, honour and immortality." . . .

MARY DUDLEY TO SARAH FORSTER.

Alexandria, Wexford, 8, 9 mo., 1845.

. . . . The interview with our venerable friend, Sarah Shackleton [at Ballitore] was very touching, and called forth many tender associations in connection with our precious mother. . . . My dearest Betsey, thou wilt believe, "makes full proof of the ministry she has received," in the different localities to which her Divine Master attracts her. She was largely engaged both at Ballitore and Kilconner. . . . We took tea at New Garden on our way from Ballitore, at John Williams' peaceful farm-house, where, with two pleasing sisters, he lets his "light shine before men." He is the Friend who suffered imprisonment on account of tithes some time

ago. He informed us there was, at an early period, before his remembrance, a large meeting of Friends in this locality, the emigration of many of whom originated the settlement of *New Garden* in North Carolina. . .

Cooladine was once called *The School of the Prophets*. Thomas Thompson is the venerable patriarch of that little meeting, consisting of about twelve individuals (it is a poor desolate house, but not more so than many we saw last year in the midland counties of England). Sarah Emlen said she considered it worth crossing the Atlantic to behold and converse with this veteran in the Lamb's army. . .

#### TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 20, 11 mo., 1845.

. . . Very gracious has been the Lord's dealing in leading out and bringing in ; even like a father pitying his poor frail children, tempering circumstances to their feeble condition, and, with infinite wisdom as well as tenderness, apportioning strength to the necessity for its use.

It seems as if I could not forbear alluding to the shock of feeling which marked the first hours of re-entering our long-left habitation ; a dear old friend who came to welcome us promptly naming the death of our much-loved Elizabeth Fry, of whose renewed illness we had not the least intimation. . . The blank and chasm consequent on the removal of this mutually valued sister need not be described to thee, for we have *each* lost a precious link in the chain of Christian friendship, and expect not to have it supplied in this world ; while, as more often brought personally together, and accustomed to unite in services of various kinds, as well as occupying the same seat in this Quarterly Meeting for above thirty-five years, the vacuum must naturally be most felt by me. Nor do I desire to lose the feeling, because it seems to attract upward ; and in thinking of the two namesake sisters with whom sweet counsel has been often taken, quietness and confiding trust are renewed by the blessed assurance that every degree of light, life and peace, bestowed upon us while pro-

bationers here on earth, proceeds from the same inexhaustible fountain at which they and their companions in glory partake in its fulness. . . .

At our last Monthly Meeting a minute was issued liberating me for a visit to the families of my dear fellow-members in this Monthly Meeting, and such service as may open in the line of duty within the limits of our Quarterly Meeting. . . .

To ——.

[No date.]

We have a compassionate Father to deal with, a merciful High-priest and Intercessor to plead our unworthy cause, and protect his own blessed one from being injured through our frailty. But remember what is due for such love, and justly appreciate that friendship and security which are consequent upon doing whatsoever He commands. Grudge not the best and the whole of what thou hast to give in testimony of thy love to such a friend and deliverer, and never for a moment doubt that what is called for will be first bestowed, and ability with it in season and according to full need. . . .

What a moment, and how vain and empty the things which engross it, is human life when brought to view in connection with eternity; and yet there is comfort and satisfaction in so viewing it, which we find not in the attempt to separate what God has joined together. In this commencement of heavenly instruction, the most important rudiments are to be obtained, and upon their just application depends the progress and the peace to be known in an unchanging existence. May this thought both cheer and stimulate our often flagging hopes, for we have no time to spend in useless regrets. . . .

To ——.

[No date.]

. . . How cheering to look beyond the ebbings and flowings of the agitated sea on which we are wafted or driven to the regions of peace and rest. In the end, of how little

moment will it be whether clouds or sunshine have most prevailed, save that after gloom light must be a most blessed exchange, while, here, the exercise of faith and patience is also blessed, and through it the gloom is sometimes pierced to the comfort of the weary pilgrim. . .

To ———.

[No date.]

. . I have, indeed, far more cause for humble thankfulness than complaint of any kind, while the accommodations within my reach, contrasted with the distress, privation, and misery constantly passing on the view and known to be around us, may well excite the query, "Who made thee to differ?" and does sometimes call for the reasoning and grievous suggestions as to why such wretchedness and want should exist in the midst of plenty, and the great object of life seem to be kept out of view in the heartless effort to procure subsistence. Surely He whose tender mercies are over all his works does not will that thus it should be; and there is awful responsibility resting upon those in this favoured country who possess talents, wealth, and influence that might be brought to bear upon the circumstances of their less accountable fellow-creatures. . .

To ———.

[No date.]

. . My little visit last evening was really a refreshment, and I felt my home less solitary on returning to it than had been the case before going out. Times of seclusion are, I am fully aware, salutary, and indeed essential to those whose lot it often is to be conspicuous, and perhaps these are never more beneficial than when the most abasing views of frailty and unworthiness attend our self-examination. To feel our need must be thankfully accepted as an evidence of being quickened by divine grace; whilst to be kept alive and advance in saving knowledge we must persevere in watchful-

ness and prayer. As I thus write, the desire afresh springs in my heart, that those who may at any time receive a little help through so poor an instrument, may be engaged to seek that blessing and increase without which all labour is unavailing, and when favoured to approach the Lord's footstool, pray that I may not become a castaway. . .

To ———.

[No date.]

. . Surely there can be no second opinion among Christians, as to how and why the WORD which was made flesh, and therein obtained eternal redemption for lost and fallen man, is *magnified* above all the name and attributes of Jehovah. May we never fear to adopt language wherein the Holy Spirit taught prophets and apostles to speak of that incarnate Saviour to whom they looked *in faith*, though the former were shut out as to the light and knowledge revealed by the gospel. Think less about the sentiments and judgments of thy fellow-creatures, my beloved friend, and be faithful to Him who hath called us, and given us a part in the ministry of reconciliation. . .

To ———.

[No date.]

. . While no sense of condemnation has attended, the burden of an unrelieved mind is certainly known; and I would not conceal from thee the fact that a very little, similar to the *pointing towards a door*, being withheld, is at times allowed to prevent the opening which may be designed. I could not burst my own bonds, though willing to utter with the lip what was secretly breathed, had liberty been granted. But these I believe depended on the surrender of another, therefore the pain I felt was different from what succeeds designed omission of a known duty. I am glad the dear daughters of our departed friend had some fruit of religious concern, and only regret that the whole burnt offering was

not seasonably made, and the peace and strength consequent thereon experienced; for regarding that solemn season, the language will remain applicable, "*That which is wanting cannot be numbered.*" Most affectionately farewell.

E. D.

TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 14, 2 mo., 1846.

. . . . . O that the contest of words and feelings so lamentably existing within our borders were brought to a termination, by an entire avoidance of attempting to bring individuals to a precise accordance of view and expression, in matters which we are really not accountable for to our fellow-mortals, and concerning which there has been diversity of sentiment in all ages of the church. I can hardly believe that the beloved brother who has been so marvellously kept in the spirit of meekness, and his labours of love owned to the spreading of truth and knowledge, will suffer in the estimation of his friends, or be permitted to lose his peace of mind. My impression is that the spirit so unhappily stirred up on each side of the Atlantic must be laid by *starvation*; for truly do I believe the excitement will neither be talked away nor written away; but it may and I trust will be *lived down*, by suffering patience to have her perfect work. And as truth is the only thing we want to have established, and dear J. J. Gurney does, I trust, love this beyond his own reputation, surely both he and all those who see with him in Christian doctrine, as I confess I do, may safely rest in the disposition which commits this inestimable treasure to the God of truth, with the prayer, Plead thine own cause; let not man prevail. . . . .

JOURNAL. — 1846, 4 mo. 27. — Death has been brought closely to mind in the decease of Ann Jones, a long-known and highly valued Friend, whose removal makes another chasm in the circle of Christian associates. She is the third among those old dear friends whom it was permitted me to



see, during a three months' absence from home in the autumn of 1844. Frequent are the mementoes of the generation to which I belong having nearly passed away, while the sense of union with such as have been sweet and pleasant in life is sometimes such as to make the invisible world seem very near, and induce the thought that ere long with me also probation will terminate. Through unutterable love this prospect is not attended with fear; while instead of much lively hope, my mental state is rarely beyond that of quiet, confiding trust, and the feeling of "no condemnation" is rested in as what must ever be the effect of unmerited goodness, and cause for adoring gratitude, "unto Him who hath loved me and given himself for me." O that the life I live in the flesh were more in the faith and according to the blessed example of this Almighty Saviour! Again and again is the spirit made willing, but the flesh truly continues weak.

7 mo. 9th.—I yesterday parted with my beloved friend, Isabel Casson. The union in religious feeling and service has been to mutual refreshment, proving that true love is not diminished by personal separation. We were at the Monthly Meeting at Stoke Newington, and afterwards sat awhile with dear Susanna Post, who appears to be near the close of life. There seemed to be a precious sense that the Good Shepherd was near, and because of his presence the valley of the shadow of death did not produce fear of evil; and she sweetly responded to the observation that it could not be *dark* where He who is light, life and love, was the companion. Her dear mother at ninety-two called forth our tender sympathy, while with tears she expressed her sorrow in the prospect of surviving one to whom she had looked to watch and care for in the final hour.

On the 15th my dear sister and I attended the funeral of Susanna Post at Whitechapel ground. She died two days after the visit just mentioned. As we stood by the grave side there was a precious renewal of hallowed feeling, under which the persuasion of her being eternally blessed in the presence of her God and Saviour, caused thanksgiving to prevail over mourning, I believe even with her nearest relatives.

27th.—Both meetings yesterday were solemn and instructive. In the first William Grimshaw was well engaged. In the evening the work and evidence of true faith were illustrated to my mind by the Saviour's words, "Have faith in God;" "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent:" and many declarations in the Old Testament came to remembrance in proof of the Lord's dealings with his people being the same in all ages. And as "looking unto Jesus" dwelt with me as "the burden of the word," I ventured to utter it, though rising under a sense of peculiar weakness. The exercise spread, and help was mercifully given to move in simplicity as matter presented, being concerned for some who, after taking some steps in the right way, had been hindered and are now conflicted and tempted, while in danger of looking unprofitably at themselves and perhaps at others. — followed in harmony, fervently imploring the Lord's blessing, and that as the "Friend of Sinners" he might be known even that night to help and comfort. Gospel fellowship is very precious, and that unity of the Spirit which can never be counterfeited, a rich privilege over which my heart rejoices, with a mixture of sorrow that it is not more known amongst us. Assuredly do I believe that individual faithfulness and love would increase such an experience, and the exhibition of its effect be to the enlargement of Zion's borders. For is it not among the "latter days'" glory and comfort to see eye to eye, and to lift up the voice together (or in accordance); and if so, what but doubting and unworthy fear can prevent those who recognize the one Master and his spiritual government and guidance, from being thus helpers of one another's faith and joy? But alas! not only do we mourn our own lack of faith and devotedness, but we feel the absence of these fruits of the Spirit in many to whom the word is often spoken without the profit which a believing reception of the truth would ensure; for the ministry of reconciliation is the sense of life unto life, or of death unto death, according to what it meets in those who hear it.

*Third-day* [8 mo. —].—I went to Southwark, and was agreeably surprised at finding dear C. E. Parken there. We were both drawn, without previous knowledge, to call upon Anthony Sterry, by whose couch we spent some time very interestingly to ourselves, and I hope to the comfort of this dear young friend. His precious mother was sweetly remembered in the fresh belief that her fervent prayers had been regarded, and the blessing she most desired even now bestowed upon her dear child, though in a painful way; interruption to health and activity being often the Lord's mode of drawing unto himself and teaching out of his holy law.

## CHAPTER XIX.

JOURNAL—RELIGIOUS VISIT TO ESSEX, NORFOLK, AND SUFFOLK—  
ILLNESS OF HER SISTER MARY—LETTERS—DEATH OF MARY  
DUDLEY—LETTERS.

JOURNAL.—1846, 8 *mo.* 11.—At our Monthly Meeting I ventured to tell my dear friends how I had been feeling. Sympathy and tender feeling were manifested with me, and a certificate issued expressing full unity in the prospect of attending the Quarterly Meetings in Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk. Faith was low and so continues, but I am not uneasy at having avowed this pressure; while withholding vocal prayer, both yesterday at morning meeting and this day in ours, brings self-condemnation; and I blush and am confounded at continuing thus often to resist what I well know is an offered mercy. O shall we ever be the praying people we ought, and humble enough to ask continually for that spirit of intercession which would call forth and unite with prepared offerings, so as for greater utterance to be given, and fervent prayer more frequently to be accompanied by thanksgiving and praise! Surely it was so among the first Christians, and also in the early days of *Friendly associations*. God grant that such times may again mark these latter days to the refreshing and increase of the Church!

9 *mo.* 1.—The early morning of this my sixty-seventh birthday was marked by a tenderness of spirit under which thanksgiving and prayer were offered unto the God of my life, whose watchful care and goodness could be recounted at his sacred footstool, with renewed confidence in that mercy which has never failed, and is new oftener than every morning. So

manifest an answer to prayer was at once humbling and greatly to my encouragement, for I had earnestly desired contrition before the Lord, while seeming as if tears would never again flow from eyes which have wept abundantly in past years. But sweet was the feeling which produced and had vent in springs of water, while to ask and receive was the permitted means of sensible consolation and even joy at heart.

As the time for setting out draws near, the prospect opens brightly, and some glances of the course it may be best to take prove confirming to faith.

4th.—Went to see an invalid Friend. We were favoured to feel the overshadowing of divine love, under which blessed influence the spring of consolation was afresh opened, and utterance given both in ministry and prayer. Though I walked both to and from the Rye, after a day of considerable exertion, I felt more refreshed than weary upon reaching home, so sensibly is the “earthly house” helped by what comforts the mind. Surely the flesh is not designed to have dominion over us, either in its strength or weakness.

12th, *Bardfield*.—At the house of our dear friend Joseph Smith, a week of mercies is looked back upon with grateful acknowledgment. The words “exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think” come to mind as the best description of the care and goodness bestowed upon us from day to day.

To ———.

Earlham, 24, 9 mo., 1846.

. . A warm welcome and refreshment prepared for a social evening with this dear family circle. A large party were expected to breakfast, preparatory to the anniversary meeting of the N. and N. Bible Society next day ; and after a good night's rest I felt equal to attend the morning Reading, and make one of forty who assembled in the dining-room to partake at a bountifully supplied table, where many good and interesting persons were seen—some old acquaintances, and others not previously known. Among the latter was John Venning, with

whom, as sitting next, I enjoyed conversing about Sarah Biller and Russian affairs; Stephen Grellet and William Allen having been familiar at his house. His countenance beamed with Christian love as he spoke of these gospel ambassadors.

*Sixth-day.*—We have been engaged this forenoon in calling upon Friends, several under circumstances claiming sympathy: Joseph Page and wife, whom I remember active and useful, both blind and deaf, but cheerful in the society of their friends, the latter especially, lively in spirit, and telling me she had often wished I might come here again during her stay in time. . . .

*Earlham Hall, 10 mo. 1.*—The Quarterly Meeting held the 24th ultimo, was trying to my feelings, if not to my faith, from no other voice being heard in the meeting for worship. But satisfaction felt in harmonious labour, and having what is spoken confirmed by the testimony of others, may have more of self-love and self-seeking in it than is at the time supposed, so that whatever corrects this tendency of our fallen nature should be thankfully accepted, instead of being allowed to discourage.

Sixth-day, we dined at Northrepps Hall, with the widow and children of the late Thomas Fowell Buxton; Henry and Lucy Birkbeck accompanied us, and Anna Gurney came in the evening. Fourteen years ago I had been there, and the changes which have marked that interval were in vivid recollection; Rachel Fowler, Mary Gurney, and Sarah Buxton, besides the worthy master of the family, having successively entered the unseen world. On account of the two then present there was a feeling of near love and sympathy, and if I had been faithful in yielding to the sweet influence which attracted to inward attention and stillness, I believe we should have known somewhat of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. I make this record in humiliation, having felt shame and sorrow, as well as the loss of peace and light in my soul, in consequence of this defection, which I clearly perceived when too late to retrieve the fault. May it be blotted out in the all-cleansing fountain, and not counted a denial of that

gracious Saviour to whose service my heart craves to be devoted, while abounding infirmities of flesh and spirit cause many failures in my best desires. Lord, help, pity and forgive, must be the burden of many unuttered prayers to the end of life; and then, if through grace kept alive in Him, as a pardoned sinner will be the entrance into those blessed regions where no unholy thought, nor any temptation to evil, can annoy the soul or ever separate from God.

To ———.

Pakefield, 14, 10 mo., 1846.

. . . . Again at Yarmouth. The company to sit with very small, yet there was something to visit, and a call to strengthen “the things that remain,” as well as invite to draw and keep nigh. This, as I apprehend, has been more my place than complaint or bemoaning, while reason enough for both exists, were the practice likely to profit. . .

*Ipswich.*—On Third-day, the 27th, my dear Lucy Maw and I commenced the family visit, and were favoured with sweet unity of spirit through the engagement, which proved a very interesting one, and seemed seasonable. It occupied sixteen days, and it was among our privileges to have an indulgent home under the roof of our dear old friend, Dykes Alexander.

Near the close of this journey, in the Eleventh Month, E. Dudley and her sister Mary visited Maldon, where, at the house of Robert Alsop, the latter was seized with severe cold and became rapidly ill. Elizabeth Dudley, always acutely alive to her sister’s bodily state, and with whom, indeed, her own life was bound up, became presently alarmed for her recovery. The fear of losing her was almost overwhelming, and in her distress she prayed that she might not then be taken from her, that she might be spared to her if only one year more, as her companion and comfort in the

downward journey of life. Her prayer was heard. In about a fortnight Mary recovered from the attack, and continued for a time with at least a partial enjoyment of health. In the Eighth Month of 1847 she again became ill, and gradually declined till the Twelfth Month, when she died,—a year and three weeks from the time of her sister's petition.

TO CAROLINA NORTON.

Peckham, 6, 12 mo., 1846.

. . The last fortnight has been marked by circumstances of deep trial in my experience, and such proving of faith as has indeed brought me low both in body and mind ; while it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge that merciful kindness has been manifested for support and comfort, so that confidence in divine goodness and wisdom has not wholly failed. And now that I have my precious sister once more in her own chamber, and relieved of those distressing symptoms which for so many days and nights were watched with fearful apprehension, I desire that thankfulness and praise may prevail over every other feeling. . . .

TO SUSANNA CORDER.

Peckham, 28, 1 mo., 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . The present day is indeed a time of casting down and sadness. May we have grace to be skilful in our lamentation, and, seeing the warfare must be maintained, fail not diligently to use the provided armour and weapons, so as to stand in the evil day, and at the end be found watching ; as we have the thankful persuasion was the beloved brother and fellow-labourer \* so suddenly taken from our ranks, and that,

\* Joseph John Gurney, whose decease had occurred three weeks previous to this date.



in the joy of his Lord, all the afflictions of this life (if remembered) seem but for a moment. . . .

TO SARAH FORSTER.

Peckham, 2 mo., 1847.

. . . . The illness of dear Amelia Opie is affecting. Give our dear love to her and say I am glad to find she has been so enabled to use her mental energies and ready pen for the benefit of my afflicted country-people. May the blessing attached to consideration for the poor richly descend upon her. I feel for her very tenderly in the loss and void never to be supplied to her or to myself in this world. For truly the place of our translated friend, J. J. Gurney, will be seen vacant in the social circle, the church, and the world to the end of *our days*. Yet meeting again may be anticipated, not as earthen vessels, but capable of perfected fellowship, pure and holy enjoyment, uninterrupted thanksgiving, extended knowledge, and service without any liability to pain or sorrow, and beyond the reach of sin and Satan, in the presence of our God and Saviour. . . . .

To ———.

Peckham, 11, 9 mo., 1847.

My heart is so with thee, my beloved friend, and those who are now thy companions in the "painful post of observation," concerning one inexpressibly near to your affections, that it seems as though I must intrude upon thee in this hour of sorrow, if only to express the sympathy which clothes my spirit . . . . .

"I am thine, save me," was the confiding language of one in old time; and the words have so come before me when mentally by the sick bed during this present day, that I longed they should be whispered in her ear, with the assurance that she is fully warranted thus to breathe in her weak and helpless condition, or if faith be given, to utter with the

tongue, unto the Saviour who hath loved her and hath given himself for her, and whose blood cleanseth *from all sin*. "I am thine, save me!" How sweet, even when made most abasingly sensible of unworthiness, to remember that we have such a High Priest as is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and who views us as *his own* whom he will never allow to perish, at the very time we may be abhorring ourselves as vile in his holy sight, and penitently craving the mercy we so little deserve. . . It requires no other preparation to come to Jesus than the sense of want and desire for his salvation; and truly do I believe she has known both, and that by this illness the call is renewed, "Look unto me and be saved:" With Him one day is as a thousand years.

To ———.

Hastings, 25, 10 mo., 1847.

. . I take the pen to use remaining daylight, not full freighted with anything likely to enrich thee, could it be transferred; for poor, cast down and helpless, may describe my mental condition, while remembering the words, "in every thing give thanks."

To be quietly located *here* I feel a great favour, and that my precious invalid is at ease and comfortable. . . The air is balmy. A lovely expanse of blue waters, gilded in turns by bright sunshine and the soft beams of a declining moon, is the fine object from a commodious sitting-room with two windows, at one of which dearest Mary is mostly seated from between ten and eleven in the morning. The weakness of my beloved invalid is especially manifested in her inability to converse, a whisper being her highest key, and entire stillness most congenial. . . I feel it no small privilege to have the sweet society of one so inexpressibly dear, without the little home cares which have so weighed upon my poor body and mind during above two months of absorbing solicitude. . .

To ———.

Hastings, 19, [11 mo.], 1847.

. . As to my precious invalid, the constant tone of her mind is calm, patient acquiescence, to which she encourages me from day to day; and often in the night season, when wakefulness is cheered, by promises of Holy Scripture being brought to her remembrance as food and medicine; so that under bodily sufferings, somewhat of healing and nourishment is known in realizing the language, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them." . .

TO SARAH FORSTER.

Peckham, 4, 12 mo., 1847.

. . The mercy of being once more at home, and that my precious invalid is not worse for the removal, cannot be sufficiently estimated. My heart is humbled in the thought of abounding benefits, care and kindness, which it is sweet to trace to the compassionate regard and pitying love of our Father in Heaven; while gratitude is not the less due to such as are instrumental to comfort and cheer under the dispensation which is for the present grievous to nature. . . Her mind is kept in perfect peace, and the praises of her God and Saviour often employ her feeble voice. Truly does she realize the words, "My meditation of Thee shall be sweet;" and I am frequently sensible that her soul breathes the atmosphere of Heaven. . .

FROM E. D.'S NIECE, ELIZABETH HANNAH DUDLEY, TO  
SARAH FORSTER.

[Peckham] 14, 12 mo., 1847.

. . When parting from thee this morning I felt assured I should have heavy tidings to convey before the evening. My beloved aunt Elizabeth and I were sitting by her bedside after tea, listening to the same long-drawn breath which we

had heard for hours, when suddenly this ceased, and without apparent struggle that happy spirit slept in Jesus. We read, with dear uncle Charles and Robert who came in soon after, the fifteenth chapter of the Corinthians; and afterwards dearest aunt, in the midst of her desolation and anguish, spoke to the sustaining power of her Lord, which enabled her to say, "Thy will be done."

TO MARY HUSTLER.

Peckham, 24, 2 mo., 1848.

. . . Two months have now passed since the death of my darling sister, and it sometimes seems less real than during the first few days, that the companion of my life, the partner of every joy and sorrow, the soother of care and sweet cheerful associate in all engagements, is no longer in the same world with me! The loss and void are felt everywhere, and at some moments the sinking and desolation are beyond anything heretofore experienced, or what I could even imagine as the effect of this strong and almost only tie to life being severed. Not having ever been a wife, it may not be possible for me to estimate the bond which subsists in that tender and closest connection; but I do often painfully feel that mine is a *widowed heart*, and can never know the void to be supplied; while yet, through infinite condescending mercy, I am not wholly left to my own weakness, nor permitted to question the wisdom and goodness of the dispensation.

The power and inclination for writing have so remarkably failed during this season of trouble, that I have thought it seemed part of the dealing and teaching which called to a submissive acquiescent spirit; and in desiring to maintain this, and that faith and patience might be profitably exercised, sweet peace has often prevailed so as to counteract the sense of depression and loneliness. . . .

"Death does not dissolve the mind," was one of my precious Mary's latest expressions; "it is the entrance upon life eternal." Many were the words of sweet encouragement whereby I can now perceive she wished to remind me of that

communion we both believed does subsist among the members of the whole family in heaven and earth named of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Source and Centre of all spiritual blessing, peace and consolation. Great, indeed, was my privilege in witnessing the unclouded brightness of her setting sun, and that preparation for uniting with the Church above, so evidently marked within the last year or two, by increasing deadness to the world and indifference respecting all which had not a bearing upon the one needful thing.

Her place was an important one in our large family circle, and to the dear young people especially, her society, advice and example, were so valuable that the loss can hardly be estimated, and I often think how little in comparison I should be missed, had it pleased our Heavenly Father for her to survive me ; and this has of late years seemed most probable, for since my increased feebleness this beloved sister has often reminded me of the Scripture assertion about youth being renewed like the eagle's, having such energy both of body and mind as might denote increased firmness of constitution. . . .

To ———.

[No date.]

. . . My spirit felt refreshed and comforted, after having been somewhat cast down from finding the text I used was not correctly quoted, nor the most striking part of Ephraim's repentance and humiliation remembered. "Meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly unto them," was the charge to Timothy, and I am afresh humbled under the knowledge that other and inferior things are allowed to occupy time and thought which might be profitably spent in perusing the Holy Scriptures, which, whilst read and valued from the days of childhood, are at times seen to be but very partially known. . . . The difficulty of retaining such parts as were not familiar in early life, so as to quote clearly, seems to increase with every added year. . . . .

In the Sixth Month, 1848, Elizabeth Dudley removed from South Grove, to another part of Peckham called The Priory. A dear Friend visiting her there for the first time, they sat awhile "in sweet stillness," till her visitor addressed her in the language: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." E. D. replied that these words had been impressed upon her mind twenty years before, and from that time she had never lost sight of them amidst every conflict of spirit.

About this time, in a note to the same Friend, in anticipation of her decease, she made allusion to the manner in which she wished her funeral to be conducted: "My desire long felt is revived, that neither much trouble nor travelling should attend the depositing of my poor body, when the time comes for 'dust to dust' to terminate all that appertains to this frail tenement."

TO SARAH FORSTER.

[1848.]

MY BELOVED SARAH,

. . . . I love to dwell upon the thought that she, now absent from the body, is not lost to me nor yet far off. Writing the last words brings to mind a few lines my sainted mother taught me, though she did not know their author. I think I shall enclose them, also some sent to me by dear Katharine Backhouse within the last few weeks.

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Say thou questionable shade,  
 Once so intimately dear,  
 Art thou far removed? Tho' dead,  
 None on earth is half so dear.

Surely now her bliss I share,  
 Live her life which never dies;  
 Yes, my loved companion there  
 Draws me after to the skies.

---

Alone ! believer, child of God !  
 It is not so, it cannot be !  
 Tho' all were laid beneath the sod  
 That ever loved or thought of thee.  
 A mighty omnipresent One  
 Is with thee, will be to the end ;  
 Thou hast the Father and the Son :  
 Art thou alone with such a Friend ?

---

TO SARAH FORSTER.

Peckham, 4, 12 mo., 1848.

I doubt not the information of dear John Hooper's decease has reached you. Thou wilt believe the coincidence is felt as a touching addition to solemn and tender recollections. . . I passed a little time with them on Sixth-day. The countenance denoted perfect rest and peace, as I looked with mingled emotions on the settled solemnity of expression which marked this junior cotemporary in his last resting-place. How sweet the words, "To die is gain."

To ———.

Peckham, 3, 3 mo., 1849.

. . We see that trials of faith are permitted to follow acts of dedication, and the going out as gospel messengers is often with weeping, probably that the precious seed may be kept more distinct from what belongs to the earthen vessel, and humble trust take the place of any rejoicing in the gift or grace, which may have been mercifully owned in the surrender of will, but must be renewed for the right performance of every requiring. . .

TO SARAH FORSTER.

Peckham, 20, [3 mo. ?] 1849.

. . . . Of my poor self I have nothing worth telling. The days pass rapidly with full claims on thought and

attention. . . Being alone is no trial to me. The Book of Judges has been my interesting companion part of the evening, and seemed as new as if never before read. How striking is this peculiarity of Holy Scripture! . . .

TO SUSANNA CORDER.

Peckham, 11, 5 mo., 1849.

. . . Many times since we were together last year have I wished thou wast within an easy distance, and that we could have communed a little on subjects of deep and painful interest. For truly the circle of my early associates and near friends is so narrowed, and junior cotemporaries to whom I had looked for comfort in declining days have so remarkably dropped off, that I sometimes feel, in one sense, as if alone in the world. But I would not convey the idea of gloom or murmuring; being, through wondrous mercy, enabled to believe that all is wisely ordered; and I humbly commit myself into his holy hand for life and for death, having no other hope in the prospect of eternity but through the one offering of Jesus Christ on the cross. Like one who was not ashamed to call himself the chief of sinners, I can rejoice in the assurance that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin; being at some moments permitted to appropriate the soul-cheering words with reference to this Almighty Saviour: "Who hath loved me, and given himself for me." . . .



## CHAPTER XX.

DEATH OF THOMAS MAW, AND VISIT OF E. D. TO NEEDHAM—  
ACCOUNT OF HER LAST DAYS—SICKNESS AND DEATH—INTER-  
MENT—REMARKS ON HER LIFE AND CHARACTER.

TO SARAH FORSTER.

Peckham, 10, 7 mo., 1849.

. . I find the sudden death of my long and much loved friend, Thomas Maw, was named in the Morning Meeting. A letter from dear Sophia Alexander brought me the solemn tidings with some particulars of the event; and put me in possession of all that could transpire during the brief interval of his walking in the garden with his fondly-attached wife, in apparently better health than was often his portion, and her attention being roused by his falling down in the bank where he had gone to read the Bible at his accustomed hour. . .

To ———.

Needham, 9, 8 mo., 1849.

I found my beloved Lucy Maw much as I expected, well in health and calm, though keenly alive to her irreparable loss. Mingling our tears together was to some mutual relief. The bond of Christian friendship has not become weak amidst the changes and troubles of forty-seven years, now looked back upon by each of us as not half that period, so rapid seems the flight of time when life draws near its close. . .

## TO SARAH FORSTER.

Needham, 19, 8 mo., 1884.

. . . . Though deep inward poverty is more my state of my mind than anything of abounding, yet I would not infer being devoid of spiritual comfort. Hope is with me, of a quiet confiding character, and I feel satisfied with being here as a temporary retreat from daily cares, and in social intercourse with a circle dearly-loved, not yet having seen any but the few that belong to this meeting. We were seven in number on Fourth-day, two being children, and the unbroken silence was sweet. Passing the neatly kept *graves*, gave rise to solemn thought, and some of the precious slumberers were brought near in spirit, as if designed to draw from the objects of time to those things which are above, and to blessed union in their perpetual adoration of Him who has proved the Finisher of their faith. . .

Elizabeth Dudley returned home from Needham on the 22nd of the Eighth Month. The cholera was then raging in London with great violence. This fearful epidemic had broken out in the metropolis the preceding year, and nearly disappeared again in the spring of 1849. But as the hot season came on, it rapidly gathered strength, was very fatal during the Eighth Month, and reached its height in the first week of the Ninth Month. It was during this week of greatest mortality\* that E. D., without any previous indisposition, was overtaken by sickness, and sank away in about twelve hours. Extracts are subjoined from several letters written between her return from Needham and the 6th of the Ninth Month, the day of her decease.

\* Comparing the two cholera periods, 1831-2, and 1848-9, it is found that the mortality of the latter was about double that of the former, both in the country in general, and in the metropolis.

## TO LUCY MAW.

Peckham, 23, 8 mo. [1849].

. . . I found both my beloved nieces finely and delighted to receive me home, nor is it a small occasion for thankfulness that so far no serious interruption to health has occurred within the circle of relatives and near friends. The disease still continues in various parts of the City and neighbourhood; here I believe it is on the decline.

I could say much, did time permit, of the satisfaction and comfort my late tarriance with thee, my long-loved friend, was to me at the time and continues in recollection; and I desire not to lose any of the benefit offered by so instructive an evidence of how good and gracious the Lord is to his dependent children, for truly he has enabled thee to realize the blessed promise: "As thy days so shall thy strength be," to the confirmation of my faith, and that of others around thee.

About a week before Elizabeth Dudley's decease, her friend, S. F., paid her a visit.

"It was, she says, on the 28th of the Eighth Month that I last visited my dearly-loved friend. It was a very warm morning. The cholera then raging in London cast a solemn feeling over me as I went through the City. She met me with her accustomed affectionate greeting. And though she was putting on her things to call on A. D., with her characteristic courtesy said, It was of no consequence, she would rather put it off till the evening. We passed a long morning together, she giving me many particulars of her visit to Needham, from which place she had only a few days returned. She spoke much of Thomas Maw's sudden death, and the blessedness of those who are ready being thus called to sudden glory.

“When we returned into her little drawing-room after dinner, and were seated on the sofa, where I always loved to sit beside her, she showed me a little book, *The Ministry of Christ*, which her brother C. S. D. had given her, and with which she was greatly pleased. She told me of her intention of being at the Quarterly Meeting at Chelmsford on that day two weeks ; saying she had had a long attraction to attend it. We had some intimate conversation respecting herself, and her many claims of affectionate solicitude, which were often felt almost overwhelming now she had to bear them alone ; but she could always testify to the heavenly help graciously extended, and how mercifully she had been enabled to get through many trials to her own thankful admiration.

“It felt very, very difficult to part ; she came with me on to the steps, and sent much love to my dear sisters, saying she hoped the time would come when she should see them at that house, and bade me most tenderly farewell.”

Elizabeth Dudley spent the next day with her niece Elizabeth Hannah, who had not long before become the wife of Henry J. Sturge of Newington Butts. On the 30th, accompanied by another niece, Charlotte Dudley, she took tea at Russell Jeffrey's ; and in a time of religious retirement in the evening she poured forth a prayer for her beloved relative who was about to return to Ireland. The next day she accompanied her to the Paddington station. She told her she did not think it would be their last parting, and exhorted her to look continually to the Lord for counsel and help.

First-day, the 2nd of the Ninth Month, her last First-day upon earth, was a memorable one. In the forenoon

meeting she rose, after it had been gathered about three quarters of an hour, and spoke from the passage: "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly, but the proud he knoweth afar off." She enlarged upon that lowly dependent state in which the followers of Christ are led by his Spirit and yield obedience to his law; and contrasted the fading pleasures of this world with the joy and peace of the true believer who, at the end of his mortal course, shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. Alluding to the pestilence which was making such fearful devastations, she reminded her friends of the uncertainty of life at all times, but more especially when the Lord's judgments are abroad in the earth; and remarked emphatically that as *man has no to-morrow* which he can call his own, how needful it is that to-day he should seek an interest in the atoning sacrifice of his Saviour, whose love and compassion are unfailing. She besought some whom she described as proud reasoners, not to be too curious in investigating the origin of evil, but, knowing its existence, to avail themselves of the means offered for attaining to holiness; and she exhorted all present, while life and health were afforded, to dedicate themselves to God, concluding with the words: "The Spirit and the bride say Come, and let him that heareth say Come, and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

In the evening she received a visit from Barbara A. Simon, (the widow of Erasmus S. mentioned above at page 211) who described the affecting occasion in a letter from which the following is extracted:

"I have often thought of you since the departure of our blessed and greatly valued friend. After you left

Peckham I went to spend another sweet evening with her. I found she had taken an early tea in order to be ready for meeting, which she supposed had begun that day at an earlier hour. When we reached the meeting-house she was surprised to find no one there, and was told by the man in attendance that the meeting was at the usual hour. She then said, Barbara, we will go and see my sister Mary's grave. We did so, and returned to a seat, when she remarked that few could have thought she would have been the survivor. The bells were at that time tolling dismally, and had been so about Walworth and Camberwell all day, for the burial of cholera patients; added to which the clouds over head were very dark and indicated a thunder-storm, great heat being in the atmosphere and want of air. She remarked upon this and upon the sudden calls which were every hour taking place, as also upon the blessedness of being ready when our summons came. I proposed taking my seat near the door, but she took my arm, saying, I mean thee to be where my sister Mary used to sit. I felt rather reluctant, but she insisted, and I felt the full force of the kindness implied in the last act of a long and endeared friendship, which began in affliction upon earth in our pilgrimage journey, but which shall be perfected in our Father's house, our true eternal home. She gave a most devout, and to me affecting prayer, at the close of the meeting, when I took leave of this handmaid of the Lord for the last time in this lower stage of our existence."

Another friend, speaking of this evening meeting, says: "After a very solemn pause she knelt, and referring to the preceding time of silence as 'an hour of prayer' and as 'the offering of an evening sacrifice from

the hearts of true worshippers,' supplicated that the 'pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday,' might be staid, if it was consistent with the divine will. Then commending all present to the care and guidance of their Almighty Father, she concluded with a devout ascription of thanksgiving."

On Second-day she wrote :—

TO SUSANNA CORDER.

Peckham, 3, 9 mo., 1849.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

As the time draws nigh, I seem to feel more attraction to your Quarterly Meeting than my own Monthly Meeting, which thou art aware falls on the same day; and I am now looking to the acceptance of thy warm invitation, by passing two nights under thy roof. After what has passed between us I thought it due just to tell thee my views, though I have avoided speaking of them, as everything is so uncertain, and I am just now feeling the heat of the weather very trying. But it is my wish to be with you on Second-day afternoon, the Tenth. I should have no hesitation in thy telling dear Caroline Marriage, whose hospitality I have so often partaken of in company with beloved ones now absent from the body, and should calculate on her continued willingness to take me in, were it not that this little visit seems due to thee.

My dear love awaits thy cousin, who, with her long-loved sister and other dear friends, it will be pleasant if permitted again to mingle with. For as our ranks become thinned, interest seems to strengthen towards remaining cotermporaries, while at my advanced age it often feels strange to be still in the world from which so many that I never expected to survive are gone. Though *low* and *lonely* describe my frequent situation in every sense, *I am not left alone*, nor

cast, I reverently trust, lower than the feet of my Saviour, where, if favoured to abide, none of this world's changes or troubles can really harm ; and when most abasingly sensible of total unworthiness, confidence in his unfailing mercy is found, "an anchor to the soul, sure and stedfast." . .

On Third-day, 9 mo. 4th, she attended the meeting at Southwark, and called on some invalid Friends. She went to Henry Sturge's to lodge. In that neighbourhood the epidemic was exceedingly prevalent, and her niece's servant was seized with symptoms of the disorder. E. D. assisted in nursing her. On Fourth-day she returned home, and wrote to Mary Sterry, inclosing the following hymn. Selected for another, it was appropriate to herself.

A WORD OF COMFORT.

ISAIAH xl. 1.

Comfort take, thou child of sorrow ;  
All is order'd well for thee ;  
Look not to the anxious morrow  
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Child of grief, does this world move thee ?  
Transient scene of transient pain !  
Think ! oh think of worlds above thee,  
Countless worlds—a glorious train !

There are mansions now preparing  
For the chosen sons of God :  
Here, a pilgrim and wayfaring,  
There shall be thy long abode !

There shalt thou abide for ever,  
With thy best and greatest Friend ;  
Nought from Him thy soul shall sever  
In a world that knows no end.

There amidst assembled nations,  
Eye to eye, and face to face,  
Thou shalt see thy tribulations  
Sent as messengers of grace.



Comfort take, then, child of sorrow ;  
All is order'd well for thee ;  
Look not to the anxious morrow  
" As thy days, thy strength shall be."

On Fifth-day morning a friend called, and told her of the alarming illness of William Cash, who was then at Hastings, and had been attacked with the fatal disorder.\* The tidings impressed her deeply, and she wrote to Susanna Corder :

"There is much affecting illness around us, and an account of dear William Cash from Hastings leaves little room to expect his surviving an attack of the awful cholera." She thus took leave of her long-loved friend : " Hoping that if life and health be given we may meet in peace and be comforted together, I bid thee now very affectionately, farewell ! Being thy sincerely attached,

" E. DUDLEY."

The same morning, in a note addressed to a relative, she spoke again of the cholera, and mentioned a startling case of sudden death which had just occurred in the village. She concluded with these words : " I think the deaths increase, and assuredly we are called upon to receive the solemn warning, three times repeated in one chapter, I think, of the prophet Nahum, ' Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider your ways.' "† . . .

She left the house about eleven o'clock, but after walking into Hanover Street, returned, feeling a little unwell. Elizabeth H. Sturge came to her, fleeing from the plague that surrounded her own dwelling, where as many as forty persons were cut off within a stone's

\* His spirit had already taken flight before the intelligence of his illness arrived.

† The passage is in Haggai, c. i., v. 5, and is repeated in v. 7.

throw of her house. About two o'clock Elizabeth Dudley became sick with mild symptoms of cholera ; medical assistance was obtained, but the disease made rapid progress on her feeble frame. Her strength sank almost immediately, and she was helped to bed by the doctor and her niece. She seems to have suffered but little pain ; perhaps none after three o'clock. On being carried up stairs, she said, with great composure : "I have not *now* to seek a Saviour ; this would be a very inconvenient season if I had a Saviour to *seek*."

Her niece was, in consequence of her own bodily state, obliged to leave her, which she did about seven o'clock.\* Two women Friends, near neighbours of E. D.'s, and one of whom used to work for her, came in the course of the evening to assist, and with a nurse, and the mother of E. D.'s servant, then lying ill in the house with cholera, administered such help as she stood in need of. Her kind medical attendant continued with her as long as his pressing duties to other patients would allow. She was sensible, but had lost the power of utterance. Several times she made attempts to speak, and drew the doctor's ear down to her mouth, but her voice was inaudible ; "her moving lips however indicated that her soul was full of praise." She continued to sink until a little after midnight, when the purified spirit, set free from its frail tabernacle, ascended, we cannot doubt, to join the blessed multitude of the redeemed and be for ever with the Lord.

The tidings of her death fell heavily upon many hearts, for she was greatly beloved as well as honoured in the church. A friend, writing the day after her decease to another who was absent, says :

\* This affectionate and amiable young friend did not recover the shock she had sustained ; she died on the 12th, six days after her beloved aunt.

"Perhaps thou wilt ere this have heard that our beloved E. D. is no longer a pilgrim in this vale of tears. . . I can hardly believe she is gone. . . Surely it is a visitation to Peckham meeting ; but perhaps it is in mercy to wean people from the *stream* to the *fountain*."

The same day another friend wrote : "I hardly know how to write one line in this season of mutual sorrow, which my heart cannot yet realize. I try to stay my mind upon the Lord, and seek for resignation to his most holy will, who is an unfailing refuge. 'For ever with the Lord !' O, the assurance that it is so ought to do away with every selfish feeling. It is inexpressibly consoling to know that there is One who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and does allow us to weep."

At the meeting the next First-day there were many vacant seats. It was, says one who was present, a time of trembling and weeping, and some sat (so to speak) in sackcloth and ashes, crying in their hearts, "Master, carest thou not that we perish ?" Faith, however, prevailed over dismay and doubt. The meeting seemed to catch a glimpse of the Saviour, as "in the hinder part of the ship ;" and R. J. stood up with the heart-cheering words : "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge !" Prayer was also offered to the relief of the burdened spirits.

The interment took place the same evening. "I stood," says an eye-witness, "sorrowful, watching the coffin as it was carried on the men's shoulders, and conveyed to the hearse. There is so much of death around that we may be said to be among the tombs. We passed on to the grave. No voice was heard there but

that of C. S. Dudley, who spoke the words with much feeling : "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord : yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." The meeting was large and solemn. The language of the deceased was quoted : "I have not now a Saviour to seek." Several testimonies were borne to the power of divine grace as exemplified in her experience ; and it was observed that many might have regarded it as a privilege to stand beside her dying bed, but that this privilege was reserved for the poor on earth. The meeting closed with solemn prayer.

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Such in life and in death was Elizabeth Dudley. We have, as has been already said, but little record of her youthful days,—that interesting period of life when the character is formed and the impulse and direction given to the future course ; but the foregoing pages fully show how abundant was the autumn and summer season in faith and good works, and that the fruit became riper and richer as the end drew near. Her death was solemn. Surrounded by the plague, and stricken herself at the moment of greatest public alarm, unattended by any intimate friend or relative, to some her exit may seem to have been gloomy. But if we turn our eyes to the world within, all is bright. The Saviour is there, the Light of men, whose love casts out all fear, and whose peace passes all understanding. Some pray to be "delivered from plague, pestilence, and sudden death ;" but how much greater is that deliverance which makes the heart and flesh, naturally weak, to be "not

afraid for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness."

The older portion of those who read Elizabeth Dudley's memoirs will naturally recall her to their recollection in conjunction with her revered mother. Such a succession, even for two generations, is not often seen. Between the mother and daughter, there were, we are told by those who knew them, strong points of diversity. The former possessed much of sweetness, exuberant feeling, and poetry; her character and demeanour were full of maternal love. The daughter was endowed with a more masculine understanding; she possessed in a large degree the power of close reasoning, with a clearness of judgment which was seldom at fault. The difference between them in the gallery was much the same as in their natural dispositions. Mary Dudley was the more eloquent preacher. The flowing sympathy with which she spoke, the exalted language she made use of, and the benevolent grace by which she was animated, caused her to be greatly admired and sought after.\* Elizabeth Dudley possessed much of her mother's dignity of manner; but, though full of gospel love and human sympathies, she was less tender and winning.

In writing as in speaking, her fault was redundancy. Fertile in thought as well as logical, she perceived all the bearings and ramifications of her subject, and could with difficulty restrain herself until she had discharged her mind of the whole quiver of its reflections. But the apprehensive faculty in man is ever ready to seize ideas and pursue trains of thought; so that the most effective style for almost all purposes is the suggestive

\* An extract from one of her discourses is given below in the Appendix.

rather than the exhaustive. In transcribing Elizabeth Dudley's letters and memoranda for the press, it has been necessary to make very frequent omissions of words, clauses and sentences.\*

An idea of her figure and manner while preaching, may be gained from a sketch furnished to a magazine twenty years ago by a popular writer. The meeting which he describes was held at Devonshire House, near the end of 1840, and was appointed at the request of E. D. for the inhabitants of that neighbourhood.

After some preliminary remarks on our manner of worship, and a notice of some testimonies delivered by other Friends who were present, the writer goes on:—

“Another lady then rose, and having laid aside her bonnet, proceeded to address the meeting. Her first words were the well-known passage in the Revelation, “Fear not ; I am the first and the last,” &c. Taking these words as a sort of motto or text, the speaker proceeded to address the audience, but without any formal division of her subject, and indeed without confining herself very closely to the subject to which the passage relates. For at least half an hour she spoke with great talent and intelligence, without a moment's pause or the slightest appearance of difficulty. I was equally surprised and pleased at the depth of thought, the intimate acquaintance with Scripture, the eminent spirituality, and strong practical tendency, which her discourse displayed. She spoke in a powerful but not stentorian voice ; there was a breadth and fulness in some of her tones which I have

\* Notwithstanding what has been said, she frequently gave utterance to pithy and sententious expressions. The following is an instance. A young minister, who shared in her labours during one of her rounds of public service in the metropolis, on some gospel errand being proposed to him, expressed his fear that he was unequal to it. “Fear,” she replied, “is a good servant, but a bad master.”

rarely known in a lady speaker. She spoke with a degree of energy and decision of manner which clearly showed that every word was uttered by her with a deep consciousness that she was speaking under the special inspiration of the Spirit, and that she was entrusted with the delivery of a message directly received from heaven. She must be upwards of sixty years of age; she is tall, and her features are large, masculine, and so marked in their expression as to leave a distinct remembrance of them on the minds of all who have seen her.\*

Of her place in the Women's Meetings for Discipline, a view is afforded in a letter from the late Elizabeth Hodgkin of Tottenham. Describing a sitting of the Quarterly Meeting at Devonshire House, in the spring of 1834, she alludes to Elizabeth Dudley in the following impressive manner:—

“E. Dudley, with her usual energy, dwelt on Christian simplicity, recommending the absence of luxury and profusion in dress and accommodations. If the ‘brodered hair, and gold, and pearls, and costly array,’ ‘the changeable suits of apparel,’ and ornaments for the various parts of the person, were not beneath the express notice of the Holy Spirit, in the words with which he inspired the holy men of old, surely the same subjects could not be unworthy the regard of a Christian church, in its care over its members. Thou wilt easily believe that this subject was not touched with sectarian narrowness; and I thought I hardly ever felt it more forcibly brought home to my own conscience, coupled as it was, of course, with the enforcement of that benevolence, for which the restraining of the selfish current of luxury would provide more ample streams.†

\* The author of “Random Recollections of the House of Lords,” &c., in the “London Saturday Journal” of January 16, 1841.

† Extracts from the Letters of the late Elizabeth Hodgkin. London: 1842. [Not published.]

E. D. was appointed clerk to the Women's Yearly Meeting, first in 1817, and again in 1826, from which year till 1834, she served the meeting annually in that capacity. After she retired from the desk, she continued to the last to take a very prominent part in the deliberations of the meeting, and her vigilance and the calm dignity of her deportment whilst she pondered the affairs of the church will long be remembered.

Many testimonies to her example and character from surviving friends have come to our hands.

"She was," says one, "a bright example of carrying out her gospel ministry into daily life. Especially instructive was her humility, as evinced by her readiness to learn from every one, however much her inferior in age and experience." "She seemed," says another, "to be continually borne as on eagle's wings, whilst maintaining the warfare with flesh and spirit. Perhaps few more fully proved the joy of the Lord to be their strength, or partook more of their Master's spirit, by 'rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth,' and finding 'her delights with the sons of men.'"

"Her life," writes a Friend who was a member for many years of the same Monthly Meeting, "was a life of labour in the cause of her Lord, during which she appeared to be continually on the watch for opportunities to manifest her love to him, and her interest in the happiness of her fellow-mortals. She was a deeply-baptized minister, and remarkably fervent in prayer for the extension of the kingdom of our holy Redeemer, and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the church universal."

Lucy Maw, in a memorandum made on hearing of her decease, penned this tribute to her memory:



"I have now with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow to record a memorable visit from my dear and highly-valued friend, Elizabeth Dudley, and her unexpected removal by death shortly afterwards. During the two weeks she spent at Needham, she was often engaged in fervent prayer and instructive testimonies, the spirit of grace and supplication seeming remarkably to rest upon her. She was also as usual very communicative and sweet in conversation, so that we were consoled, edified, and delighted by her visit. Her loss cannot be told. She was the friend, the counsellor, and the succourer of many; and few in our day have attained to the same degree of eminence as a gospel minister. She was truly a woman of a noble spirit, both as to her gifts and graces; but it behoveth us to say, with Job: 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be his holy name.'"\*

In social life she was very engaging. "She possessed," says one, "in an eminent degree colloquial powers well calculated to instruct those who had the privilege of her friendship." "In her conversation," writes another Friend, "she was truly edifying, keeping the balance in the social circle even, so that the mind might not wander from that staid condition in which alone it can freely turn to subjects of the highest importance. She carried hospitality to its utmost limits accordant with her available resources."

We may conclude this summary with the following affectionate reminiscence of her later years from one who enjoyed her intimate friendship.

"She was never the same, or rather the world was

\* L. M. survived the friend of her youth several years. She died on the 8th of 11 mo., 1856, at the age of 82.

never the same to her, after her sister Mary's death. I often spent a First-day evening with her at her last cottage in the Priory. I remember her on the sofa weeping, and asking me to repeat poetry, as Southey's *Converse of Souls*, Cowper's *Journey to Emmaus*, and *For ever with the Lord*; this last piece very often. She loved to dwell on the mercy and goodness treasured up in the Lamb Immaculate from the foundation of the world; and the universality of all-saving grace in a Saviour's love. She was kind and compassionate to all; a mother in the church, and a sister to its feeblest member. Many partook of the hospitality which it seemed part of her nature to bestow. The evening of the day that saw her a guest with the rich would find her tête-à-tête with the very poor. Her conversation was delightful; a natural wit enlivening, and a keen acumen pervading, even the commonest topics.

"She would frequently contrast the biographies of the present day with the laconic and beautiful account of the translated Antediluvian. How emphatically have I heard her dwell on the words: 'He walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.' Her own death also was like a translation. The last time I spoke to her was near her own dwelling. I thought how sweet she looked; her lips often had a rich smile. Thirty-six hours afterwards, she dropped the material garment: attenuated it was; but a beautiful robe of white was ready for her. She walked with God, and was not, for God took her."

## A P P E N D I X.

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*Extracts from a Sermon by MARY DUDLEY, at a Public Meeting at Epping, on the 14th of the Sixth Month, 1812.\**

. . . . What can be more just than that dependent beings should acknowledge their dependence, and that creatures should adore their beneficent Creator? For he made all things, the heaven and the earth, the sea and the fountains of waters, and those that dwell therein; yea, we are all the work of his hands. David, moved by a sense of his wondrous love, and animated by the display of his wisdom in the works of creation, thus speaks: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" . . .

Mercy is his chosen, his favourite attribute, in which he delighteth, which he exerciseth over all. He displayed it in the work of our creation. Infinitely great and transcendently happy in himself, he, of his unbounded goodness, made man after his own image, with a will and with faculties to serve and adore his Maker, fitted for happiness here, and capable of the enjoyment of everlasting felicity when time to him should be no more.

But if he manifested his mercy in our creation, oh! how stupendous was his love, when man fell from that happy state in which he had formed him, to find a remedy, to provide the means of salvation, not for fallen Adam only, but for all who should spring from him, even unto the end of time, by the propitiatory sacrifice of Christ on the cross, by the blood of the just spilled for the unjust, reconciling God to the world, and saving all the children of his Father, both in ages to come and in all former generations!

Should not this instance of God's love and goodness humble us in the dust? Should we not be overpowered by a sense of his benefits, by the enjoyment of the promise which gladdened the worshippers of the Lord in the dawns of time, the promise which God gradually unfolded to his people, testifying, through a long succession of ages, by the mouth of his prophets in holy vision, the coming of Emmanuel, God with us? As links of one great chain, conjoined one to another, so do the Old and New Testaments unite in bearing witness to the wisdom and goodness of God, unlimited as the air we breathe, unconfined as space, great as omnipotence, vast as eternity! He willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness

\* These extracts are only a small portion of the sermon. The title-page is as follows:—"An extempore discourse, spoken at a Public Meeting held at the Friends' Meeting-house at Epping, on the 14th of June, 1812, by Mary Dudley, one of the Society of Friends, lately deceased. Second edition. London: Printed for R. Hunter, 72, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1824."

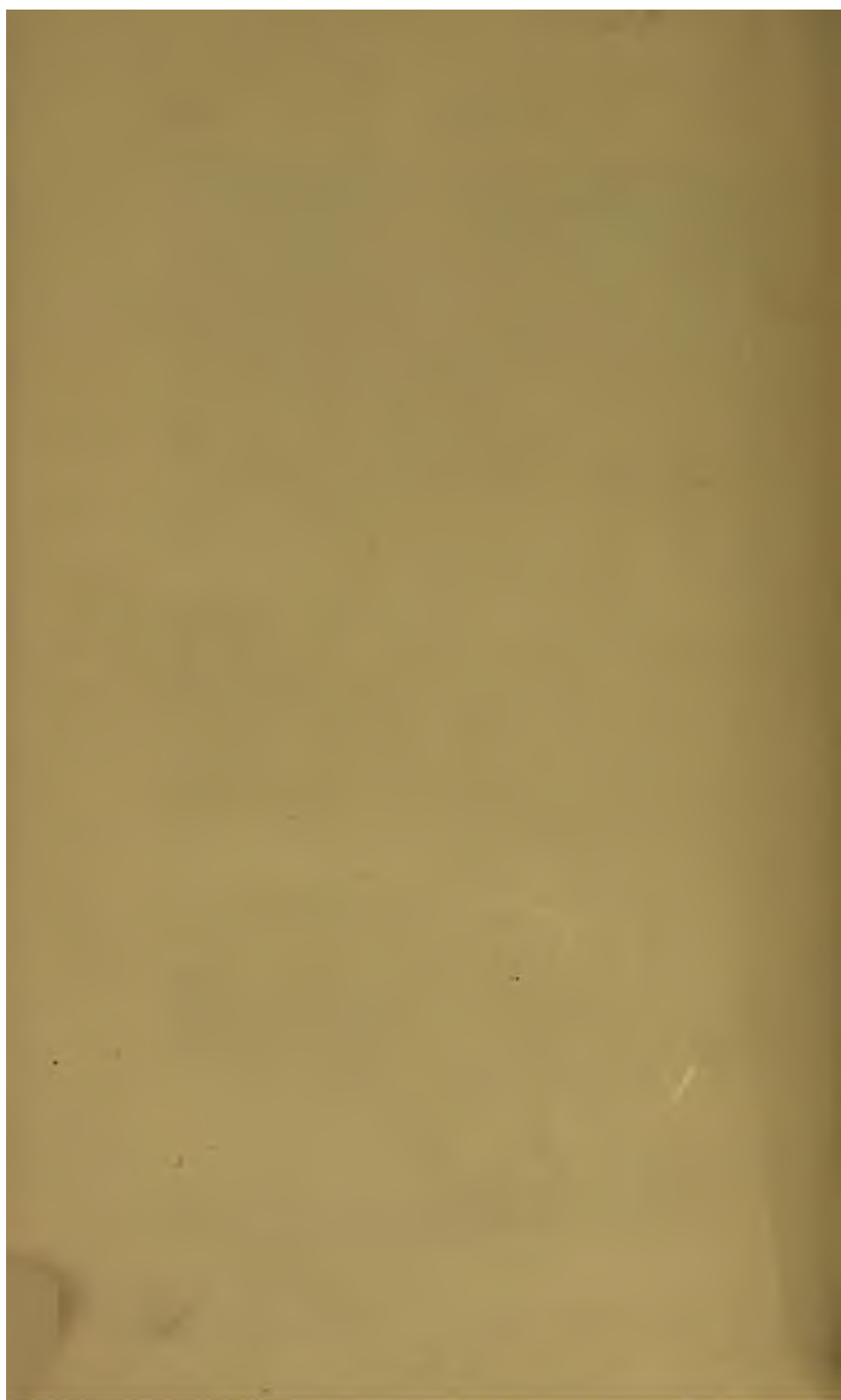
and live. God so loved the world, that he sent his Son into the world, that whosoever believeth on him might be saved. Inspired by the contemplation of this inconceivable goodness, the apostle exclaimed: "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift!"—the gift of his dear Son by his divine bounty; when Christ united the human nature to the divine for our sakes, veiled the glory of the Highest in a covering of flesh, lived a life of holiness for an example to us, partook of sorrow and was acquainted with grief, went about doing good and suffering evil, was at length abandoned to the power of human malice, hung on the tree, prayed for his murderers, died in agony, rose to life, ascended to glory;—and all this for sinful man! Oh, inestimable privilege!

Reflecting, soon after my entering this meeting, on the happy influence of divine goodness when sought with singleness of eye and simplicity of heart, I have been willing to hope that the design of God in permitting this assembly might be to excite in some a sense of their dependence upon him, and to teach us by his Spirit to prosecute our journey heavenward, as the grateful lamp which guides the feet of the weary traveller to his destined home. O, may the Lord at this moment be shedding his influences upon some here present! The wind bloweth where it listeth. The work of God in the heart, to regenerate and create anew the whole man, goeth forth and fulfilleth his pleasure; and if we hear the sound thereof, if we feel the delightful effects of saving mercy, so that we may say, "The Lord hath dealt graciously with his servant," let it not furnish cause for unseemly exultation, but let it excite our thankfulness to him from whom we derive it, enliven our gratitude, exalt our devotion, and increase our humility. Fellow-heirs of immortality! called by the hope which is in Christ Jesus to a participation in the blessings of eternal salvation; if we cherished, constantly cherished, these awful seasons in which the Almighty dispenses his awakening energies, speaking to us in the still, small voice of the Spirit, showing us the error of our paths, and pointing out to us the way, the truth, and the life; if our eyes were continually waiting upon these, as the eye of a servant looketh unto the hand of his master, until the Lord would have mercy upon us; such a conduct would occasion us to experience them more frequently, and would prepare our minds for their reception; for it would cast down all that exalteth itself against God; it would subdue the opposition of our will to his, and would dispose us to an entire submission and resignation to him. We should then regard these communications of divine grace as a mirror holden to our view, showing us what we stand in need of, and where to obtain it. We should feel them making us sensible of our distresses, and pointing out the means of relief; setting our diseases before us, and directing us to the Great Physician of souls.

I remember, while [we were] sitting in silence, being deeply affected with the recollection of the awful commission which God gave to his prophet: "The voice of the Lord said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness

thereof is as the flower of the field." It is remarkable that the Lord should have thought it expedient to proclaim, in such an emphatic manner, by the mouth of his prophet, the important truth of man's mortality, when he was already in possession of such numerous and forcible evidences of it; when thousands fall on the right hand and on the left, all testifying that he is but a stranger on the earth and a sojourner as all his fathers were. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the prophetic lesson was needful, because so many things have a tendency to draw the soul from Heaven to earth that man is too apt to neglect even the testimony of his senses on this momentous subject. The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, the alluring though empty pleasures of life, the distant hopes which all are so fond of cherishing, the many ties which knit our corrupt nature to terrestrial objects—interpose between us and reflection, and prevent us from frequently bringing as we ought to do before our eyes, the house appointed for all living. And as these causes continue to operate upon mankind, the instructive warning of the prophet, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field," is as applicable at the present as at any former period. We acknowledge that we must all die, and yet so forgetful are many of us of this in our conduct that we live as though we were to continue here for ever. We own that our bodies are mortal, and for our immortal parts we make no provision. It has been well observed by a great writer, "All men think all men mortal but themselves." We shudder at death, we see its effects upon others, and we delay the thoughts of it as it respects ourselves. We regard them as gloomy and mournful companions, with whom the soul abhors to dwell. Are they then so mournful as not to be viewed without dejection?—so gloomy that we cannot contemplate them but with horror? And why? Is it because life is so pleasing?—because its pleasures are so numerous, its joys so solid and satisfactory? Have we drunk so largely of the cup of bliss, and so sparingly of the cup of anguish, that we cannot think of another life? Have the moments of our worldly existence been so full of delight that we would cling to it rather than rise to God? I trust, my friends, that there are some among you who do not reason thus; who are willing, if it so please God, to depart from life, knowing that being absent from the body, we are present with the Lord; who love to think upon the city whose walls are salvation, and which is gladdened by the sight of that glorious Being in whose presence is fulness of joy and pleasure for evermore. . . . .







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